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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded Aº Dⁱ 1728 by Benj. Franklin

OCTOBER 9, 1920

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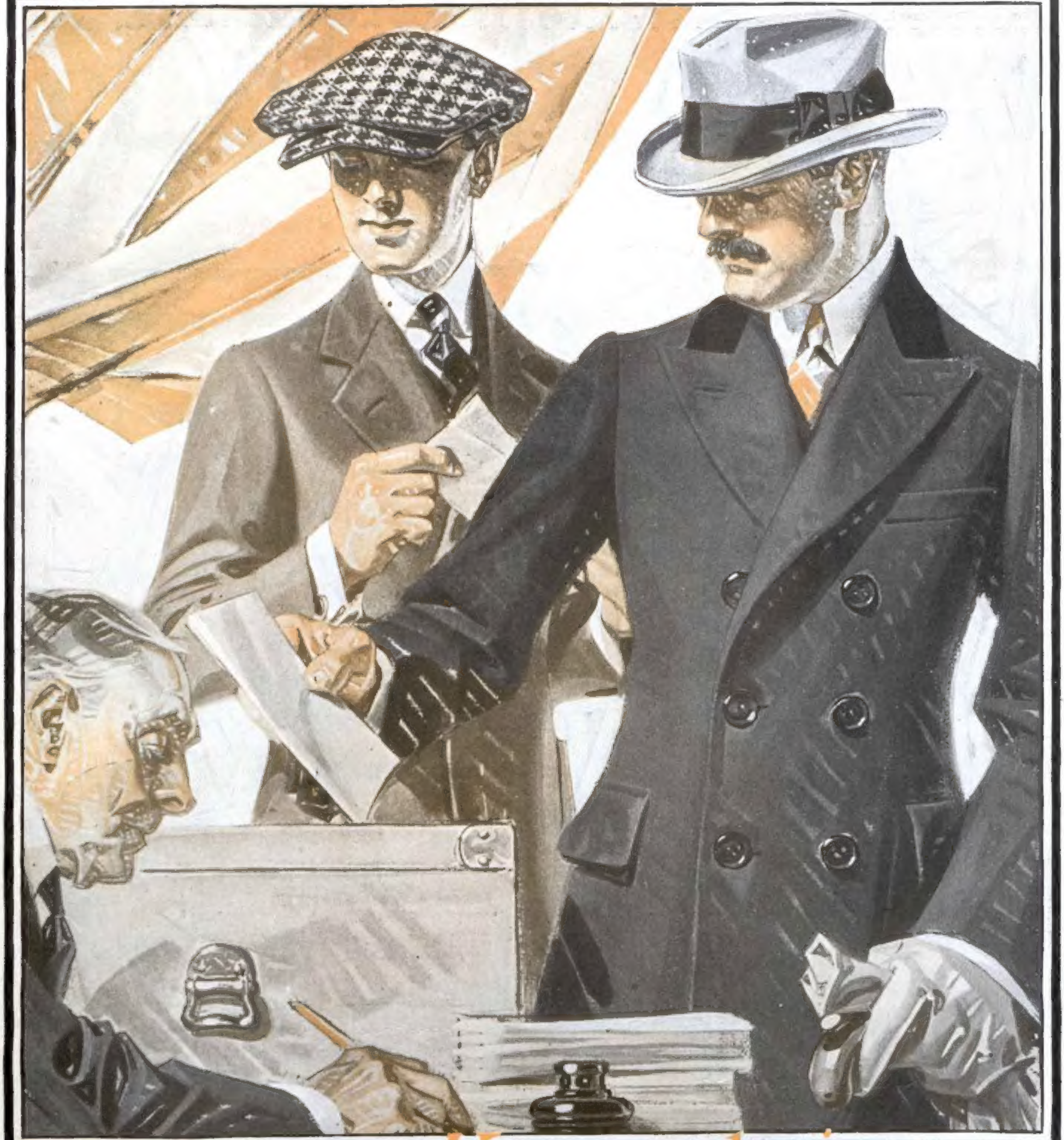
Norman Rockwell

Irvin S. Cobb – Mary Brecht Pulver – Nina Wilcox Putnam
George Pattullo – Helen Topping Miller – Samuel G. Blythe



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Kuppenheimer
GOOD CLOTHES

YOU'LL WANT to vote a straight value ticket for clothes this fall—for a clothes candidate with a record and a reputation. Clothes that help you win your way in the world—Kuppenheimer good Clothes—an investment in good appearance.

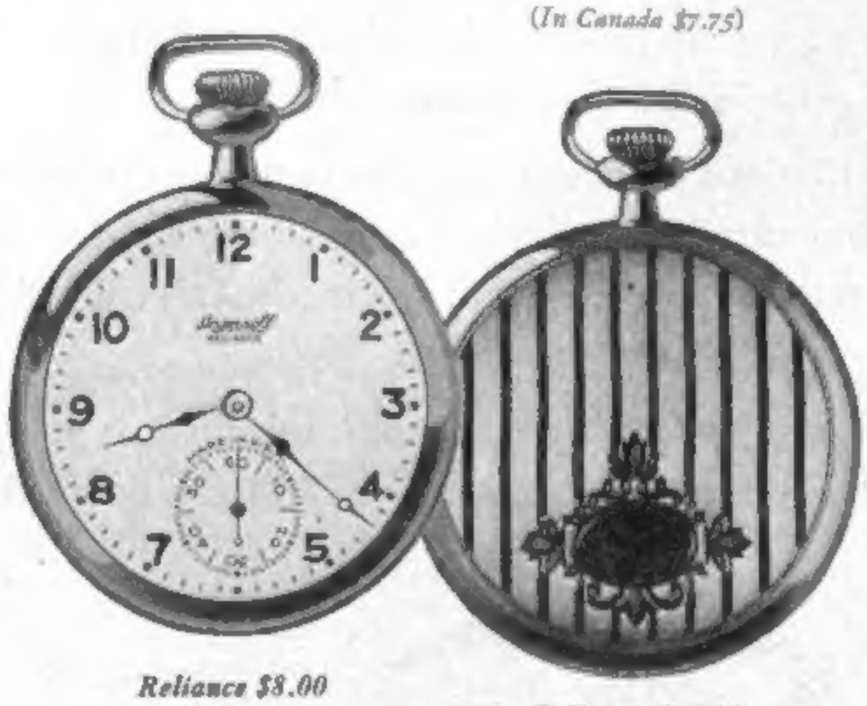
The HOUSE *of* KUPPENHEIMER · CHICAGO

Yankee (plain dial) $2.50
The lowest-priced Ingersoll. Sturdy, accurate, reliable, good-looking—the watch for men and boys who want to buy time-keeping service at lowest cost.
(Canadian Maple Leaf $3.25)

Yankee Radiolite $3.50
The lowest-priced Radiolite. All the value of the Yankee *plus* the ability to tell you the time in the dark—at a dollar extra. The 24-hour-a-day watch.
(Canadian Maple Leaf Radiolite $4.00)

Waterbury (plain dial) $5.50
The 12-size, jeweled Ingersoll. 12-size is the small, stylish size so much in vogue. Jeweled at the points of greatest friction. Antique bow and crown.
(In Canada $7.00)

Waterbury Radiolite $6.25
The Waterbury with Radiolite dial—at 75c extra. Choice of "silver" face, as shown here, or of black face as on the Yankee Radiolite (above).
(In Canada $7.75)



Reliance $8.00
(Nickel case)
The 7-jewel Ingersoll. Bridge model. The *thinnest* 16-size, 7-jewel watch made in America. Factory-tested in 6 positions. Solid nickel case.
(In Canada $9.25)

Reliance $11.50
(Gold-filled case)
Back view of the Reliance in a 10-year gold-filled case. Just one of the several designs. Plain gold if desired. Front view practically same as at left.
(In Canada $14.50)

All U. S. A. prices include the tax

Illustrations seven-eighths actual size

Have you got the real dope on Ingersolls?

IT'S quite natural to assume that a line of watches distinguished for sturdy, faithful performance under hard usage, and for the low price, would be a bit thick and clumsy in size and appearance. On the ground that "you can't have everything" you would expect Ingersolls to look more like small alarm clocks than watches.

That's the logical reasoning.

But when you look over the Ingersoll line you find your logic is all wrong. They're not only the strongest and hardiest watches made—but they're as seemly and smart in appearance as you could wish. You *can* have everything when you buy an Ingersoll.

Why even the Yankee—$2.50—the lowest-priced Ingersoll, is really handsome. No thicker than watches that cost a whole lot more, with good lines and a dial that is simple and artistic.

Then when you move up to the Waterbury at $5.50 you find a small—twelve-size—jeweled watch of distinction and charm, still thinner than the Yankee and with refinements of finish and design that please the most critical eye.

As for Reliance—"the Ingersoll with a college education"—he's an aristocrat. Slim, seven-jeweled, with bridge movement, Reliance is the kind you pull out of your pocket not only to tell time by, but to exhibit to your friends. Yet this suave, slender, patrician timepiece costs but $8.00 in nickel case, $11.50 in gold-filled.

There are many other Ingersolls—the Eclipse, a thin watch at $4.00; and its twin, the Eclipse Radiolite that tells time in the dark, price $4.75; the Midget Radiolite, $5.75, for women, a tiny "cutie" watch that appeals especially to the feminine taste; the Wrist Radiolite at $6.25; and the Radiolite Two-in-One, $3.75, a Yankee Radiolite in a case that makes it into a desk or bureau clock which, like all Radiolites, "tells time in the dark".

All these Ingersolls possess the faithful, sturdy time-keeping qualities that have made Ingersoll a synonym for accurate performance under all sorts of conditions, and all these Ingersolls also have the good looks, the pleasing appearance and the refinement which upset the logic that "you can't have everything".

You get everything in an Ingersoll—and you get it for less than seems possible. It *is* possible because of huge number of Ingersoll sales—5,000,000 watches a year. Get your Ingersoll today.

ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO.
New York Chicago San Francisco Montreal

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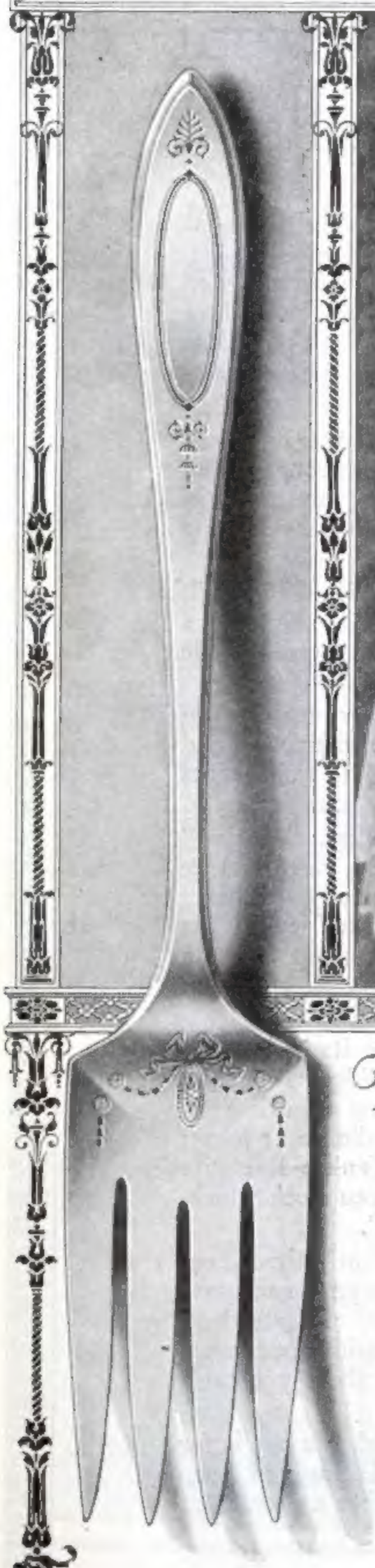
COMMUNITY PLATE



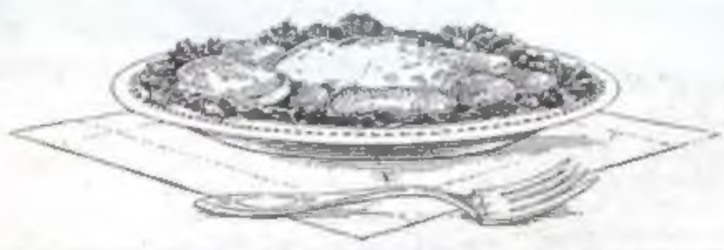
The Service of Sliced Fowl, Cold Meats, Fish, &c.

FOR serving *Jellied Chicken, Sliced Fowl* and *Meats*, the woman who is critical about her table appointments has adopted this broad-bladed FORK —a COMMUNITY piece—for dainty and correct service.

Or if there is a tender bit of *Fish* to be served hot or cold—she finds the sharp edges of this FORK excellent to divide the delicate meat, and its blade a welcome relief from the embarrassment of serving *Fish* all crushed and broken.

One will find, indeed, many other dishes for which this FORK is not only practical but necessary—as *Salads, Asparagus* and *Macaroni* or *Spaghetti*.

$2.50 each in Velvet-lined Gift Case



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A Short Natural History

By IRVIN S. COBB

ILLUSTRATED BY RAY ROHN

IF EVER a person might be said to have dedicated his being to the pursuit of leisure, that selfsame was Red Hoss Shackleford, of color, and highly so. He was one who specialized in the deft and fine high art of doing nothing at all. With him leisure was at once a calling to be followed regularly and an ideal to be fostered. But also he loved to eat, and he had a fancy for wearing gladsome gearings, and these cravings occasionally interfered with the practice of his favorite vocation. In order that he might enjoy long periods of manual inactivity it devolved upon him at intervals to devote his reluctant energies to gainful labor. When driven to it by necessity, which is said to be the mother of invention and which certainly is the full sister to appetite, Red Hoss worked. He just naturally had to—sometimes.

You see, in the matter of being maintained vicariously he was less fortunately circumstanced than so many of his fellows in our town were, and still are. He had no ministering parent doing cookery for the white folks, and by night, in accordance with a time-hallowed custom with which no sane housekeeper dared meddle, bringing home under a dolman cape loaded tin buckets and filled wicker baskets. Ginger Dismukes, now—to cite a conspicuous example—was one thus favored by the indulgent fates.

Aunt Ca'line Dismukes, mother of the above, was as honest as the day was long; but when the evening of that day came, such trifles, say, as part of a ham or a few leftover slices of cake fell to her as a legitimate if unadvertised salvage. Every time the quality in the big house had white meat for their dinner, Ginger, down the alley, enjoyed drumsticks and warmed-up stuffing for his late supper. He might be like the tapeworm in that he rarely knew in advance what he would have to eat, but still, like the tapeworm, he gratefully absorbed what was put before him and asked no questions of the benefactor. Without prior effort on his part he was fed even as the Prophet Elijah was fed by the ravens of old. This simile would acquire added strength if you'd ever seen Aunt Ca'line, her complexion being a crow's-wing sable.

Red Hoss had no dependable helpmate, such as Luther Maydew had, with a neatly lettered sign in her front window: GOING-OUT WASHING TAKEN IN HERE. Luther's wife was Luther's only visible means of support, yet Luther waxed fat and shiny and larded the earth when he walked abroad. Neither had Red Hoss an indulgent and generous patron such as Judge Priest's Jeff—Jeff Poindexter—boasted in the person of his master. Neither was he gifted in the manipulation of the freckled bones as the late Smooth Crumbaugh had been; nor yet possessed he the skill of shadow boxing as that semiprofessional pugilist, Con Lake, possessed it. Con could lick any shadow that ever lived, and the punching bag that could stand up before his onslaughts was not manufactured yet; wherefore he figured in exhibition bouts and boxing benefits, and between these lived soft and easy. He enjoyed no such sinecure as fell to the lot of Uncle Zack Matthews, who waited on the white gentlemen's poker game at the Richland House, thereby harvesting many tips and whose otherwise nimble mind became a perfect blank twice a year when he was summoned before the grand jury.

Red Hoss did, indeed, have a sister, but the relations between them were strained since the day when Red Hoss' funeral obsequies had been inopportunely interrupted by the sudden advent among the mourners of the supposedly deceased, he returning drippingly from the river which presumably had engulfed him. His unexpected and embarrassing reappearance had practically spoiled the service for his chief relative. She never had forgiven Red Hoss for his failure to stay dead, and he long since had ceased to look for free pone bread and poke chops in that quarter.

So when he had need to eat, or when his wardrobe required replenishing, he worked at odd jobs; but not oftener. Ordinarily speaking, his heart was not in it at all. But at the time when this narrative begins his heart was in it. One speaks figuratively here in order likewise to speak literally. A romantic enterprise carried on by Red Hoss Shackleford through a period of months promised now a delectable climax. As between him and one Melissa Grider an engagement to join themselves together in the bonds of matrimony had been arranged.

Before he fell under Melissa's spell Red Hoss had been regarded as one of the confirmed bachelors of the Plunkett's Hill younger set. He had never noticeably favored marriage and giving in marriage—especially giving himself in marriage. It may have been—indeed the forked tongue of gossip so had it—that the fervor of Red Hoss' courting, when once he did turn suitor, had been influenced by the fortuitous fact that Melissa ran as chambermaid on the steamboat Jessie B. The fact outstanding, though, was that Red Hoss, having ardently wooed, seemed now about to win.

But Melissa, that comely and comfortable person, remained practical even when most loving. The grandeur of Red Hoss' dress-up clothes may have entranced her, and certainly his conversational brilliancy was altogether in his favor, but beyond the glamour of the present, Melissa had the vision to appraise the possibilities of the future. Before finally committing herself to the hymeneal venture she required it of her swain that he produce and place in her capable hands for safe-keeping, first, the money required to purchase the license; second, the amount of the fee for the officiating clergyman; and third, cash sufficient to pay the expenses of a joint wedding journey to St. Louis and return. It was specified that the traveling must be conducted on a mutual basis, which would require round-trip tickets for both of them. Melissa, before now, had heard of these one-sided bridal tours. If Red Hoss went anywhere to celebrate being married she meant to go along with him.

"Who's the Chief Booze Smuggler of This Outfit? How'd That Barrel Yonder Come to be Traveling Across Country With a Soused Lion?"

Altogether, under these headings, a computed aggregate of at least eighty dollars was needed. With his eyes set then on this financial goal, Red Hoss sought service in the marts of trade. Perhaps the unwonted eagerness he displayed in this regard may have been quickened by the prospect that the irksomeness of employment before marriage would be made up to him after the event in a vacation more prolonged than any his free spirit had ever known. Still, that part of it is none of our affair. For our purposes it is sufficient to record that the campaign for funds had progressed to a point where practically fifty per cent of the total specified by his prudent inamorata already had been earned, collected and, in accordance with the compact, intrusted to the custodianship of one who was at once fiancée and trustee.

On a fine autumnal day Red Hoss made a beginning at the task of amassing the remaining half of the prenuptial sinking fund by accepting an assignment to deliver a

milch cow, newly purchased by Mr. Dick Bell, to Mr. Bell's dairy farm three miles from town on the Blandville Road. This was a form of toil all the more agreeable to Red Hoss—that is to say, if any form of toil whatsoever could be deemed agreeable to him—since cows when traveling from place to place are accustomed to move languidly. By reason of this common sharing of an antipathy against undue haste, it was late afternoon before the herder and the herded reached the latter's future place of residence; and it was almost dusk when Red Hoss, returning alone, came along past Lone Oak Cemetery. Just ahead of him, from out of the weed tangle hedging a gap in the cemetery fence, a half-grown rabbit hopped abroad. The cottontail rambled a few yards down the road, then erected itself on its rear quarters and with adolescent foolhardiness contemplated the scenery. In his hand Red Hoss still carried the long hickory stick with which he had guided the steps of Mr. Bell's new cow. He flung his staff at the inviting mark now presented to him. Whirling in its flight, it caught its target squarely across the neck, and the rabbit died so quickly it did not have time to squeak, and barely time to kick.

Now it is known of all men that luck of two widely different kinds resides in the left hind foot of a graveyard rabbit. There is bad luck in it for the rabbit itself, seeing that the circumstance of its having a left hind foot, to begin with, renders life for that rabbit more perilous even than is the life of a commonplace rabbit. But there is abiding good luck in it for the human who falls heir to the foot after the original possessor has passed away. To insure the maximum of fair fortune for the legatee, the rabbit while in the act of jumping over a sunken grave in the dark of the moon should be killed with a crooked stick which a dead man has carried; but since there is no known record of a colored person hanging round sunken graves in the dark of the moon, the left hind foot of an authentic graveyard rabbit slain under any circumstances is a charm of rare preciousness.

With murky twilight impending, it was not for Red Hoss Shackleford to linger for long in the vicinity of a burying ground. Already, in the gloaming, the white fence palings gleamed spectrally and the shadows were thickening in the honeysuckle jungles beyond them. Nor was it for him to think of eating the flesh of a graveyard rabbit, even though it be plump and youthful, as this one was.

Graveyard rabbits, when indubitably known to be such, decorate no Afro-American skillet. Destiny has called them higher than frying pans.

Almost before the victim of his aim had twitched its valedictory twitch he was upon it. In his hand, ready for use, was his razor; not his shaving razor, but the razor he carried for social purposes. He bent down, and with the blade made swift slashes right and left at a limber ankle joint, then rose again and was briskly upon his homeward way, leaving behind him the maimed carcass, a rumpled little heap, lying in the dust. A dozen times before he reached his boarding house he fingered the furry talisman where it rested in the bottom of his hip pocket, and each touching of it conveyed to him added confidences in propitious auguries.

Surely enough, on the very next day but one, events seemed organizing themselves with a view to justifying his anticipations. As a consequence of the illness of Tom Montjoy he was offered and accepted what promised to be for the time being a lucrative position as Tom Montjoy's substitute on the back end of one of Fowler & Givens' ice wagons. The Eighteenth Amendment was not as yet an accomplished fact, though the dread menace of it hung over that commonwealth which had within its confines the largest total number of distilleries and bonded warehouses to be found in any state of this union. Observing no hope of legislative relief, sundry local saloon keepers had failed to renew their licenses as these expired. But for every saloon which closed its doors it seemed there was a soda fountain set up to fizz and to spout; and the books of Fowler & Givens showed the name of a new customer to replace each vanished old one. So trade ran its even course, and Red Hoss was retained temporarily to understudy, as it were, the invalid Montjoy.

In an afternoon lull following the earlier rush of deliveries Mr. Ham Givens came out to where Tallow Dick Evans, Bill Tilghman and Red Hoss reclined at ease in the lee of the ice factory's blank north wall and bade Red Hoss hook up one of the mules to the light single wagon and carry three of the hundred-pound blocks out to Biederman's ex-corner saloon, now Biederman's soft-drink and ice-cream emporium, at Ninth and Washington.

"Better let him take Blue Wing," said Mr. Givens, addressing Bill Tilghman, who by virtue of priority of service and a natural affinity for draft stock was stable boss for the firm.

It was Bill Tilghman who once had delivered himself of the sage remark that "A mule an' a nigger is 'zackly alike—'specially de mule."

"Can't tek Blue Wing, Mist' Givens," answered Bill. "She done went up to Mist' Gallowayses' blacksmith shop to git herse'f some new shoes."

This pluralization of a familiar name was evidence on Bill Tilghman's part of the estimation in which he held our leading farrier, Mr. P. J. Galloway.

"All right, take one of the other mules then. But get a hustle on," ordered Mr. Givens as he reëntered his office.

"Dat bein' de case, I reckin I'll tek dat white Frank mule," said Red Hoss. "'Tain't no use of him standin' in de stall eatin' his ole fool haid off jes' 'cause Tom Montjoy is laid up."

"Boy," said Bill Tilghman, "lissen! You 'cept a word of frien'ship an' warnin' f'um somebody dat's been kicked by more mules 'en whut you ever seen in yo' whole life, an' you let dat Frank mule stay right whar he is. You kin have yore choice of de Maud mule or de Maggie mule or Friday or January Thaw; but my edvice to you is, jes' leave dat Frank mule be an' don't pester him none."

His Resignation Had Been Accepted on the Spot, and the Spot Was the Bulge of His Left Jaw

"How come?" demanded Red Hoss. "I reckin I got de strength to drive ary mule dey is."

"I ain't sayin' you ain't," stated Bill Tilghman. "A born ijiot could drive dat mule, so I jedge you mout mek out to qualify. 'Tain't de drivin' of him—hit's de hitchin' up of him which I speaks of."

Tallow Dick put in, "Hit's dis way wid dat Frank: In his early chilehood somebody muster done somethin' painful to dat mule's haid, an' it seem lak it lef' one ondurin' scar in his mind. Anyway, f'um dat day hencefor'ard he ain't let nobody a-tall, let alone hit's a plum' stranger to him lak you is, go prankin' round his haid. Ef you think a mule's back end is his dangersome end you jes' try to walk up to ole Frank face to face, ez nigger to mule, an' try to hang de mule jewelry over his years. Da's all, jes' try it! Tom Montjoy is de onliest one which kin slip de bit in dat mule's mouf, an' de way he do it is to go into de nex' stall an' keep speakin' soothin' words to him, an' put de bridle on him f'um behinehand of his shoulder lak. But when Tom Montjoy ain't wukkin', de Frank mule he ain't wukkin' neither any. Yassuh, Tom Montjoy is de sole one which dat Frank mule gives his confidences to, sech as dey is."

Red Hoss snorted his contempt for this warning.

"Huh, de trouble wid dat mule is he's pampered! You niggers done pamper him twell he think he owns dese whole ice-factory premises. Whut he need fur whut ails him is somebody which ain't skeered of him. Me, I aims to go 'crost to dat stable barn over yonder 'crost de street an' walk right in de same stall wid dat Frank same ez whut I would wid ary other mule, an' ef he mek jes' one pass at me I'm gwine up wid my fistes an' give him somethin' to brood over."

Bill Tilghman looked at Tallow Dick, looking at him sorrowfully, as though haunted by forebodings of an impending tragedy, and shook his head slowly from side to side. Tallow Dick returned the glance in kind, and then both of them gazed steadfastly at the vainglorious new hand.

"Son, boy," inquired old Bill softly, "whut is de name of yore mos' favorite hymn?"

"Whut my favorite hymn got to do wid it?"

"Oh, nothin', only I wuz jes' studyin'. Settin' yere, I got to thinkin' dat mebbe dey wuz some purticular tune you might lak sung at de grave."

"An' whilst you's tellin' Unc' Bill dat much, you mout also tell us whar 'bouts in dis town you lives at?" added Tallow Dick.

"You knows good an' well whar I lives at," snapped Red Hoss.

"I thought mebbe you mout 'a' moved," said Tallow Dick mildly. "'Twouldn't never do fur me an' Bill yere to be totin' de remains to de wrong address. Been my experience dat nothin' ain't mo' onwelcome at a strange house 'en a daid nigger, especially one dat's about six feet two inches long an' all mussed up wid fresh mule tracks."

"Huh! You two ole fools is jes' talkin' to hear yo'se'fs talk," quoth Red Hoss. "All I axes you to do is jes' set quiet yere, an' in 'bout six minutes f'um now you'll see me leadin' a tamed-down white mule wid de britchin' all on him outen through dem stable barn do's."

"All right, honey, have it yo' own way. Ef you won't hearken an' you won't heed, go ahaid!" stated Uncle Bill, with a wave of his hand. "You ain't too young to die, even ef you is too ole to learn. Only I trust an' prays dat you won't be blamin' nobody but yo'se'f 'bout this time day after to-mor' evenin' w'en de sexton of Mount Zion Cullud Cemetery starts pattin' you in de face wid a spade."

"Unc' Bill, you said a moufful den," added Tallow Dick. "De way I looks at it, dey ain't no use handin' out sense to a nigger ef he ain't got no place to put it. 'Sides, dese things offentimes turns out fur de best; orphants leaves de fewest mourners. Good-by, Red Hoss, an' kindly give my reguards to any frien's of mine dat you meets up wid on 'yother side of Jordan."

With another derisive grunt, Red Hoss rose from where he had been resting, angled to the opposite side of the street and disappeared within the stable. For perhaps ninety seconds after he was gone the remaining two sat in an attitude of silent waiting. Their air was that of a pair of black seers who likewise happen to be fatalists, and who having conscientiously discharged a duty of prophecy now await with calmness the fulfillment of what had been foretold. Then they heard, over there where Red Hoss had vanished, a curious muffled outcry. As they subsequently described it, this sound was neither shriek nor moan, neither oath nor prayer. They united in the declaration that it was more in the nature of a strangled squeak, as though a very large rat had suddenly been trodden beneath an even larger foot. However, for all its strangeness, they rightfully interpreted it to be an appeal for succor. Together they rose and ran across Water Street and into the stable.

The Frank mule had snapped his tether and, freed, was backing himself out into the open. If a mule might be said to pick his teeth, here was a mule doing that very thing. Crumpled under the manger of the stall he just had quitted was a huddled shape. The rescuers drew it forth, and in the clear upon the earthen stable floor they stretched it. It was recognizable as the form of Red Hoss Shackleford.

Red Hoss seemed numbed rather than unconscious. Afterward Bill Tilghman in recounting the affair claimed that Red Hoss, when discovered, was practically nude clear down to his shoes, which being of the variety known as congress gaiters had elastic uppers to hug the ankles. This snugness of fit, he thought, undoubtedly explained

why they had stayed on when all the rest of the victim's costume came off. In his version, Tallow Dick averred he took advantage of the circumstance of Red Hoss' being almost totally undressed to tally up bruise marks as counter-distinguished from tooth marks, and found one of the former for every two sets of the latter. From this disparity in the count, and lacking other evidence, he was bound to conclude that considerable butting had been done before the biting started.

However, these conclusions were to be arrived at later. For the moment the older men busied themselves with fanning Red Hoss and with sluicing a bucket of water over him. His first intelligible words upon partially reviving seemed at the moment of their utterance to have no direct bearing upon that which had just occurred. It was what he said next which, in the minds of the hearers, established the proper connection.

"White folks suttinly is curious." Such was his opening remark, following the water application. "An' also, dey suttinly do git up some mighty curious laws." He paused a moment as though in a still slightly dazed contemplation of the statutory idiosyncrasies of the Caucasian, and then added the key words: "F'rinstance, now, dey got a law dat you got to keep lions an' tigers in a cage. Yassuh, da's de law. Can't no circus go 'bout de country widout de lions an' de tigers an' de highyenas is lock' up hard an' fas' in a cage." Querulously his voice rose in a tone of wondering complaintfulness: "An' yit dey delibert'ly lets a man-eatin' mule go ramblin' round loose, wid nothin' on him but a rope halter."

Across the prostrate form of the speaker Bill Tilghman eyed Tallow Dick in the reminiscent manner of one striving to recall the exact words of a certain quotation and murmured, "De trouble wid dat Frank mule is dat he's pampered."

"Br'er Tilghman," answered back Tallow Dick solemnly, "you done said it—de mule is been pampered!"

The sufferer stirred and blinked and sat up dizzily.

"Uh-huh," he assented. "An jes' ez soon ez I gits some of my strength back ag'in, an' some mo' clothes on, I'm gwine tek de longes', sharpes' pitchfork dey is in dis yere stable an' I'm gwine pamper dat devilish mule wid it fur 'bout three-quarters of an hour stiddy."

But he didn't. If he really cherished any such disciplinary designs he abandoned them next morning at sunup, when, limping slightly, he propped open the stable doors preparatory to invading its interior. The white demon, which appeared to have the facility of snapping his bonds whenever so inclined, came sidling out of the darkness toward him, a malignant and menacing apparition, with a glow of animosity in two deep-set eyes and with a pair of prehensile lips curled back to display more teeth than by rights an alligator should have. It was immediately evident to Red Hoss that in the Frank mule's mind a deep-seated aversion for him had been engendered. He had the feeling that potential ill health lurked in that neighborhood; that death and destruction, riding on a pale mule, might canter up at any moment. Personally, he decided to let bygones be bygones. He dropped the grudge as he tumbled backward through the stable doors and slammed them behind him. That same day he went to Mr. Ham Givens and announced his intention of immediately breaking off his present associations with the firm.

"Me, I is done quit foolin' wid ole ice waggins," he announced airily after Mr. Givens had given him his time. "Hit seems lak my gift is fur machinery."

"A pusson which wuz keerful wouldn't trust you wid a shoe buttoner—dat's how high I reguards yore gift fur machinery," commented Bill Tilghman acidly. Red Hoss chose to ignore the slur. Anyhow, at the moment he could put his tongue to no appropriate sentence of counter repartee. He continued as though there had been no interruption:

"Yassuh, de nex' time you two pore ole foot-an'-mouth teamsters sees me I'll come tearin' by yere settin' up on de boiler deck of a taxiscab. You better step lively to git out of de way fur me den."

"I 'lows to do so," assented Bill. "I ain't aimin' to git shot wid no stray bullets."

He Had the Feeling That Potential Ill Health Lurked in That Neighborhood

"How come stray bullets?"

"Anytime I sees you runnin' a taxiscab I'll know by dat sign alone dat de sheriff an' de man which owns de taxiscab will be right behine you—da's whut I means."

"Don't pay no 'tention to Unc' Bill," put in Tallow Dick. "Whar you aim to git dis yere taxiscab, Red Hoss?"

"Mist' Lee Farrell he's done start up a regular taxiscab line," expounded Red Hoss. "He's lookin' fur some smart, spry cullid men ez drivers. Dat natchelly bars you two out, but it lets me in. Mist' Lee Farrell he teach you de trade fust, an' den he gives you three dollars a day, an' you keeps all de tips you teks in. So it's so long and fare you well to you mule lovers, 'ca'se Ise on my way to pick myse' out my taxiscab."

"Be sure to pick yo'se'f out one which ain't been pampered," was Bill Tilghman's parting shot.

"Nummine dat part," retorted Red Hoss. "You jes' remember dis after I'm gone: Mules' niggers an' niggers' mules is 'bout to go out of style in dis man's town."

In a way of speaking, Red Hoss in his final taunt had the rights of it. Lumbering drays no longer runneled with their broad iron tires the red-graveled flanks of the levee leading down to the wharf boats. They had given way almost altogether to bulkson.e motor trucks. Closed hacks still found places in funeral processions, but black chaser craft, gasoline driven and snorting furiously, met all incoming trains and sped to all outgoing ones. Betimes, beholding as it were the handwriting on the wall, that enterprising liveryman, Mr. Lee Farrell, had set up a garage and a service station on the site of his demolished stable, and now was the fleet commander of a whole squadron of these tin-armored destroyers.

Under his tutelage Red Hoss proved a reasonably apt pupil. At the end of an apprenticeship covering a fortnight he matriculated into a regular driver, with a badge and a cap to prove it and a place on the night shift. Red Hoss felt impressive, and bore himself accordingly. He began taking sharp turns on two wheels. He took one such turn too many. On Friday night of his first week as a graduate chauffeur he steered his car headlong into a smash-up from which she emerged with a dished front wheel and a permanent Marcel wave in one fender. As he nursed the cripple back to the garage Red Hoss exercised an imagination which never yet had failed him, and fabricated an explanation so plausibly shaped and phrased as to absolve him of all blameful responsibility for the mishap.

Mr. Farrell listened to and accepted this account of the accident with no more than a passing exhibition of natural irritation; but next morning when Attorney Sublette called, accompanied by an irate client with a claim for damages sustained to a market wagon, and bringing with him also the testimony of at least two disinterested eye-witnesses to prove upon whose shoulders the fault must rest, Mr. Farrell somewhat lost his customary air of sustained calm. Cursing softly under his breath, he settled on the spot with a cash compromise; and then calling the offender to his presence, he used strong and bitter words.

"Look here, boy," he proclaimed, "I've let you off this time with a cussing, but next time anything happens to a car that you are driving you've got to come clean with me. It ain't to be expected that a lot of crazy darkies can go sky-hooting round this town driving pot-metal omnibuses for me without one of them getting in a smash-up about every so often, and I'm carrying accident insurance and liability insurance to cover my risks; but next time you get into a jam I want you to come through with the absolute facts in the case, so's I'll know where I stand and how to protect myself in court or out of it. I don't care two bits whose fault it is—your fault or some other lunatic's fault. The truth is what I want—the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help you God. And He'll need to help you if I catch you lying again! Get me?"

"Boss," said Red Hoss fervently, "I gits you."

Two nights later the greater disaster befell. It was a thick, drizzly, muggy night, when the foreground of one's perspective was blurred by the murk and when there just naturally was not any background at all. Down by the Richland House a strange white man wearing a hand-colored mustache and a tiger-claw watch charm hailed Red Hoss. This person desired to be carried entirely out of town, to the south yards of the P. T. & A. Railroad, where Powers Brothers' Carnival Company was detraining from its cars with intent to pitch camp in the suburb of Mechanicsville hard by and furnish the chief attractions for a three days' street fair to be given under the auspices of the Mechanicsville lodge of Knights of Damon.

After they had quit the paved streets, Red Hoss drove a bumpy course diagonally across many switch spurs, and obeying instructions from his fare brought safely up alongside a red-painted sleeping car which formed the head end of the show train where it stood on a siding. But starting back he decided to skirt alongside the track, where he hoped the going might be easier. As he backed round and started off, directly in front of him he made out through the encompassing mists the dim flare of a gasoline torch, and he heard a voice uplifted in pleading:

"Come on, Lena! Come on, Baby Doll! Come on out of that, you Queenie!"

Seemingly an unseen white man was urging certain of his lady friends to quit some mysterious inner retreat and join him where

(Continued on Page 145)

Red Hoss Was Not Exactly Gone, But He Certainly Was Going. A Man on Horseback Might Have Overtaken Him

WATCHDOG OF THE WORLD

PHOTO. FROM UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, NEW YORK CITY

Awaiting the Release of Hunger-Strikers

By George Pattullo

FORTUNATELY for the average man's peace of mind, he never discerns a crisis until it is about to whelm him. Otherwise even the marvelous resiliency of human nature would succumb and life be nothing but a nightmare of fears. To-day millions of the English are flocking to the seaside and race meets, to river resorts, to the sweet, quiet countryside, the parks and 'Amstead 'Eath, to celebrate bank holiday. They are heartily cussing the rain clouds, but the blacker clouds massing over the empire give them small concern. Those are the business of government. They did the same thing in August, 1914. It is their way, and the way of mankind the world over.

Yet not since the breathless days of the second quarter of 1918 has their earth-girdling power stood in such peril. As this is written Arabs are in revolt in Mesopotamia—isn't it amazing how ungrateful the native populations often are against mandates undertaken for their own good?—Ireland is aflame with civil war, and Sinn Fein is killing British officials while conducting a government of its own; disaffection is so widespread in India, Egypt and parts of Africa that the London press throws out solemn warnings of new rebellions brewing; thoughtful men are predicting a social upheaval in England itself when unemployment and hard times arrive this winter, as they are expected to do; and Bolshevistic ideas have infected the lower classes.

Were any other nation beset by such internal and external difficulties it would be a two-to-one bet it could not surmount them. The far-flung, loosely held empire has seldom faced graver menace, and its plight seems almost to justify Bernard Shaw's warning in his Peace Conference Hints: "The old lion is triumphant on the crest of the mountain. But the crest of the mountain is also the brink of the abyss."

An Amazing Recovery

YET in my opinion the old lion would stand a deal of shoving. These British have been weathering storms for a thousand years and nobody who knows them would be inclined to wager a shilling against their chances of winning through. Should they fail, the vast structure built up by centuries of patient toil, farsighted diplomacy and prodigal outpouring of treasure will bring down in its crash the whole structure of European civilization, for Great Britain is the keystone of it. What that might mean to America is worth sitting up nights to think over.

Confidence in the outcome is inspired by their amazing recovery from the death grapple with Germany. It is one of the stupendous achievements of history.

Knowing well what the effort had cost them, their sacrifices and losses in men and money, and with full appreciation of the derangement military demands had necessitated in the industrial machine, I was prepared to find a Britain still dazed and weak, groping its way back to normal. Instead I found a country pulsing with vigor, whose tides of life appeared to be flowing with all the irresistible strength of yore.

Consider the condition of their trade. From January to December, 1914, general imports amounted to 696,635,113 pounds sterling and exports to 526,195,523 pounds. Last year the imports totaled 1,140,502,041 pounds and the exports 738,299,807 pounds. The heavy increase in imports is easily understood in view of the drain of war which must be made good; but that the country should be able to export in excess of two hundred million pounds more than in 1914 is truly remarkable, even allowing for the part the high prices of every commodity have played in swelling the total.

"The gross national debt," said Mr. Austen Chamberlain, Chancellor of the Exchequer, in the middle of July, "instead of growing larger and larger, has been reduced by two hundred million pounds. We have passed the peak of our national difficulties and obligations."

And Mr. Kellaway, Minister in Charge of the Overseas Trade Department, said at Glasgow: "Whatever the burdens thrown upon British industry by the necessity of paying for the war, I think you will agree there is no other country—not even the United States of America or Japan—with which we would care to change places, or where the permanent factors which make for stable prosperity are more in evidence."

Company booms are not an unmixed blessing, since they contribute to inflation and financial setbacks, but they are generally a barometer of a country's optimism; and during the first six months of 1920 more than six thousand new companies were registered with a capital of 448,738,000 pounds. That is round two billions of dollars. Where on earth does the money come from?

Another heartening symptom to the British is the lead they have regained in shipbuilding. It was lost temporarily to the United States, and they looked askance at our ambitious program, for Britain regards supremacy of navy and merchant marine as vital to her security. At the end of March last year the United States had ships under construction amounting to 4,185,533 tons, whereas the United Kingdom was building at the same time only 2,254,854 tons; but Britain has now forged ahead. At the end of June this year she was building 3,578,153 tons gross, as against 2,105,956 tons in American yards. Since March, however, there has been a heavy cancellation of orders, amounting to 1,200,000 tons, and as Mr. Archibald Hurd points out, the British advantage may be only temporary and due to the fact that the United States has caught up with her orders.

How London's Fair Sex Beat the Railway Strike

Just Beginning

"SHIPBUILDING in America has been carried on more swiftly than in this country, with the result that American yards have for the moment less tonnage in hand. The remarkable facts which emerge from a study of the tables are that six years ago the United States possessed only two million tons of seagoing merchant ships, and to-day she owns 12,500,000.

"The contest for sea power between the two great branches of the English-speaking peoples," he adds, "is only just beginning."

On top of industrial and trade revival comes an increased birth rate to help repair the ravages of war. London set a record in 1919; that the ratio will be sustained seems probable, for

the year produced a marriage boom as well. They had nearly twelve thousand more births than in 1918, almost eight thousand more marriages, and sixteen thousand fewer deaths. The infant mortality was the lowest ever known.

Despite these stimulating achievements, signs are not wanting that lean times lie ahead, and conservative Englishmen are indulging in their favorite pastime of viewing with alarm. Trade in June received a setback, with a falling off in exports and an increase of imports, but it was really nothing to worry over and not comparable to the slump in the United States during the same period. Manchester, Liverpool and Glasgow have experienced a slight setback, and Sheffield reports that within four months a record boom has given place to a record drop.

"On every hand one hears of canceled contracts and a cessation of buying. To make matters worse, iron and steel are entering the United Kingdom from the Continent and America at considerably lower prices than Sheffield can quote."

But these symptoms may be nothing more serious than the usual summer apathy.

PHOTO, FROM UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, NEW YORK CITY

Girl Sympathizers Asking for Prayers for Hunger-Strikers

England's Old Coal Markets

IT WOULD also appear that American manufacturers threaten to capture the automobile and tire markets of Great Britain. So large have been American sales that a section of the London press is clamoring to have the government put a stop to dumping and give protection to British industry against unfair competition. The use of these terms struck a note so reminiscent of our own high-tariff windjammers that I was moved to track down the unfairness. My investigations led to the discovery that it consisted of underselling the British makers.

A situation of acute concern to John Bull is the loss of some of his overseas coal markets. Until 1913 he was coal merchant to the world, but to-day his exports are 52,000,000 tons below that year's total. The United States can apparently sell coal cheaper, and is capturing business. It may be of interest to American consumers to learn this, to know that production costs of American coal are lower than the British and that American exporters can undersell British coal on the Continent. They have even invaded the Egyptian market.

Now the British mercantile marine has been built up largely by coal exports, and the present stagnation results in hundreds of ships lying idle in Northern and Southern Wales ports. In consequence strenuous efforts are being made to increase production, for deficiency in output is partly responsible.

With five thousand Cardiff dockers and railway men out of work, Birmingham's unemployed increasing in two weeks from 487 to 5681, and thousands idle in Nottingham, the prophets predict that the era of prosperity has passed its peak and the country is now on the down grade. But there were fewer than 288,000 unemployed in the country in June, a much better showing than in May.

Sir William Beveridge, director of the London School of Economics, can see difficult years ahead.

"Eight to nine per cent of unemployed during a period of three to four years," he said. "The present period of decreasing trade is chiefly due to the inflation of credit. Heavy taxation is another obvious cause, but in my opinion is secondary. The installation of new machinery is a third cause. There is always a period between the erection of new machinery and its full and profitable use."

Demobilization of more than four million soldiers presented problems which seemed to threaten serious complications. But once again the steadiness and dependability of British character solved the difficulties. Only about five per cent were claiming the unemployment donations at the end of April; all the rest had returned to their prewar jobs or been absorbed in other fields of labor. The out-of-work donations caused many men to refuse jobs except at high pay. If they could not secure the sort of job they wanted, why work? They could draw twenty-nine shillings a week, and upward, from the government for doing nothing.

People Better Off

NEVERTHELESS, by the end of July the number of ex-service men in receipt of the dole had been cut to sixty thousand. It was to cease on that date, but what might happen with sixty thousand men who were entitled to the country's gratitude, out of jobs and penniless, caused reconsideration; and the time limit has been extended. A movement is now on foot to combine the various soldier organizations in one body, somewhat along the lines of the American Legion. This had never been done, and the prospect frightens officialdom, for they anticipate development of such an organization into a political machine.

Having lived in England in 1904–05, I was in a position to estimate progress by contrast between then and now. The war has made two important changes for the better—in the condition of the working classes and the status of women.

The masses of the people look far better clothed than formerly—better nourished, too, and keener. There is not the same utter absence of hope in the appearance of the human rivers pouring daily along the streets of London, Liverpool, Manchester and Birmingham. In the old days you could search the world in vain for anything to approach in elegance and physical well-being the sartorial gems that gladdened the eye in Piccadilly and the West End. But to

(Continued on Page 122)

PHOTO, FROM UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, NEW YORK CITY

An Attack on the Police Outside Westminster Abbey

ANNIE CAREY

By Mary Brecht Pulver

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR D. FULLER

I AM irritatedly conscious in setting down the first words of my story that it is the story of a fool. This naturally detracts from my smug peace of mind—that bland confidence in the validity of a tale that needs telling with which the writer should attack a new piece of work. I am not at all sure that Annie Carey needs telling—that she ought to be told. Yet I am so goaded.

Only this afternoon a woman stopped me at a fashionable reception. She took two pieces of paper from her hand bag.

"I just want to show you the verses my ten-year-old Rosemary wrote," she beamed. "I sent them to an editor right off. Every bit as good as The Young Visiters, don't you think?"

They weren't bad for a ten-year-old. Not verses, not poetry—the imaginative gropings of a nice average little mind; but the mother love, the ecstatic pride under the smart hat, brought instantly to my mind another child. I thought of Annie Carey sitting on the back stairs of her dwelling house, scribbling her surreptitious bits of scribble, brooding over them, dreaming over them, hiding them away—a shadowy scrap of flesh overpowered by the Victorian complex. I drove her out of my mind. But she sprang up again at the Gardners' literary afternoon.

There was a young female *littérateur* present—the lioness of the moment—and a group of ladies buzzed about her, respectfully pressing her hand. She had had a little volume of poetic impressions published lately. She read some of it to us. Not bad. Not verse, not poetry—just the imaginative gropings of a young rather unrestrained mind. Being a very youthful work, it was frankly physiological in its references, a hangover, I suppose, of the juvenile tendency to dwell on the manifestations of the body.

"She's wonderful—that Cecile Atwater," a neighbor sighed. "I wish my Mabel —— But she's all prose. She's doing domestic science. Mrs. Atwater's so proud. Oh, yes, the Syracuse Atwaters. But Cecile's been in New York so long she's entirely different. Her family didn't understand her. And she's had to live her own life. She's been down there for over two years."

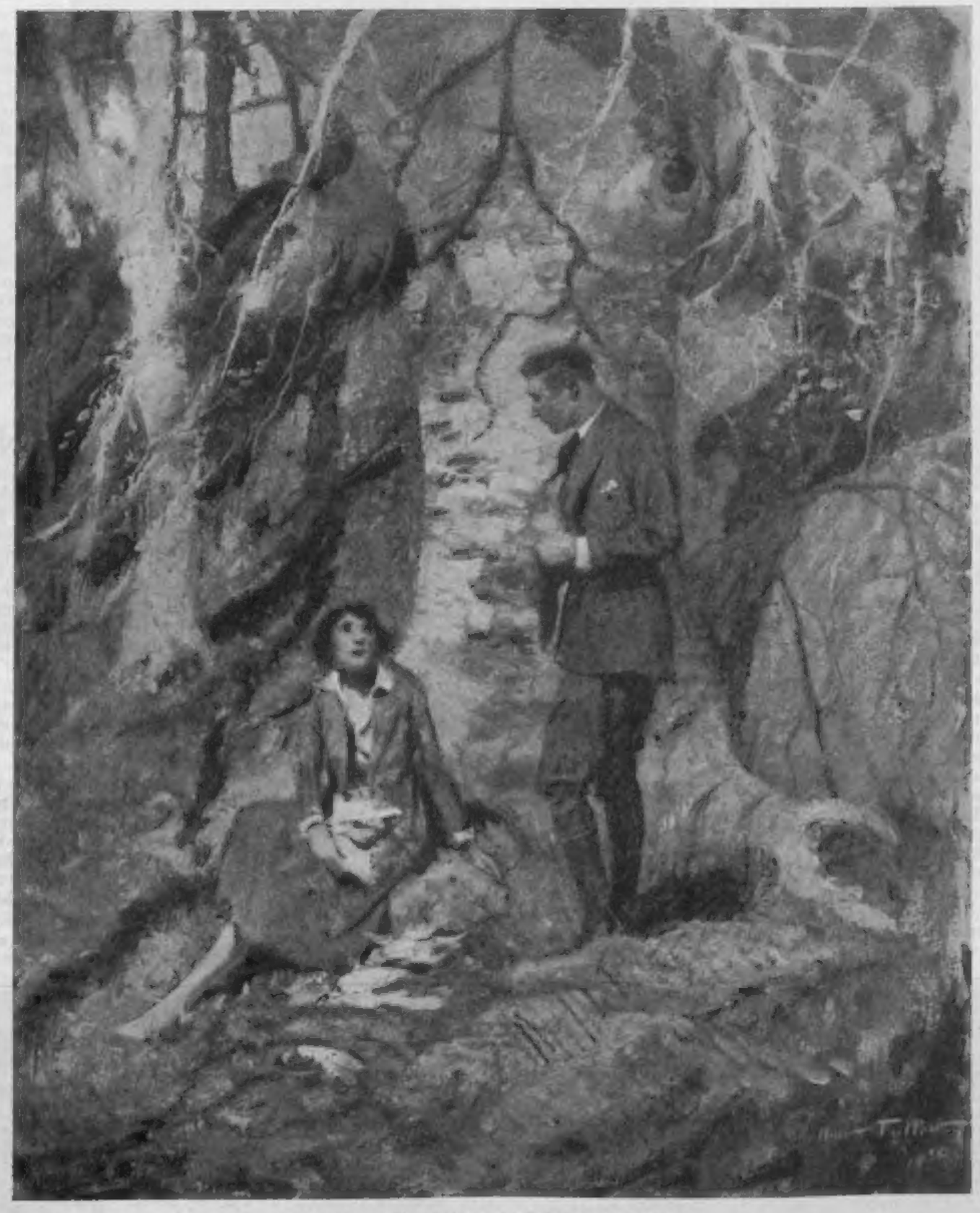
She was not Syracusan. I spoke to her afterward. A young person with bobbed medieval hair, a lettuce-green silk chemise over a brick-colored satin skirt, a lot of Benvenuto Cellini jewelry. She had a black pottery ring on one thumb.

"How do you like my stuff?" she asked. "Some people think I'm like Amy Lowell, but everybody has his own style. I think mine's—well—freer than any of the modern school."

I murmured something appropriate, but I thought of someone else.

"No, I will not," I said sternly. "You go way back and sit down, Annie Carey. You don't belong in this crowd."

But the book last evening was the last straw. A story that concerned a young ex-waif who had at twenty conquered New York. A cryptic moon-dim young person



"I Don't See Why the Glen Isn't Big Enough for Two," And She Added Impetuously: "I've Never Known Anyone Who Wrote in All My Life"

with her pearl droppings of distillate wisdom and a gallery of admiring elderly savants to gather them as they fell. How well young people do themselves to-day. Once more that unconquerable concept of Annie Carey arose. She stood up beckoning across the years—an inconsequential creature with a pale face and wistful eyes.

"Tell me," she whispered; "write me."

"Curse you, Annie," I answered back crossly; "they won't want you. You're a futile thing at best—as interesting as boiled cabbage. But if I must, I must."

It is, as I say, the story of a fool. It is unlikely you will care for it at all. But such as it is ——

I

HER great folly—shared, I believe, by the insane—was a sad inability to distinguish her reality from her wish. She was eight years old when she showed this first.

"Children," said her teacher one afternoon, "your writing exercise to-day will be a description called My Father. Tell us about your father, what he is like and what you think of him."

A great silence fell while an entire grade curled its collective tongue into the corner of its collective mouth and, with contorted finger curled about its collective pencil, wrote painfully and painstakingly. With one exception. Annie Carey sat very still, her face puzzled, a little scared at first.

There was a big buttonwood outside the nearest window, coming into first leaf now—a lovely spidery silhouette of blurred fuzzy yellow-green. Annie Carey stared into it; then her eyes softened, her face relaxed. She bent and wrote busily, and she wrote like one who is accustomed to writing. She was finished first of all.

"You may read what you have written, Annie Carey."

This is what she had written:

MY FARTHER

My farther is allways kind and loveing. I run to mete him and kiss him and he gives me a penny everey day. how is my little girl he says. he takes my hand and we take walks. My farther knows about everey thing he is the smartest man in the world he is quite old but does not show it. on Sunday he has a blew neckty with little gold commas in it. his eyes are the same collar with little gold spots only not commas. His hair is soft like silk when I stroak it I love my farther and my farther loves me.

A detestable and unwashed lad named Perkins, here waving his hand, captured attention.

"It's a lie," he said coarsely; "she's written a lie. She doesn't run to meet her father. She runs away and hides from him. I've seen her."

Annie Carey burst into tears.

"You are very rude, Freddy; and you must apologize at once. Tell Annie Carey you are sorry or I shall have to punish you."

Under compulsion the Perkins cast his meretricious repentance at Annie Carey's feet. She received it with a pale, forgiving dignity. But the truth is she had wept not because of the loathly insult contained in his phrase but because of its inexpugnable truth. The only true thing she had written concerned the necktie with the commas in it.

His name was Professor Nicholas White, and the thing he professed was an authoritative knowledge of the development of the child. Annie Carey's mother called him an educator in speaking of him before company. In this capacity he wrote treatises and essays, which he memorized and delivered before pedagogical institutes or small Chautauqua meetings. He got them off very well on these occasions—fluently and easily, with unstudied gestures, whose price only Annie Carey and her mother—who paid it—fully realized, fluency and ease of gesture not being natural concomitants of the professor. He was a tall, heavily set man of leonine type, with a ruddy face, reddish hair worn slightly long and an invariable frock coat whose tail swished when he walked.

The great era of child study was only coming in, and the professor was rather firmly against it. Discipline was his gospel. Discipline—for children. When he approached on the street Annie Carey was probably not the only child whose impulse it was to flee and hide. The difference lay in her necessity to yield. You could never tell when the professor, having come home to prepare a new Chautauqua lecture, might be in a dark mood—so dark indeed as to

cast an actual palpable aura about him as he approached. When he was at home Annie Carey always slipped effacingly through the side door and made herself as small as possible in an inconspicuous corner.

But when the speech had been finished and memorized and the professor had departed to deliver it, things got rather better. Her mother—an ineffectually placative and anxious person in the professor's presence—came into form. She indulged her penchant for lying down, for visiting with neighbors, and the house, under the easy supervision of a chocolate-colored hired girl, sank into a pleasant, unexacting routine. Not too much cooking or sweeping was done. Both these facts—a system of irregular haphazard feeding and unaired stale halls and rooms—rather affected Annie's physique. She was small and thin and pale. During the winters she knew a succession of heavy colds and childish ailments.

She was also shockingly shy, and in the matter of public contact showed off very poorly as the daughter of a man of easy fluency, graceful gesture. She was frankly a disappointment to the professor—obscure and unnoticeable.

You must not suppose that the professor bore his disappointment without a struggle. If Providence had dowered his child with no claims to the eye, there was at least the realm of the mind, with whose minutiæ he was proficient and in which he might aptly guide her youthful feet. He took occasion, therefore, to give her much homily and admonition and, when the occasional mood struck him, some personal supervision in her progress.

Two episodes that occurred in her young childhood will illustrate his technic. I shall call them The Episode of the Ebony Ruler and The Episode of the Paper Pad.

The ebony ruler lay on the professor's writing table in his upstairs study. It was a stout flat bar, rather heavy to the hand even in casual use. One evening the professor called Annie to him and told her to write some words. Though she deeply admired her father, Annie Carey went in fear and trembling, but docilely enough she performed with cold hand and quivering wrist the task he had set her.

"You will write a good hand, I can see that, Annie Carey; but what is the matter? You have not crossed any of your 't's.'"

Annie Carey knew it and shook in her shoes.

"I—forgot," she faltered.

Now the cross on the "t" as Annie Carey performed it was as cross as possible. It was her *bête noire*, the marring touch to her handwriting, an error she had had corrected in the past but could not master. She gulped now and crossed the first one.

"Bad!" fumed the professor; "as bad as possible. Try another."

The second was even worse, and the third looked like a tipsy sailor. The professor cleared his throat with a harsh, tearing note.

"I see that you are not trying—you are merely trifling with me."

Now this was not exactly true. She had never been more in earnest, but the trouble was she no longer saw single "t's." They were in doubles and triples, and with each effort to cap one with a horizontal line her aim grew worse.

"Come," said the professor grimly, "I would not believe it possible that anyone could be so careless and inattentive. Now—try again. Careful—careful. Straight this time—straight, I say!"

Annie Carey made the worst one yet, and the professor picked up the ruler.

"Now," he said, "I see that you and I will have to have an understanding. This thing cannot go on. You can do it perfectly well if you try. You will make a 't' for me now and cross it. And you will cross it straight, you understand. Begin right now—now!"

Annie Carey's hand did not move. Some queer cool paralysis seemed to have seized her.

"I can't—do it," she whispered.

"You can and will," the professor said firmly. "Begin." Then as Annie Carey still stood passive: "You will make the 't' of your own volition or I shall compel you—you may take your choice."

The professor looked at her weighingly. He crowded six feet closely. Annie Carey was a bit over three. Despairingly she chose her volition.

Fifteen minutes later, undressed and in bed, Annie Carey lay with long, dry, tearless sobs running over her slight body like ripples over lake water. Her hands she had thrust under the pillow. The cool muslin cover felt healing against the puffed and swollen palms. But her sobs were not for the pain in her smitten hands.

The matter of the paper pad was a thing of somewhat later date.

There came a day, when Annie Carey was twelve years old, when she struck a paper famine. She had been accustomed to using scraps of wrapping paper, old notebooks for her eternal scribbling, but on a day these failed her and, following Blanche and her indifferent duster into the professor's study, she suffered a terrible temptation.

It lay on the desk, a half-used pad of buff paper, the sort on which the professor wrote out his treatises. His desk was sacred, but in a moment of folly Annie Carey found herself fingering the thing. Any craftsman—maker of words or pictures—whose fingers are temporarily deprived of material will appreciate the curious driving impulse by which the professor was bereft of the yellow pad, by which it was presently convoyed under Annie Carey's arm to the back stairs, to become an accessory after the fact in certain criminal operations.

But the professor was not lightly to be rifled. He roared like the Great Big Bear after Goldilocks' visit.

"Someone," cried the professor, "has been at my desk and has taken my yellow pad."

By the processes of deduction, elimination and *reductio ad absurdum*, Annie Carey was discovered as the criminal. She was sent to the study.

"And why," asked her father after an interval of burning and bitter eloquence—"why did you feel it necessary to help yourself to paper not your own, to steal, in short? Why did you take my pad?"

"To—to write a story," confessed Annie Carey as she stood toeing in and twisting her skirt into gingham handles.

"To write a story," the professor repeated with patient sarcasm. "Go and get me the story."

Annie Carey started in horror. Two scarlet spots sprang into her cheeks. Nobody ever read her outpourings, and now she had a shy and hideous sense of violation, of sacrilege. But you couldn't argue with the professor. She brought the yellow pad.

"Read," he commanded.

"It's—a poem. The first page," stammered Annie Carey, stalling a little.

"What have you called it?"

"My—my Sw-sweetheart."

(Continued on Page 66)

Well, There Was the Little Boy. He Would Grow Up and Do the Things She Wanted to Do, Carry Things Farther

What the Credit Man Looks At

By J. R. SPRAGUE

WHEN I first saw him he was standing in front of the elevators on the ground floor of a big office building on lower Broadway, New York. He was evidently a little afraid to ask questions of the elevator starter, a large, impatient-appearing person. He was trying to puzzle out for himself just what it meant that some of the elevators should be locals, while others were expresses to remote upper floors.

At last he picked out one of the elevators that appeared to suit his purpose and stepped in. He was squeezed close up to me on our trip to the eighteenth floor, and I had a chance to take a good look at him. He was a short man, about thirty-five, evidently from a small town, wearing his best suit, which did not fit very well, a factory-tied necktie and a large felt hat.

This hat gave him a great deal of trouble on the trip upward. There were a couple of ladies in the elevator, and directly he saw them he pulled it off. Immediately he saw that he had done something out of the way, because none of the other men had removed theirs. He started to put the hat on again, but paused in the act, evidently unable to make up his mind to anything quite so ungallant. Finally he compromised by pretending that he was very warm; he held the hat in one hand while with the other he got out his handkerchief and mopped his head earnestly.

This subterfuge served him until he got off at the eighteenth floor, still puzzled at the New York code which decrees that a man shall remove his hat in a hotel elevator with ladies uptown, but shall keep it on when he meets the same ladies in a business elevator downtown.

A little later my business took me into the office of the big wholesale concern which occupies the entire eighteenth floor of the office building. There I saw him again. He was talking with the credit manager of the firm. I was to learn later that his name was something like Walker, and that he was a merchant from a small town in Georgia.

To an ordinary observer Walker did not look like one who would inspire a great deal of enthusiasm in a credit man. He appeared undeniably countrified as he sat on the edge of his chair in an awkward way, holding the big felt hat in his lap. He was using a toothpick and occasionally sucked his teeth in a loud manner. When he spoke he used the English language rather unfairly.

The credit man to whom Walker was talking I knew for one of the best in New York City. He has methods all his own in deciding on whom to trust. He does not go much on stereotyped reports, or even on the applicant's financial worth. He prefers to sit down for a long pleasant talk with an applicant for credit, and makes up his mind from the applicant's conversation rather than from financial figures.

The Credit Man's Eccentric Methods

THE credit man was evidently pursuing his favorite tactics on Mr. Walker of Georgia. That gentleman very likely did not even know he was being interviewed from a credit standpoint. Several times I saw him reach into his inside pocket and start to pull out some sheets of paper, but each time the credit man waved the papers back into his visitor's pocket and went on talking about subjects far removed from business.

"Never mind the figures now," he would say. "We'll go to lunch after a while and then you can show them to me."

It really did seem a funny way for a credit man to work, right out in the middle of the big office where everyone could hear the conversation, instead of making it a secret session behind closed doors. I heard the credit manager ask the man from Georgia what he thought about the price of cotton, how he liked New York and if he believed the Washington team would ever win a pennant. Then the conversation got round to automobiles. I saw the credit man lean forward smilingly to ask another question.

"What kind of car do you run?" he said in an interested way.

The small-town merchant appeared a little embarrassed as he answered, shifting one foot over the other uneasily.

"Well, to tell the truth," he confessed, "I don't run any car at all. I used to have one, but I sold it two years ago when I went into business. I had to buy a lot of my goods on credit, and I figured that I had no right to have a pleasure car so long as I owed money to people."

That was about all I heard of the conversation. A little later I saw the pair going out to lunch together, already friends. Just as the elevator started on its downward trip the credit man glanced quickly at his companion, who was again having trouble to decide what to do with his hat on account of the presence of a lady. Immediately the New Yorker removed his own headgear, and the small-town man followed suit, glad that he could obey his natural inclinations without appearing eccentric.

As the elevator dropped out of sight I turned to the department head with whom I was transacting my own business and asked if the credit man was attending to professional duties, or merely entertaining a friend from the country. The department head laughed.

"Elliot is a wonder as a credit man," he answered. "Out of more than eight million dollars' worth of business last year we had credit losses of less than two thousand dollars.

"Did you notice how he sat with that fellow out in the middle of the office and talked?" he continued. "That is a part of his game. When he gets back from taking him to lunch he will come round to each of us and ask us what kind of impression we formed about the man. In the end he always acts on his own judgment, but he is influenced by what we say."

The department head laughed again at the recollection of the scene.

"You heard him ask the man what kind of car he runs. That is Elliot's test question. Some time or other during every interview he invariably puts that question to the man who is applying for credit."

Later on I heard the story of Mr. Walker from Georgia, and how he had come out in his dealings with Elliot, the credit man. Walker had come to New York to try to get himself out of a bad situation that he was in. His interview with the credit man spelled success or failure for his business down in Georgia.

In almost every small Southern town the business is dominated by one big concern which supplies the community with most of its wants. If the town is of any size there will, of course, be other retail stores, but the big concern dominates. Its salesroom occupies nearly all of one side of the wagon square; it owns a controlling interest in the bank, the hotel and the leading garage. The big store is a social center too. Country families for miles round make it their headquarters when in town, debarking there when they arrive and mobilizing there when ready to make the trip home.

Walker, it seems, had worked for the big store in his home town, starting when he was fifteen and continuing for nearly twenty years. Before he was thirty he had been made store manager at the almost unheard-of salary for the town of two hundred dollars a month. He owned his own home and had money out at interest; he had a car, and on Sunday afternoons drove his wife and two children round the country along with other substantial citizens of the community.

The town grew and prospered as most Southern towns do. Walker tried to buy an interest in his firm, but the stock was paying nearly twenty per cent in dividends, and none of the owners would part with any of their holdings. Walker and his wife figured things over every night for nearly a year, and finally came to the conclusion that he would start in business for himself.

When Walker announced his decision to his firm they offered to let him buy some stock if he would stay, but it was too late. He had already rented quarters on the other side of the square and made his plans for opening up. He had called in all his money which was out at interest, and even sold his car so as to have that much extra money to put in the business.

There had, it seems, been a little family jar when Walker told his wife that they ought to sell their automobile. She argued that their social position would suffer from not having a car, and that the children enjoyed it so much sitting on the back seat with the dog it would be a shame to take the pleasure away from them.

Business Was Too Good

BUT Walker felt that he must be firm. He pointed out that the upkeep and depreciation of a car like theirs cost forty dollars a month at the very least, and that so long as he would have to owe a great deal of money for merchandise he had no business to have this expense. The forty dollars a month belonged to the people who let him have goods on credit, he said. His wife was a sensible woman, though harassed by the social ambitions common to her sex, and in the end she gave in gracefully. After that when they felt the need of country air on Sunday afternoons they walked a couple of miles down the river and had a picnic lunch, which pleased the children and dog as much as the automobile rides had done.

Walker had about seven thousand dollars to start in business with. In order to make a showing against the big firm across the square he had to carry a stock of about twenty thousand dollars. This was a heavy load to sustain, but he felt that he could do it, as there was plenty of business in the community for two good concerns. If he could make three or four thousand dollars a year profit it would not be very long before his assets would catch up with his debts.

He made arrangements with a New York wholesaler to carry him on long credit for an open account of ten thousand dollars, promising to buy their lines straight through; whatever they did not handle he bought from other concerns at regular terms. In this way he arranged to finance his thirteen-thousand-dollar indebtedness. It would have worked out first-rate, except for the fact that business was too good. He got into trouble by doing too much business for his capital.

The public began to patronize Walker liberally from the start. He was personally popular in the community, and then there was the usual run of trade which always comes to a new merchant from people who are disgruntled with the old concerns. But Walker made one mistake in his figuring. Business is done largely on credit in small towns, particularly Southern small towns. He had to let his goodsago out all spring and summer, and wait for payment until the farmers got the money for their crops in the fall; and a great many of the farmers had an unpleasant habit of holding off selling their products in the expectation of higher prices. Sometimes the farmers made money by holding to their crops, and sometimes they lost. But meanwhile Walker had very little cash to send to his creditors. His capital was all on his books.

Of course Walker, being born and bred in the community, knew how conditions would be, and he had not looked for any great embarrassment from it. When the old firm needed cash to carry its accounts it merely sent its ledger over to the bank and showed the cashier how much

(Continued on Page 173)

A New Traveler Over an Old Road

By E. W. HOWE

MEN are at liberty, and encouraged, to do the best things in life; probably you cannot recall anything forbidden that is not in some way objectionable. When you encounter the word "Danger" it is notice that those who have been over the road have given warning to those following. If you are traveling in a strange country and encounter a sign reading "Road closed; turn to the right" you will not find the forbidden road the best one.

Millions of men have lived millions of years and tried everything. The result of this experience has passed down from the first to the last generation. Anyone who bets on his judgment against the judgment of the world will be punished for folly. Look at the next fool you meet; even you can tell him how to avoid some of his troubles. Nature knows, and tells; everywhere there is an undercurrent of truth anyone may take advantage of—simple, but sufficient. No one ever thought a colt big enough to work when six months old, so we do agree on some things. When we do not know the truth we are carefully looking for it with further experiments. Philosophers are only bold men who write what others, being well trained in idealistic conventions, dare not write. The greatest philosopher is a mere man who records conditions he has long observed; much of his wisdom comes from the people with whom he is surrounded.

There is a new drawing every year in the lottery of life, and the result depends upon yourself. You need not be a mere number, compelled to take whatever comes out of the box, as a matter of chance. If you are Number 29,922,865 this year, you may rate higher in the next drawing if you really wish to do so. You may not draw the capital prize, but you may do well. There will be frequent attempts to stack the cards on you, but watch out and don't stand it; you needn't.

When a man gets a salary of fifty thousand dollars a year, probably three thousand of it is for his work and the balance for his judgment.

After a woman has studied life from bride to grandmother and been successful in all her rôles, she has an amount of information that would do credit to an elderly judge, bishop or doctor.

Many of the heroes with whom we shame ourselves not only did not perform the feats credited to them, but never existed. Daniel Boone is known as the greatest Indian fighter because his admirers have invented stories about him; he probably ran as often as the average man, and missed as many shots.

In the midst of plenty and liberty, those who live on a prison diet will find results excellent.

I have made mistakes; I would not be careful if I had not. The man who is honest may be careless, or not know.

The meanest thing done by gentlemen calling themselves Progressives is the inference they give, by shrug and innuendo, that those who oppose their big schemes are not good citizens, and opposed to measures that will benefit the country and mankind. The men they abuse so meanly sit on the safety valve and never object to as much steam as is necessary to keep the wheels moving in a proper way.

Men dehorn cattle, knowing fighting is not good for cattle; but build great battleships with which to encourage the fighting spirit among themselves. Man is naturally cowardly, and afraid of war, but believes he is so much smarter than the enemy he can build a gun that will shoot fifteen miles, while the enemy is peppering away at him with a gun able to shoot only ten miles. But the final fact is that in the world's battles the loss on one side is about as great as on the other.

Of the millions of books, newspapers and magazines now in existence, or that have existed in the past, probably there is not one that openly teaches drunkenness, falsehood, dishonesty, impoliteness, unfairness or idleness. To doubt such an array of authority is inexcusable.

What a fight man is compelled to make for the apple, and what a free gift of Nature the wild crab apple is! I drove through the country last spring, and the road was lined with wild crab apple trees in full bloom. They were beautiful, but no one had sprayed them or trimmed them. Still, they were not worth anything except as sentiment rousers.

Real reform work is incidental to doing your own work; the best reformers do not give all their time to it.

If there is a little merit in a printed composition—a suggestion of an idea, a clever expression of an old one—it is all you have a right to expect. If it is dull, as is usually the case, dismiss it without prejudice against the poor author, who is probably a bundle of weaknesses and prejudices, as you are. Writing is not a divine art; it is as tiresomely human as is conversation. What is there to eat that has not been eaten? What is there new to say in print?

We talk of the influence of a good mother on the life of her son. The influence of a good father is also important. A father knows more of the real problems that will confront his son; some of the lessons instilled into the boy's mind by his mother may be too sentimental, and he may be compelled to unlearn them. Every man knows the importance of common sense, and should not neglect to give his sons the benefit of the little he possesses.

Our list of wrongs is becoming too long. It is evidence that we either invent wrongs or are too lazy to remedy them. Whatever is palpably wrong with your plumbing, your teeth, your drainage, your county, city, congressional district, state or nation, should be fixed, and usually can be. It is an inefficient man who forever fusses about his wrongs and does nothing.

If I were a Mussulman soldier the general couldn't fool me by saying that the moment I was cut down and killed by the enemy I would awaken in paradise. I don't know whether this is wisdom or cowardice, but I simply couldn't believe the story. And if the general remained in the fort while he sent me out to attack the enemy and get the chance of being transported instantly to paradise, I should know he did not believe the story, either, and that he intended to fool me.

Don't get yourself in a situation where you need vindication. After a complete vindication a good many will have doubts of your innocence.

Many believe that if a man has money he should lend it to whoever applies, and accept his word that he will pay it back. But if that is an improvement on the present plan we shall have trouble putting it into effect.

The world has declared that one wife at a time is better than three or four. In the few countries where polygamy is practiced only a small portion of the men take advantage of it; not because they are more perfect gentlemen than we are, but because they have learned from experience that polygamy results in a bad mess.

I recall a certain man who, while occupying an exalted position, was called an autocrat. Now that he has been thrown out of his high position it develops that he was uncomfortable in it, and that he was subjected to many indignities and injustices. He was really an old man who didn't always know exactly what was best to do. We poor people hate the rich most cordially because we mistakenly imagine they have no troubles.

I don't know which is the more objectionable, an old man's conceit because of his wisdom, or a young man's because of his youth.

Some people dearly love the story that a poor man was once sent to the penitentiary for stealing a loaf of bread with which to feed his starving wife and children. There never was a court or jury that would impose such a sentence; there never was a baker who would prefer such a charge, or a prosecuting attorney who would prosecute it; there never was a policeman who would arrest a man for such an offense. If it should be discovered that a poor man had stolen bread to keep his wife and children from starvation, the judge, the prosecuting attorney, the policeman, the baker, the people, the newspapers would promptly join in a movement to relieve his distress; and, his distress being relieved, someone would get him a job.

Probably every man has a little superstition; I doubt if even the bold editor of The Truth Seeker entirely escapes. Those who do not pray, knock on wood. I sometimes think that, from my helplessness as a fool, I have sacrificed my life a dozen times, and that something that came in on an east wind saved me. The three wise men came from the east long ago, but there are others there to this day.

When a father gives his son good advice he is probably as wise as the sages of old; indeed, he is probably quoting them. Few children go astray as a result of taking the advice of a father or mother.

Much of the literature of love serves to give young men a course in the old art of deception; but fortunately it also teaches young women the art of defense.

I do not care to fool any man; when he discovers I have fooled him he will do me more harm than my cunning did me good. If you get the best of a bargain by cunning, better give it back before the policeman arrives.

(Concluded on Page 54)

THE LURE

By RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

"WHAT a satanic face!" George Chataway, the nice young Englishman from some nice old gardened estate out of harm's way in Devonshire, made the comment after a long, almost rude, stare at a thin, tall, dark, evil-countenanced man who sat at the next table in Durin's dipping the unlighted end of his cigar into the hot black coffee before each sybarite puff.

Rathbun, who sat with us and who has made a world of money in hotel real estate, and who being—for reasons best known to himself—a bachelor, shot a glance at Chataway.

No doubt he was thinking that the boy, raised in some repressive, straight-and-narrow atmosphere, probably was wondering whether his nice people at home and he himself were always on good behavior because of virtue or because of fear.

George had come out to see America, and had never been able to get farther west than the sunset side of Broadway. Two weeks had given him an almost wistful expression, especially when he sat among the changing throng in a place like Durin's. His eyes were full of the flash of success and pretense, of white arms and twinkling feet, and it would have been absurd and hypocritical to deny that he would have liked to know just what would happen if one were a part of it all.

"As a matter of fact," said Rathbun, "the man with the satanic face is Brisco Bourne. He has been on Broadway for twenty years as a designer of costumes for musical shows and *revues*. The meditation that you now see on his face, and call hellish, I know very well. It never comes except when he dines alone in a wild place like this and recalls the memory of his wife. His one idea for nearly two decades has been to save enough money to go back to a place I think they call Trellis, Kansas, and build a maternity hospital to her memory."

"She Is Certainly Stop, Look and Listen To-Night. Look at That Head of Hair—That Flash of Red and Gold Above That Tinkling Green Fabric!"

We were silent. After a bit Rathbun laughed

"Of course, it is always difficult to know just what is in the human heart. Much more decent and tender things usually than we guess or anybody wants to show. The matches, please. Oh, yes, that applies to these people here too. They may look like satyrs, but they're not."

He turned with a quick twist of his heavy body to Paxton, the playwright. He said: "There was Vera Savarin!"

Vera Savarin! Of course!

Well, it was Richard Brayley who put an end to her career, and that story rather goes to prove something.

He came from Spurley, Ohio, which would be meaningless if one had not seen a set of souvenir post cards from that place showing The Falls and the Phœnix Bank Building and McKinley Park. These cards were enough to introduce Spurley—a place where there are junction railroad yards and long, far-away whoops of locomotives at night suggesting sadness, and a few blocks of stores with lawyers' offices and lodge rooms above, and a Carnegie library across from the Methodist Church, and three factories and an industrial housing district down near the river, and residences with white-picket and bent-ironwork fences on the hill. Anyone could tell that Spurley was a terrible American town, outwardly of small and mean spirit and deadly dullness in the rounds of life, but with some latent nobility that would leap up into fire when war came, and otherwise could only be seen by watching the undercurrent of quiet idealism that kept life straight on some sort of an awkward climb upward.

The first time we ever saw big Dick Brayley was the night Trafford Kelly, the song writer, took us into the grill to meet him.

"I've caught a rare one," he said. "A big, fine-looking game bird from a tank town in Ohio. He made a killing in business, and would have blossomed out long ago, but his mother lingered on for a while. Now she sleeps on the hill, and the volcano in this guy's soul has been brought by him to Broadway to blow its little head off and cover everything with lava and gold dust."

We took a look at the new specimen. He was a broad-shouldered, big-handed man, not much more than thirty-four or five, with a touch of gray in the hair above his ears, a broad forehead, space between the eyes, and a pretty good, straight, honest look. Anyone would have guessed that his was not a very complex soul. No doubt his simplicity had been the basis of his success. He had inherited the Spurley Washing Machine and Brooder Company. During the war it earned a creditable and exceptional record turning out parts for aircraft frames—and no end of a sudden fortune. "You don't mean that this is your first visit to New York?" asked Kelly as Brayley, with a bit of nervous flourish, ordered for all of us.

"Yes, sir," the newcomer said, talking in his abrupt, short sentences. "I'm going to make it my home. New York is the center of things. No denying that. I've never been able to get here before. I never could leave Spurley on account of mother. You know how that is?"

That began the picture that was gradually filled in with all its colors and shapes and oddities, as bit by bit we learned to know Dick Brayley and what he had been outside and inside all those years. Long before he ever took hold of Vera Savarin, who was known better on the billboards as The Golden Lure, we knew that those who looked upon him as he appeared externally and called him "The Man who would be a Prince" had not figured on the depth of still waters.

No doubt it is absurd to use the expression "still waters" in connection with his name. He tried to make them run swift enough, but who could know why without knowing about the thing that he always shuddered over when he used to say: "No wonder a man loves life—if you know what I mean—when one has known thirty-odd years of death in Spurley."

This fellow Brayley had been born there. All his family had ever known was the quiet round of life or the grim push of life. His grandfather had farmed rocky land in Maine, driven to the post office and general store, read the Bible, paid off the mortgage and died with sons and daughters scattered all over the pioneer West. He left some good mahogany furniture and dried flowers incased in glass ovals, and a stuffed redbird.

His father had gone to Spurley in the old days with a bride from Herkimer County, New York, and set up a wood-turning mill almost on the spot on the river bank where the Spurley Washing Machine and Brooder Company's works spread out now. The sum-total result at the time of his death was a big square white house on the street that leads to the cemetery that never sees much go by except when the Grand Army, escort and band, puff up the climb of Washington Avenue on Memorial Day. He also had a wife with some incurable kidney disease that had made her almost blind and certainly cantankerous. Those who did not know her used to exclaim: "What a dear little old lady!" He also left his only child—the boy who was then sixteen, just getting rid of a change of voice and taking on long trousers.

Dick was thinking even then of leaving Spurley. In those simple days of fishing, high school, football, strawberry festivals at the church and smoking in the graveyard, he said he leaned toward the life of an actor, because an actor is guaranteed that he will know how life feels and what it means in order to show other people what great emotions are.

Just how Mrs. Brayley, with only the assistance of Eben Bush, the president of the Phœnix Bank, who always knew all about how anything could not be done, managed to carry the business on until "The Man who would be a Prince" was twenty-one will always remain a mystery. She did it all from a rocking-chair in the second-story front window of the blue bedroom, and then when young Brayley, putting from him, one after another, dreams of being an actor, a man of the world and a diplomat in an ambassador's post in Russia, where life is led intensely and vividly, became of age the mother's personality fell on him like a ton of smothering damp soot shutting out the light and air.

Dick's father had taken him once to Chicago. Now when the business, as the family had always called the Spurley Washing Machine and Brooder Company, gave a reason to send the new young owner to the great, exciting metropolis he looked forward to it eagerly. But mother had a spell.

"Dick!" she gasped. "You can never know how I've learned to depend on you! If you ever left me alone in this house overnight it would be my death!"

"I could get Mrs. Yates to come—or even Doctor Nagel to sleep in the east room."

"You are an unnatural son to think of such a thing! Oh, the years I worked my fingers to the bone for you! The devotion I gave!"

"Well, mother, I guess maybe you're right," the young giant had said; and that phrase, "Mother, I guess maybe you're right," became, as the years went by, a kind of harp string plucked over and over again until it made a monotonous hum of years of devotion and of submerged personality.

Just once there came a crisis. In his heart of hearts Brayley fought out then a terrible battle to renounce forever the idea that he would ever live a great life. "Great Life" was the phrase he used with all the emphasis of

capitals and italics, to express the green rooms of theaters, the boudoirs of dancers, the courts of Europe, the white lights of New York, travel, adventure, great banquets, conspiracies, intrigues, the pomp of Rome—or Broadway. He was twenty-five and Myra Carmichael was warm of color, plump of figure and certainly good of intention. He came to the parting of the ways. Life in Spurley with her, and pies, and vegetable hash on Monday nights—that was love. The world—far away in time or distance—of midnight, evening clothes, low-necked gowns, music—that was glamour. He determined to give up glamour for love.

But when, sitting in the evening, as he always sat between five-thirty and supper time, in that great, empty, square house, with its steel engravings and glowering old furniture, with his great brown hand over his mother's, he said to her: "Mother, I want to talk to you about Myra Carmichael," the old vixen with her saintlike face gave a scream.

"It's come! It's come!" she shrieked in a fine, thin, piping voice. "The thing I most dreaded in all the world!"

"Why, mother!"

"You'd leave me for some minx of a girl, eh? You'd go away and leave me here helpless with my memories! Or you'd bring some outsider into our home! And you not yet twenty-six, and never spent a night away from me! Is this the reward I get from my own flesh and blood?"

"She's a nice girl," he said simply. "I thought maybe she'd steady me."

"Steady you! What steadying do you need? Haven't you come from steady people? Haven't you a steady life? You get up just like your father did at six-thirty, and work all day and have supper and go down to get the Chicago paper at the drug store and read aloud to me and go to bed. God bless my boy! He's always so good!"

There was a long silence. The locomotive whistles down in the valley sounded so far away and yearning and lonesome and threatening of sadness and separations!

"I shan't live long," said his mother, with the tears of self-pity streaming down her cheeks. "Don't marry, Dick!"

"Well, mother, I guess maybe you're right," he said. "And now it's time for supper again."

He was thinking of the old set of china that came out twice a day, and twice a day was put back in the cupboard by the hired girl after he had eaten his meal alone at the oval table. It was white, with a gold stripe round the edge and one rose in the middle of everything.

That was the life he led. The people in Spurley thought it was a beautiful life. Hardly a mother in Spurley failed at one time or another to hold up Brayley as the kind of son who shows proper gratitude toward the one who had brought him into the world. None of them knew the truth about him.

The truth about him never appeared until, having patted his mother's hand until she had gone to sleep, he tiptoed to his room and locked the door and lit the ornamental glass lamp, or—when the electric service of Spurley was started—turned on the light, and with night moths bobbing against the screens in the summer and snow pattering on the panes in winter, he read Balzac and the Russian novelists and smart magazines and those that told of society or those that told of the borderland of society, or the plots of plays or printed pictures of lovely stars of the screen and stage. He knew what was the correct dress for men and who was at Palm Beach and what was behind this and that divorce and where the best chefs in the country were located. That it was vice or sensuality or mere pleasure that attracted him was not an accusation that anyone could make justly. The glamour was not that. It was being a man of the world, having the *savoir-faire*, living among the best of viands, the rarest of wines, the most beautiful of women and the most brilliant of wit; it was to him entertaining in all magnificence, with great gestures of hospitality; it was living surrounded by the great dramas of love; it was being, indeed, a man of whom chorus girl and banker would say some day "Ah, there was a prince!" That was the glamour! That was life!

Recalling the glamour of life—of the great lure—he would think to himself, "Perhaps, even now, when the opera is over, there is a supper party where there are ballet dancers and Russian noblemen and reporters on the great New York dailies and authors and artists and actors and women with their eyes filled with the sadness of experience and the flash of jewelry and music and gleaming goblets!"

And then he would go to bed with a sigh, remembering that this was Spurley and that he hated Spurley; that to-morrow by eight he would be down at the business, and that he hated the business; that at five-thirty he would come back because his heart would make him come back to pat his mother's hand. Some day perhaps he could wipe his own hands of it all! Some day he could take up his art—the art of being a man of the world.

That day came. It came at the end of a long four years during the European turmoil, when money rolled, slid and flowed into the surplus and was put into the increase in plant of the Spurley Washing Machine and Brooder Company. Brayley wondered how he would ever spend so much money. Youth was still his; he still had the skin, the eyes, the straight figure of youth when he asked the mayor of Spurley what the municipality would like as a gift. Only old men or last wills and testaments had ever been benefactors of Spurley. The mayor finally decided on a watering-trough and drinking fountain and a shaft of granite to commemorate the minister's son and the town drunkard, both of whom lost their lives in the war. Before it was done one hot August day came when Dick's mother began to breathe faster and faster and sink deeper and deeper into an unconsciousness that in its final profundity marked her end.

Well, he had done his duty by his mother. He had even thought he loved her. He had said over and over again as she hung her dead weight upon the neck of his personality and exercised her dominance: "There, there, mother! I guess you're right." But it was over now. He felt a great relief. Conscience-stricken because through his film of grief that he knew he ought to feel, there always bubbled up the joy of being free, just as if school were over or a reprieve and a pardon had been sent by the governor to the square, white Brayley mansion, which to Dick had appeared at times as a great white tomb with the green tops of the giant maple trees drooping over it.

Six months after his mother had left that house for the last time Brayley went to Higginson, the lawyer—the man with the prominent ears—who is the best story teller in Spurley.

"Well, Jim," said Dick with a sigh, "I guess you'd better put the old house on the market."

"Sell your father's house! Where are you going to live?"

"New York and Paris."

"New York and Paris! You ain't crazy?"

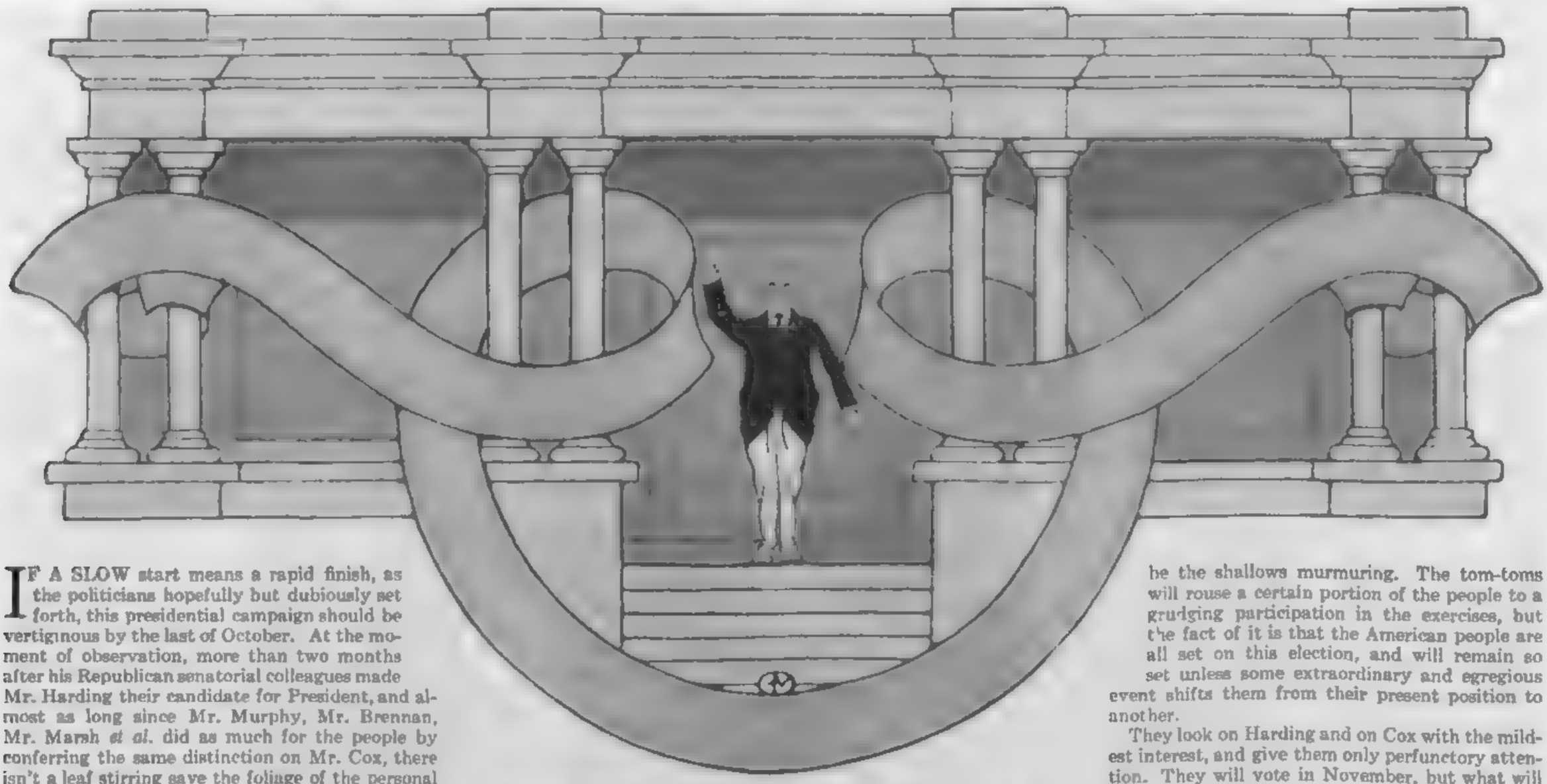
"No, I ain't!" said Brayley. "But I'm going to leave Spurley, Jim. I've got the business all in order. I'm rich now, and alone. I'm going to see life a lot of life. And I'm going to live, I tell you!"

That was why he was in New York. That was why he lived at the Ambervelt in a suite of rooms done in peach and gold. That was why he gave the parties—those Lucullan feasts which might have rivaled the debauches of a Roman emperor, save for one presence that never could be banished from them—the presence of Richard Brayley himself. Somehow "The Man who would be a Prince," standing with a glass in his hand to

(Continued on Page 154)

The Golden Lure Rose and Stood With Her White and Wonderful Back Turned Toward Him

DOINGS IN THE DOLDRUMS



By Samuel G. Blythe

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE

IF A SLOW start means a rapid finish, as the politicians hopefully but dubiously set forth, this presidential campaign should be vertiginous by the last of October. At the moment of observation, more than two months after his Republican senatorial colleagues made Mr. Harding their candidate for President, and almost as long since Mr. Murphy, Mr. Brennan, Mr. Marsh *et al.* did as much for the people by conferring the same distinction on Mr. Cox, there isn't a leaf stirring save the foliage of the personal bush Mr. Cox is shaking here, there and yonder to the accompaniment of the cheep-cheep of Mr. Roosevelt.

The thing is a dead calm, with Will Hays and Fred Upham trying to raise the wind—that goes two ways—in their headquarters, and George White and Wilbur Marsh similarly occupied in their headquarters, and none of them doing as well at it as the electric fans. Just as this sentence is written comes the news that George White may not be there very long; that his health is poor or that Candidate Cox thinks George's health is poor or something of the sort; but he is there at the moment. One cannot be expected to devote one's life to these chairmanship matters. What's a chairman, more or less? The answer is less, usually. But to proceed.

Hectic Interest Scarcer Than Hens' Teeth

MR. HARDING sits on his porch at Marion and contemplates the gravel they quite unnecessarily spread over his lawn to protect the grass from the feet of the multitudes of tumultuous pilgrims to his sequestered shrine, and Mr. Cox hurls himself against the proletariat at from four to six hurls per day, and is bounced back from the oratorical impact dented but undismayed.

Here we are, fellow Americans, midchannel in what the advance notices set forth to us as the most important presidential campaign since Mark Hanna, foreseeing with that clear vision that was his the far more expert operations of the Federal Reserve Board along those lines, besought and induced us to save the currency from the amateurish inflation proposed by Mr. Bryan—midchannel in that tremendous struggle, that epochal contest, that transcendent battle for or against Article Ten and Armenian mandates and interpretative reservations and reserved interpretations and no foreign entanglements and international participation and national honor and ditto dishonor, and the great responsive, self-determining, obligation observing, world viewing, stirred, eager people are devoting their exclusive attention to the number of home runs Babe Ruth makes each day; the merits of the Reds and the Giants, and the Yanks and the Sox; to home brew and where to get a drink; to an Italian who landed conservative Boston with a promise of fifty per cent interest; and to the sad fate of a lady who was shipped from Detroit to New York in a trunk.

It is amazing—incredible—and true. One wanders from the Pacific to the Atlantic and back again, seeking the hectic interest and the fervent enthusiasm, the popular uprisings, the ardor, the intensity, the eager discussions, the spirit of battle, the consecrated determination to remove the Democrats from power or to keep them there; and one finds that the great American people, face to face with this crisis in their political affairs, do not give a hoot about either Harding or Cox. They wrote this campaign off long ago, decided what they shall do, marked it "Business to be completed on Election Day," and thus it rides.

No doubt the forthcoming ballyhoo will stir them here and there. No doubt the ding-donging the politicians must do to justify their jobs will have some effect, but those will be the shallows murmuring. The tom-toms will rouse a certain portion of the people to a grudging participation in the exercises, but the fact of it is that the American people are all set on this election, and will remain so set unless some extraordinary and egregious event shifts them from their present position to another.

They look on Harding and on Cox with the mildest interest, and give them only perfunctory attention. They will vote in November, but what will incite their majority voting will not be the League of Nations or any of its corelated policies or issues, or high cost of living and its numerous ramifications, or taxes *per se*—not any of these or any of the other trimmings and straddlings of the two platforms, either as items of governmental policy to be adopted or rejected or as unified party policy. Those platforms might as well not have been written. Those extended speeches of acceptance need not have been made, except as part of the usual mummery of a campaign and to give the ballyhooers something to ballyhoo about. They amount to next to nothing.

The Real Issue of the Campaign

THE issue the people of the United States are going to the polls on next November is the issue of Wilson and Wilsonism, to say whether they want the Democrats to stay in power or not. They will not take a solemn referendum on the League of Nations or on any other proposition. Their solemn referendum will be on President Wilson himself, and all his works and all his workers. That is as certain as the dawning of Election Day is certain, and the politicians know it, too, no matter what dispute of the assertion they may make.

There is nothing prophetical about that statement. It is a statement of existing fact, of present intention, of settled popular conviction. The issue is the President and what he has done and what he has not done. The instruments for the expression of either approval or disapproval happen to be Harding and Cox. They could have been Smith and Jones equally well. The professional patter of the situation is League of Nations and the treaty and all

thus and so, set forth with such vagueness of party language that a shift can be made by either candidate at any time to meet whatever expediency demands. Both Harding and Cox are searching about for talking points, ready to be opportune whenever there comes a chance for opportunism; ready to steer to any current that favors; protecting themselves with "buts" and "ifs" and "on the other hands."

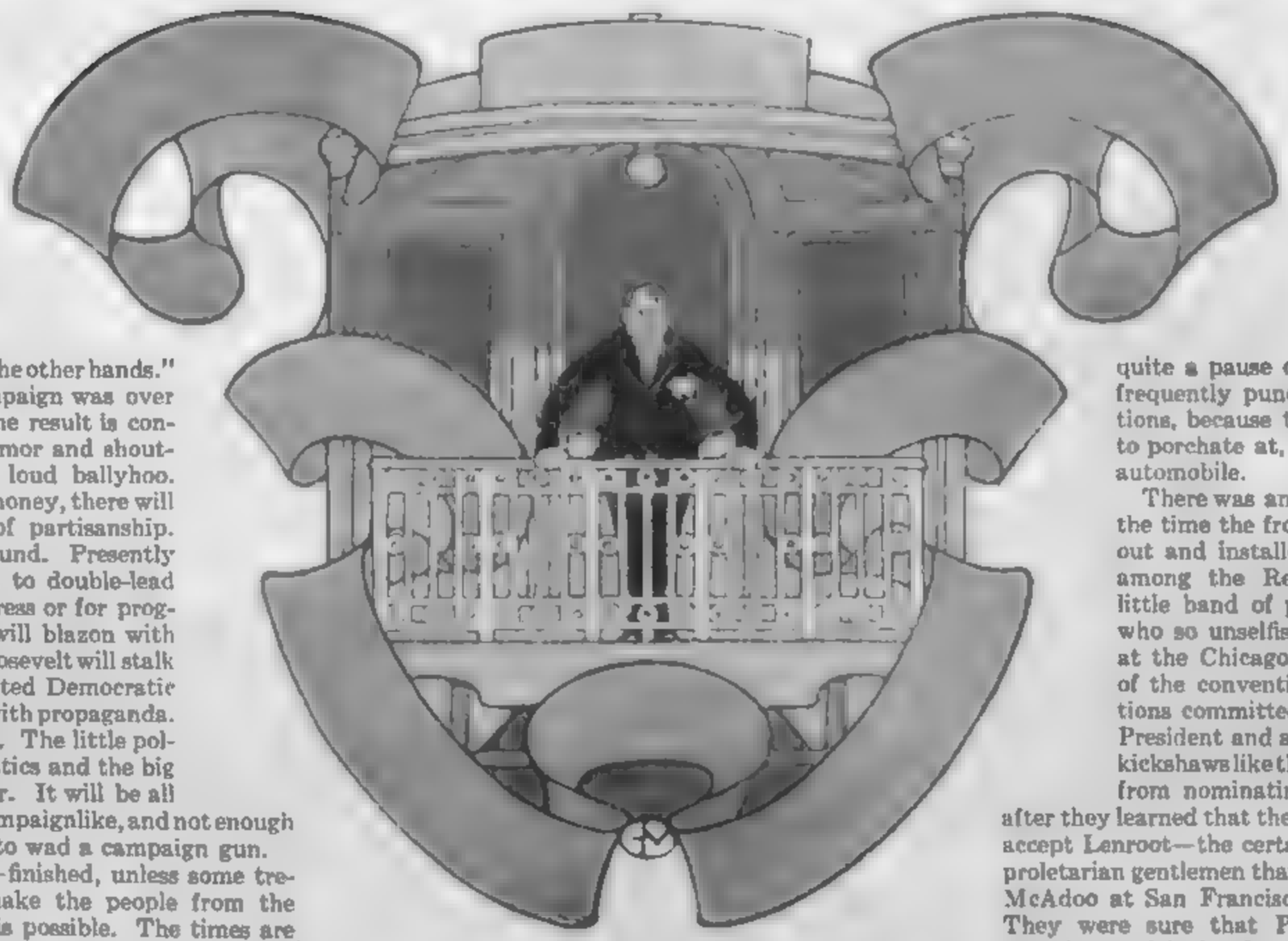
To what purpose? This campaign was over before it was begun so far as the result is concerned. There will be great clamor and shouting and much bellowing and loud ballyhoo. Presently, if they can raise the money, there will be all the usual incitement of partisanship. Presently the hustings will resound. Presently the editorial writers will begin to double-lead their appeals for Cox and progress or for progress and Harding. The walls will blazon with placards. A real Republican Roosevelt will stalk forth on the trail of an attenuated Democratic one. The mails will be clogged with propaganda. The advertisements will appear. The little politicians will play their little politics and the big politicians will play their littler. It will be all regular and conventional and campaignlike, and not enough votes will be changed by it all to wad a campaign gun.

This election is over—done—finished, unless some tremendous event happens to shake the people from the stand they have taken. That is possible. The times are fluid. Our to-morrows never were so much new days as now. After what we have seen since August, 1914, no man is justified in holding that anything may not happen, from the millennium to Elihu Root voting the Socialist ticket. But barring such a disturbing and realigning event, this election is settled right now, and is settled on the issue of Wilson and Wilsonism; either for or against, as the case may be.

Wherefore, with the American voters all dressed up and waiting for Der Tag, we may well turn for purposes of diversion to a contemplation of the minor phases of the campaign thus far, which means the last of August, when it has been announced that Candidate Harding will go to Minnesota on September eighth, and when Candidate Cox has just started whirlwinding about. The Harding announcement induces thought of the well-known and extensively advertised front-porch schedule for the senator. They are mysterious about that front-porch business, so far as its conception is acknowledged. Nobody fathers it, but Harding, kind, genial soul that he is, stands for it and on it—to a degree. Perhaps he wanted it, harking back to the good old days of McKinley at Canton and Harrison at Indianapolis, and so on, and remembering the distressing outcomes of Mr. Bryan's three stampedes about the country, when all the populace came out to hear and see, but few remained to vote.

Oh, for the Porch and the Man!

IN ANY event, as soon after the nomination at Chicago as Will Hays had attended to the little formality of having himself reëlected chairman of the national committee, which was pretty soon—about four hours and a half or five hours, to be exact—and before Harry Daugherty and John King and several of the other boys knew just what was going on, it was announced that Harding, following the fashion of McKinley and Harrison, both of whom got away with it, would speak to the gathering multitudes from the front porch of his home in Marion, Ohio, and not go traipsing about the country. He would remain in a calm, dignified and classic atmosphere, being calm, dignified and more or less classic himself, true to the traditions of his party, and emit his sonorous periods in a calm, dignified and classic manner.



It sounds well. The presidency is a great office. No candidate should demean that great office by hurly-burlying about the country in frantic speech to the electorate and in indecorous canvass for their votes, but should speak to them in an august and imposing manner, and send them back home zealous in the faith and girded for the fight. The language is a literal translation of Will Hays' announcement. The whole thing was predicated on the high regard the Republicans have for the great office, which regard is not lessened in its material aspects by the fact that they have not had said office for going on eight years.

Now the front-porch idea is predicated on three essentials—viz. and first, the porch; to wit and second, the man on the porch; and namely and third, the people to hear the man on the porch speak from the porch. Two of these essentials were at hand—the porch and the man. When it came time to provide the people the Republican porch proponents woke to the sickening truth, the nauseating knowledge, that whereas the country was full of traveling and other railroad passenger agents in 1896 and again in 1900 and even so far back as 1888, and the joy and delight of those traveling and other railroad passenger agents was to work up parties and run excursions to Canton and Indianapolis from far and near points, solicit such business and arrange for it and provide cars and trains for it, and so on—whereas that was the case in 1896 and in 1900 and so far back as 1888, it was not the case in 1920—not so you could notice it.

Various desolating truths were brought home to the Republican porch proponents, and among them these: The traveling and other railroad passenger agent is extinct as the locofoco; the railroads are not looking for excursion business, but are avoiding it; the railroad equipment and the difficulties of operation at present make railroad men extremely indifferent about front-porch campaigns at Marion or anywhere else; and impassioned appeals to the railroad men to hustle out and fix up some excursions of various representative bodies from various representative localities leaves the railroad men cold—gelid, indeed. Times have changed nowhere to a greater degree than in getting up railroad excursions for front-porch purposes. When the Hocking Valley Railroad officials were asked how many extra cars they could provide for the vast throngs who were to go to Marion on notification day they looked things over and said that if they were put to it they could provide eight cars in addition to those in regular service—eight and no more.

This situation not only gave the front-porch proponents pause, but it also put quite a pause on the front porch, a pause infrequently punctuated up to date by porchations, because there have been few delegations to porchate at, and most of those came in by automobile.

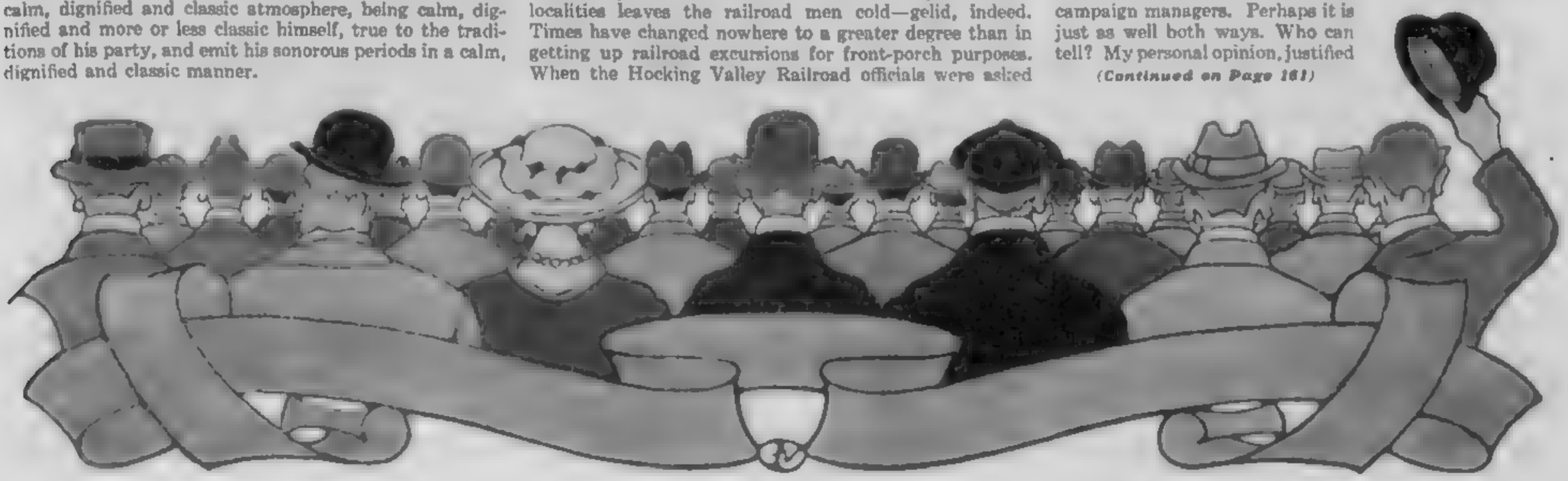
There was another feature of the situation at the time the front-porch campaign was thought out and installed, and that was the certainty among the Republicans, and especially that little band of patriotic senatorial Republicans who so unselfishly took nothing for the Senate at the Chicago convention save the chairman of the convention, the chairman of the resolutions committee, the platform, the nominee for President and a few other little knickknacks and kickshaws like that, and magnanimously refrained from nominating a senator for Vice President after they learned that the convention positively would not accept Lenroot—the certainty among these generous and proletarian gentlemen that the Democrats would nominate McAdoo at San Francisco. They had it all doped out. They were sure that President Wilson would be for McAdoo, and had a fine line of heir-apparent and crown-prince stuff to put forth. They figured that their nominee wouldn't have to leave the front porch to combat that nomination, and they were terrifically jolted when they discovered that the San Francisco convention did not nominate McAdoo; that there were four hundred and thirty-five delegates in that convention, an ample number to carry out their intention, who would have stayed in San Francisco until Christmas before they would have voted for McAdoo, and that it was barely possible they were in error in their original assumption that Mr. Wilson was so keen about McAdoo as had been surmised.

Nothing Wanting But Delegations

THE nomination of Cox not only gave the Republican campaign a new and unexpected angle, but it also put a dent in the front-porch enterprise that will be more and more apparent as the contest comes to a close. Wherefore we hear voluble explanations that the candidate never did intend to remain on the porch all the time; that he always had planned to go out and make a certain number of speeches, and thus and so. What is heard about the railroads and the nomination of Cox is equally voluble, but not so suitable for the chaste exposition of the type. However, they have put gravel all over the lawn in front of the Harding house at Marion, and taken the house next door for offices and built a nice bungalow in the back yard for the reporters to work in, and everything is excellently provided. All that is needed is delegations. Perhaps before this is printed the railroads will scramble together a few cars, and the passenger agents will get busy, and things will be as planned. Meantime the dates of Senator Harding's speeches from other rostrums than the porch are being given to the public.

We are promised loud hullabaloo by September, but in these late August days the candid observer of what is going on comes to this conclusion: The Republicans have plenty of campaign managers, but no campaign, while the Democrats have a campaign, but no campaign managers. Perhaps it is just as well both ways. Who can tell? My personal opinion, justified

(Continued on Page 161)



MARSH LIGHT

By Helen Topping Miller

ILLUSTRATED BY HANSON BOOTH

HAVING no place to go and no enthusiasm whatever about going, Joseph Glidden Hicks wandered through the cluttered yards of the P. & B. and finally swung himself listlessly aboard the last car of a rattling little accommodation as it clattered out on the track of the Shore Division.

Back in the offices of the P. & B., where for a period of months preceding the big strike he had owned an office of his own and a brass cuspidor and electric fan, Joseph G. had often found himself wondering where all the old wooden coaches went when the all-steel train became lord of the rail. Now he knew where they went: They went to the Shore Division.

The Shore Division was a forty-mile appendix to the P. & B. system—a rusty, neglected, tag-end of a road ambling through a waste of salt marshes and boggy canebrake, straddling on trestles from one island of muck to another, ending at last at a succession of cheap beach resorts.

There Was the Splash of a Paddle and Davy Warner Guided a Slender Canoe From Under the Bridge

The coach Hicks climbed into was empty. The train seldom carried many passengers except on Sunday, and the car was stale with dirty peanut shells and chewing-gum papers reminiscent of Sabbath junketing. Hicks slumped down into the rear seat wondering why on earth he had been fool enough to pick this accommodation when the yard was full of other trains—liberal open-doored freights headed westward toward adventure rather than eastward toward the forlorn and unpeopled shore.

Old Pat Blaine was conductor of the accommodation, Number Forty.

All the men in the offices knew Pat Blaine. Pat stood less than five feet, had a temper like a carload of T N T and was so loyal to the company that he resented the presence of a foreign freight car in his train.

Joseph G. slid far down in the seat and dug into his pockets. Desperate explorations brought to light only one copper cent. He looked at it in a sort of puzzled panic, till he remembered that he had spent his quarter for a wienie and some coffee and car fare back to the offices where the tired pickets still paced and the company, having filled the desks of the striking clerks with yaps, maintained its policy of calmly ignoring the strike.

He regarded the copper coin with much disgust.

"Most useless thing on earth!" he reflected bitterly. "Can't buy a darn thing with it—except a postal card. There was a time"—he looked out of the window, where the gray-green of the marsh was already encroaching on the town, washed with a strangely hollow sort of twilight, liquid and lavender and infinitely lonely—"there was a time when I could have bought about a yard of thick white chewing gum with this cent, all wrapped up in striped tissue paper and with a solid gold ring set with a genuine ruby hung on it! But now—what good is a cent?"

He drew back his hand to throw it out the window. Then he thought better of it and dropped it into his pocket. Without it he was flatly, desolately broke. The last local assessment had cleaned out the single strikers to help out the married ones, who were beginning to taste the bitter dryness of idle bread. A cent was money, though it would weigh nothing in an argument with Pat Blaine.

No bums rode on Pat's train. A story had sifted through the offices concerning a fresh resorter who had offered Pat a pint of gin to carry him to the end of the division. Rumor had it that Pat had kicked the briber off the Quarantine Bridge, but Hicks had never heard it confirmed.

He was ready to believe it, however. He knew there was no use to try any blandishments on Pat. Likely enough if he had the fare Pat would have put him off because he was a striker. Pat was bitter against the strike, being a stubborn old goat stupidly content to work hard eight or nine hours a day for enough money to live on and the promise of a pension when the braid on his sleeve got as high as his elbow.

Joseph G. decided that the wisest thing he could do, having been idiotic enough to get on Pat's train, was to get off again. He went out and stood on the rear platform. Below him the rusty rails with greasy weeds and grass between spun out from under the wheels a meandering thread of solid ground wandering through a morass of canebrake, palmetto and trumpet vine. Here and there a ragged old cabbage palm thrust up a bushy head like a shaggy cannibal blinking awake. Blackbirds flashed their scarlet shoulders through the reeds and on an occasional patch of high ground a negro cabin stood with a gaunt mule or cow picketed in the rank swamp grass.

But for the most part there was empty desolation with a taste of the sea on the air, and the gray-greenish light of the sea lying over everything, steeping it in vast loneliness. Scant chance for a man afoot, with no thoroughfare other than the right of way. Yet rather than encounter the wrath of Pat Blaine, Joseph G. decided to swing off at the first slowdown. He could walk back to town. It was eighteen miles now by the last post. The walking would give him something to do through the night, better than sleeping in the park. And there was no further use arguing with his landlady.

He sat down on the platform ready to drop off. A red sluggish river crawled beside the track and Joseph G. knew that there would be a bridge farther on. Pat Blaine was a stickler for orders. He would slow down for the bridge.

Joseph G. Hicks was young; twenty-four to be exact. He was so young that he regarded himself as being a bit battered and wise and world-beaten, but he could still feel the spell of a swollen intimate moon, and sad music moved him to want to kiss something—no matter what. As he dangled his natty tan shoes above the blurring crossties the curious desolate silence of the marshes seeped into his young soul. He felt a trifle homesick and thought, with forgiving warmth, of Mrs. Varney's basement dining room with the pitted copper samovar sitting on the radiator and the elongated table where Fritzie Kahn and the Dilloways and the girls from the Racket Store would be sitting down, about this time, to cold ham and dill pickles and doughnuts and iced tea. His trunk was still there, parked in a ratty storage place, where it would have to stay till he found another job or the P. & B. displayed signs of ordinary reason and sanity.

Then beside the right of way there was a flutter and a squawk. A small infuriated rooster, fiery of head, with every feather bristling, came cackling out of the canebrake. Joseph G. poised himself. Chickens meant a human habitation near, probably the bridge tender's house. He let his feet slide down till they almost touched the ground. Number Forty was slowing, blowing for the bridge. The train dragged to a crawl and Hicks catapulted off, spun a couple of times and righted himself as the train crept on the bridge.

He stood and watched it slide over the spidery height of steel with a strangely apathetic indifference. Then he stiffened involuntarily, all the youth in him coming to attention. At the end of the bridge, not twenty feet from him, stood a girl.

"Did you intend to get off here?" she asked him.

She was a young girl, not more than twenty; little and dark and slim, with brown hair braided and pinned over her forehead. She stood still in small square-toed shoes and looked at him very straight.

"You've made a mistake, I think. This is not a station. The first stop is Lassiter's, eleven miles farther."

Joseph G. shifted his feet. He had always before been gallantly at ease in any situation. Girls had never dismayed him. He kept his hair brushed to a plushy luster

and had a manicure every Saturday night. But this girl fixed him levelly with a pair of dead-black eyes. He attempted a debonair smile, but it succeeded merely as an impudent grin.

"I'm not looking for a station," he said; "I'm looking for a place to start walking from. This looks as good as any."

"Walking?" A faint shade of interest came into her face. He marked it with some personal satisfaction. "Where do you want to walk?"

Joseph G. took off his neat straw hat and made sure his hair was sleekly perfect by passing a caressing palm over it. He had a conviction that the happy combination of his tan mohair suit, cream-colored pongee shirt, soft brown tie and topaz scarfpin was wasted on this girl, but he had found it wise never to overlook any bets with the gentler sex. A girl would see a loose button before she would detect a cardinal sin.

"I'm not hard to please," he declared jauntily. "Name some good places to walk to and I'll pick out the nearest one."

Her face, brown and delicately molded, stiffened with scorn.

"I can tell you the best place to start," she said coldly. "That's here! And you have my permission to go either east or west as rapidly as possible. Only don't stray off the right of way. It's fifty feet down to solid ground anywhere round."

She turned and walked across the bridge without a backward look. There was a house on the other side, a little square box set on piles, painted the sulphurous yellow of railroad property.

"Oh, I say!" Joseph G.'s voice held a certain contrition. He was broke and out of a job, but at least he was a gentleman. "Wait a minute. I didn't intend to be fresh. I want to apologize. Please come back."

But the girl began to run lightly along the splintered plank. Joseph G. followed her doggedly. It would soon be dark and whichever way he went the going loomed endless. But he could not go with that look of hers accusing him. He approached the house, where a slamming door told him which way she had gone. It was a bird box of a place, perched over the river, with every door and window and the tiny porch screened with thick wire against the malarial menace of the marsh. Joseph G stopped and rapped politely on the wooden frame of the screen door. Then there bulked up from the muddy river bank below the house the largest man he had ever seen.

"Howdy?" greeted this amazing person, dragging a rope of yellowish gray beard out of the way with a hand as huge and brown as a ham. "You lost, young man?"

Hicks' heart, which had indulged in a brief aëronautic spasm, fell back into place again and resumed its functions The man was built like a gorilla, with dangling arms and enormous sinewy chest and shoulders, but his eyes, blinking from an ambush of tangled gray hair, bushy eyebrows and enveloping beard, held a childish shine of friendliness, and his voice was mild, with a bit of senile quaver in it.

"I got on Pat Blaine's train and discovered that I hadn't any money," Joseph G. explained, wisely sticking to the truth, "so there was nothing to do but get off. Now I've got to get back to town somehow."

"Ain't no way to-night, unless you go afoot. And there ain't no train to-morrow except Forty-one, comin' back—and that's Pat Blaine's. No use to try to ride with Pat 'thout you got a ticket. Pat quit listenin' to hard-luck stories the year after old man Noah decided it was dry enough to begin plowin'. You'll have to stay here all night, young feller. Our beds is clean and I reckon Davy's gone in to snack up some supper."

Joseph G. flushed red. He was a likable sort of young fellow, a bit sensitive but masking it gallantly under a flippant nonchalance. Nobody had ever looked at him before as the girl at the end of the bridge had looked. He ached to enter that house, to show that contemptuous black-eyed little lady what chivalry and gentleness she had scorned, but he had to refuse politely, of course.

"I couldn't do that, thank you. I couldn't impose on you."

"No imposin'—no imposin' at all," boomed the hairy mammoth, shoving back a limp felt hat of enormous proportions. "I reckon you'll earn your board. I ain't had anybody to talk to since the bridge inspector was down this way six weeks ago, and I've told Davy all my yarns till she gets green round the mouth when I commence. Come in, young man. What did you say your name was?" He held the screen door open hospitably.

"Hicks. Joseph Glidden Hicks."

"Hicks, h'm? Used to be a J. G. Hicks in the office—wrote me a letter every month with my pay check in it."

"I wrote it. I was that Hicks. I worked for the P. & B., mailing out the pay checks. You must be D. G. Warner, and this must be the Quarantine Bridge?"

"Yeah, I'm Warner." The old man pulled up a chair, but he did not seat himself or offer it to his guest. "If you're Hicks from the office I reckon you struck with the rest?"

"We had to go out. We couldn't help ourselves. We had to do what the union voted—whether we thought it was right or not."

"Yeah, I reckon! Sit down, Hicks. It don't make no difference to me. I work for the P. & B., but I ain't got any grievance. And it ain't for me to pass judgment on other men's grievances. I reckon they got smart fellers hired to do that. But—don't tell Davy you're a striker."

"Davy?"

"She's my daughter. Davy's cur'us. I reckon she gets it honest. I'm sort of cur'us too. But Davy's young, and young folks has it harder. Davy don't go much on strikes and she's sort of set against strikers. Just don't say nothing about it. Where was you aimin' to go when you got on Pat's train?"

Joseph G. felt somewhat confused. What was there about this old bridge tender with a yard of seaweed on his chin, and this daughter with the snapping eyes and stubby shoes, that abashed him? Probably being broke had something to do with it.

"Why—I was just planning to leave town. I've been out of work for seven weeks and the company refuses to be reasonable — "

"I seen they got another man making out my check—some feller named Winant." The old man let himself down in a paintless rocker and motioned Hicks to be seated.

"A mess he'll make of it too." Joseph G. hitched up his trousers to display his socks. "They pulled him off an express truck and gave him my desk—took him off hauling round ice-cream freezers and tires and crates of cabbage, and put him to making out fourteen different kinds of vouchers. I'll bet his books look like an autograph album in the madhouse by now!"

"Yeah!" drawled D. G. Warner. "He writes a pretty fair hand, though. Pretty fair. Jest so's you can read the figures, a man ain't so particular about the looks of a

(Continued on Page 116)

Joseph G. Was Grateful for the Bucket of Milk. It Gave Him an Intimate and Informal Air, a Bosom-of-the-Family Aspect

Honest National Readjustment Our Task

An Authorized Interview With Governor James M. Cox, of Ohio, Democratic Nominee for the Presidency

By A. R. PINCI

THE Democratic Party pledges to the people a government which will carry with it the confidence of the country. In return the Democratic Party wants the people to have confidence in the Government. It means teamwork between voter and public official, with each shouldering his or her share of responsibility.

"Our problems will not wait. This is no time for hesitating, no time for wabbling. We are in a time which calls for straight thinking, straight talking, straight acting and lots of work. There is no other way out of it.

"The Democracy is contributing to that end by making its party purposes easily understood. We are not indulging in platitudes. It is not necessary to reread our platform to understand its meaning. Mark this prediction, too, and mark it well: Before we are through with this work of reconstruction many a citizen will thank his God that there is a Democratic Party, devoted as it is to the evolutionary processes of progress."

It was James M. Cox, governor of Ohio, speaking as Democratic nominee for President in the course of an interview promised on the strength of the writer's middle-June forecast of his nomination. Eight years to the day had passed since Woodrow Wilson, in the same capacity, explained the new freedom on the porch of the Little White House at Sea Girt, the summer residence of New Jersey governors, in a similar interview.

The meeting with Governor Cox was between intensive political conferences, and when it seemed as if every Dayton inhabitant had nothing on his mind except the notification ceremonies. The formality of election in that neighborhood, during my visit, was a foregone conclusion.

He received me in his private editorial office, where between governing Ohio and tossing crops from its generous soil he manages a newspaper or two. With the shutting of the door the clangor of batteries of telegraphic instruments and typesetting machines was beyond hearing. Nor had I time to sit down before Governor Cox fired at me half a dozen questions about as many unconnected subjects. With the utmost frankness and vigor he sought information and inquired for facts. For every question I submitted he found an opportunity to quiz. He seeks opinions. Though Governor Cox did not say so in so many words, he implies the possession, which the listener can easily sense, of what he considers a most precious equipment—that he has lived through the life of the under man.

Governor James M. Cox Becomes Emphatic

The Meaning of Progressivism

TURNING on his swivel chair, his back toward the editorial desk which bespeaks less the authority of ownership than the continued incentive to render service, Governor Cox is the excellent prototype of that army of Americans who have risen from average boyhood to positions of affluence and importance, his features strongly marked with those unmistakable imprints which denote the joy of living. Of medium height, compactly built, tanned by exposure to the invigorating climate of Ohio farm land, without obtrusive characteristics, he impresses one as a man of easy bearing, equally adept with the hoe and the pen. He is Jimmy to fellow Ohioans for the same reason that Roosevelt was Teddy to his admirers.

"I have accepted the standard from the Democracy of America, conscious not only of the honor but of the great responsibility conferred," Governor Cox said, with a voice of remarkable clearness. "Yet I am convinced that the results at San Francisco were not the result of preferences for individuals, but of officials whose respective records in public office have commended themselves to the majority of the people. What has been done in Ohio during the last few years is primarily the reason that the party has honored me." After a pause he added: "During the campaign the voters will have no trouble in identifying Ohio's great progress under a Democratic administration. And what by good teamwork in this state has been so successful in the opinion of followers can be multiplied forty-eight times as soon as the people at large have become convinced of our progressivism."

"A great deal has been said in behalf or in spite of that much abused word," I remarked. "Just what is progressivism, or progressive government, in the new order of things?"

"Progressive government means, first, the placing of experts in theory and practice on the boards of administration and regulation; second, the orderly and systematic combination of departments which deal with the same subjects and problems, and which are duplicating and in some instances triplicating both labor and expense; and third, the enforcement of the same requirements as to economy, system and efficiency that join to private enterprises."

At this point it seemed as if retrospection brought Governor Cox face to face with a mental picture of himself as a member of the House of Representatives a decade ago, an experience that during the campaign will stand him in good stead, because he can visualize national problems from the viewpoint of experience at Washington, thus freeing him from much claptrap and political buncombe.

"Progressive government," he said, "means in its correct understanding constructive work in the way of keeping government geared up to modern requirements. Progressive government is now on trial in our country."

"Do you consider the Wilson administration as progressive?"

"By all means," he replied with unmistakable emphasis. "How else may we reconcile progress if we do not keep pace with changing conditions? And has not the Democracy during the last eight years paved the way to betterment in government? If we consider the institutions bequeathed to us by our forefathers as changeless, how can we progress? Now the truth of the matter is that our institutions are not changeless. They were given us by the providence of God, of course, but they will be kept for us just as long as our vigilant patriotic support of them justifies, and no longer.

"As the contest begins, there are manifestations which must be regarded as danger signs. The so-called old guard of the opposition has little understanding of the principles of a democracy in government. They believe that our institutions are safe only in the hands of a class. By its control of the Republican Party, which it well-nigh wrecked by its greed, it is now seeking to return to power, and so shape affairs as to make government an agency with which progress has nothing in common. I do not see how it can be denied that the councils of the Republican Party are in reactionary hands."

"But," I observed, "the leaders of the Republican Party insist that there have been many desertions, and that there will be many more, from Democracy's ranks."

Experts in Office

"ON THE contrary," was the governor's opinion, "it is the Republican leaders who have notoriously made common cause with the other groups. Recall, if you will, the political contest of 1918. The result of that campaign was not a Democratic defeat. Our party went before the people with no desire of emphasizing its wartime achievements. The people were not in the humor, after the tragedies and obligations of the war, to listen to campaign platitudes. By taking political advantage of the situation a slight gain was scored by the opposition, but the gain was artificial; and the party which denied intercourse with every disloyal group will not suffer a reverse for doing so."

At this point Governor Cox digressed for a question on the advantages, if any, of certain Latin languages over English. "What about the relation of government to business and business in government?" I asked presently, mentally cataloguing such items as foreign commerce, taxation, good roads, government employees and kindred subjects, and eventually international relations, not forgetting the League of Nations.

"If I sense with any degree of accuracy the state of public mind, I am correct in the belief that a preponderance of the people of all classes have faith both in the wisdom and the certain results of a constructive progressive program of government," he said.

"The placing of experts in theory and practice, already referred to, on state or Federal boards of administration and regulation means that salaries should be provided to make possible the employment and retention of experts. Pay should be commensurate with service. Any reorganization of government bureaus under the budget system must make provision for the right kind of service. Many Federal departments whose work affects more or less directly the country generally, such as the Post Office Department, Department of Agriculture, the Department of the Interior and others, have lost valuable men to business, thus crippling the service.

"Of course it is a task of infinitely greater magnitude to reduce the number of public positions than it is to establish them. Not infrequently partisan considerations rise in opposition to such suggestions. But it can be done, and the Democratic Party pledges reductions as fast as they can be consistently undertaken. The expense of the Government can be reduced to a maximum of four billion dollars, including interest on the national budget and due provision for the sinking fund. After considerable study of the subject, I have reached the conclusion that this reduction can be effected without loss of efficiency.

"The genius of man has evolved principles of business in organization and accounting which clearly demonstrate the tremendous economic waste that flowed from old methods, and yet government has been unaccountably slow in departing from the beaten path. The answer to this is the budget system, and a Democratic administration has done all it could to obtain its enactment.

"I have always been interested in the budget system. I succeeded in getting it adopted in Ohio. I became interested in the subject as a member of the Appropriations Committee of Congress, and after I became governor we established the system in this state in 1913. It kept us out of the poorhouse during the war, and it also enabled us to save many millions of dollars.

"And now more than ever in the authorization of public expense we should be mindful of economy and surround the departments and independent boards with such checks and restraints as to prevent extravagance. But do not misunderstand; I am for a constructive and not a false economy. Let me speak plainly. Government under modern auspices is given enlarged functions, and it can render service to the people which was not attempted under the old order.

"By careful regard for prudent expenditures," Governor Cox said, "by those in public station, we shall be rewarded with honesty in the returns of property for taxation."

Lightening the Burden of Taxes

"THAT'S what I want to hear about, governor," I said. "Dissatisfaction has been declared with your stand on Federal taxation, and I believe a member of Congress has protested to you against it. It has been alleged that the repeal of certain taxes and the modification of others would be in the interest of Wall Street, so called."

"Needlessly assessing taxes or needlessly continuing taxes is not good public policy," Governor Cox explained. "It is certainly time to repeal certain war taxes and to revise other taxes. It should have been done as soon as the armistice was signed. It is necessary to repeal war taxes to the extent of probably two billions of dollars—maybe more. At all events, it is not too soon to begin revising downward, and also to free the business men and families who least can afford a tax. That, generally speaking, means the man at the head of a little business which he probably runs himself, with the aid of members of the family if he requires outside aid, and it means the man who works for a moderate salary and who is unable to increase his income with every upward slant in the cost of living.

"If it is diminished, then the weight of taxation will not only be reduced on our households and industries, but spur will be given by the Government to the moral sense which in its wakening is demanding lower tax rates. The time for this revision is auspicious. Never in our history has so much attention been given to the general subject of taxation as now, and nothing can be more helpful to the welfare of our people than the present discussion which is going on everywhere within our borders. Not only is the real economic meaning of taxation and its relation to social and governmental life to be better understood as a result, but the moral aspect of the subject will leave so deep an impression that our taxation policies in the future will be a surer guaranty of the equality of rights under our institutions of government.

"A considerable factor in the high cost of living is the continuance of the excess-profits tax. Because of this tax much capital is lost to industrial enterprises and instead is finding investment in nontaxable securities. It is obvious that lack of capital for industrial purposes means sluggish development, and this in turn means decreased production. As probably every consumer by this time has learned, in establishing the selling price of its product every business establishment sets aside a reasonable profit and then adds to it the amount that must be paid to the Government. This tax is added in turn by the manufacturer, the jobber, the distributor and the retailer, the inevitable result being a staggering cost to the consumer.

"Taking for granted that the Government can be conducted, that the sinking fund can be set aside and the interest charges on the public debt be met at an annual outlay of four billion dollars, we could count on almost half of this sum by applying a small tax—from one to one and one-half per cent—on the volume of business done by any concern. We must take care to define the taxable business concern so as not to include those who cannot pay – and should not, as a matter of business and public policy—a tax. Moreover, it would be a simple matter to collect the tax. The taxpayer would not be confused by it, and it would be neither cause nor alibi for excessive prices."

"I believe you are in favor of eliminating the Federal inheritance tax, are you not?"

"Personally I favor the abolishment of it as a Federal tax. At least we should abolish it just so soon as we can get along without it," Governor Cox replied. "That method of taxation properly belongs to the states, and should be left to them. Tax on inheritances is based upon the principle of government being compensated for service rendered in conveying property from one generation to another. A man makes a will, and it has a definite force and effect because the law legalizes it. The right is given to him by the state, and the process of the distribution of his estate is through the agency of local government. The Federal authority has nothing to do with it, and therefore the compensation for service rendered should go to the states and local subdivisions of government."

"During the war, governor, the Government directed or controlled in varying degrees what is known as big business. What in your opinion is the relationship of the Government to business with regard to control?"

"Control is of two kinds," he explained: "state and Federal. In many cases state control of certain projects or affairs is desirable and feasible, though the same would not be the case with the national Government.

"Constructive progress in government consists in large degree in determining the limitation of control over the great industrialism of the day, and this must be approached in fairness and intelligence. Whenever regulation is not the highest expression of human intelligence, then government becomes a travesty, and public opinion is very apt to swing back in favor of the old order. If, however, regulation means balancing the elements of successful practical experience, profound and correct theory, and a courageous adherence to fairness both to the nation and to business, the result is so self-evidently just that public confidence is enduring and the plea for the old days of inequitable preference by government is useless. Not only does society benefit by governmental regulation along prudent lines, but the institutions upon which official limitations are visited profit themselves.

"The Federal Trade Commission and the Federal Reserve Board, both bodies created by the progressivism of a Democratic administration, are an example of model governmental regulation for the public good. Both bodies, charged with tremendous responsibilities, solve the problem of ascertaining just how far governmental regulation of business should go and not trespass upon the rights of the individual. Of course I realize that there is a vast difference between regulation and confiscation, and at no time in our history has it been more necessary to maintain the dividing line. On the other hand, we ought not to mistake regulation and call it confiscation."

Protection for Investors

"WE SHOULD encourage the growth of business, but make sure that it does not increase by unfair methods or by governmental preference. Business in the main is honest. It is the sporadic offender that makes trouble. We need a definite and precise statement of policy as to what business men, and working men, too, may do and may not do by way of combination and collective action. The law is now so nebulous that it almost turns upon the economic predilections of the judge or jury. This does not make for confidence in the courts or respect for the laws or for a healthy activity in production and distribution. There surely will be found ways by which cooperation may be encouraged without destruction of enterprise. The rules of business should be made more certain, so that on a stable basis men may move with confidence."

"A great deal of concern is evident because hundreds of millions of dollars have been lost by ignorant or greedy investors who have purchased securities of doubtful value, and even exchanging their Liberty Bonds therefor," I remarked. "Much has been said about the Government taking a hand. How far would such authority extend, and would it be mistaken for paternalism, or even needless interference with the so-called inalienable American right of speculating?"

"The passage of a so-called blue-sky Federal law, I think, would be in the public interest," the nominee explained. "Very many states have had to deal with the same problem, and, of course, Ohio has been no exception. Our Ohio law on this subject prevents the sale of securities in that state until they have been passed upon by some constituted state authority. If the states do not protect the public, then the Federal unit should. It has an unquestioned authority over interstate commerce.

"It is urged that the state and the nation should not constitute themselves, separately or together, financial guardians of citizens. Yet we must concede that our citizens have been robbed of millions of dollars through the sale of worthless securities, and recently this market has enjoyed great prosperity. It is a subject that merits attention, to say nothing of much study, because there is a difference between wildcatting and the legitimate investment business."

"Now, governor," I said, "there seems to be some doubt whether the cost of living is of greater importance to the American voter than the League of Nations, at least for the purpose of his intimate interest

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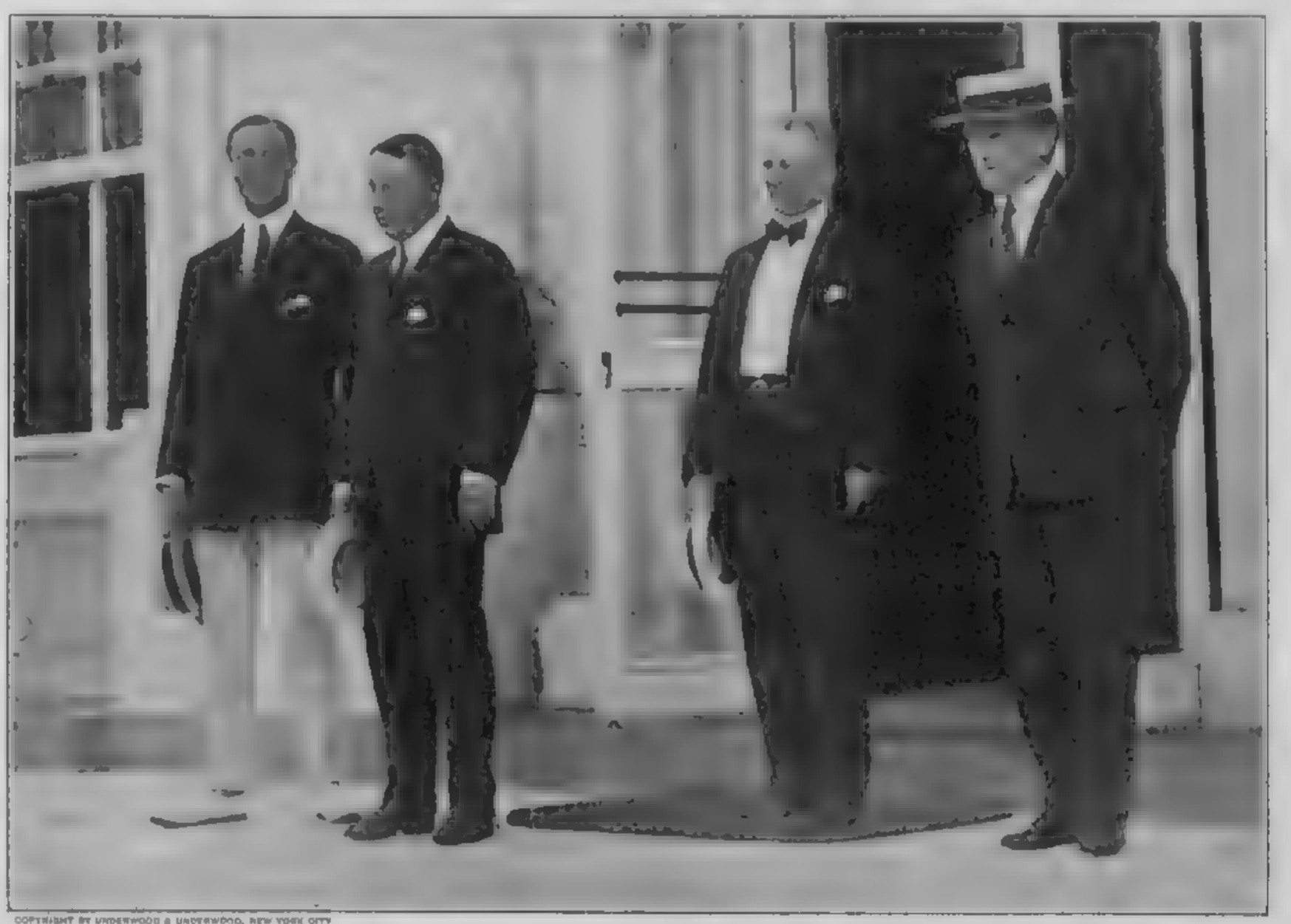

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After a Conference at the White House. Franklin Roosevelt, Governor Cox, Senator Glass and Secretary Tumulty

TWO WEEKS WITH PAY

By NINA WILCOX PUTNAM

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

When I Come in There Was a Kind of a Hush Went Over That Eating Place Like Here Comes the Bride or Something

SAY listen, Mabel, don't you think people is all the time getting more refined?—I mean principally we toilers. Why, my folks used to be awful crude. I remember mommer taking me on Grand Street to buy shoes when I was a kid, and the salesman grabbed her arm and pulled us in by force, and mommer never hollered for the police but left him get away with it, and he sold her on top of that rough stuff. Just think, if one of we girls was to try that on at the Paris Intime! But Broadway in the forties ain't Grand Street in the late nineties, is it, dear? Think of workin' on that line!

And what is further, Mabel, nowadays a person can't be told by their clothes. I mean mommer used to wear a shawl over her head and think nothing of it, wile picture I or you coming out in public dressed like that! Why, it couldn't be done any more than in a kimono, could it, dear? Since us downtrodden workers has begun to get ours such a thing simply wouldn't occur, that's all, though I admit everybody dressing in about the same class sometimes creates misunderstandings, like I and Mr. Livingston, for a sample, and me taking him for a member of that big Ritch family that you hear so much about—you know, the Noo-vaux Ritches. Because that's about what I did take him for, believe me—didn't I, just? Well, you tell her, morphine—you got the dope!

I'll add one thing though, Mabel, and that is the beginning of all this trouble of mine commenced with him parking his car outside the Paris Intime, in spite of the fifteen-minute-zone sign, and then staying twenty-five minutes wile he bought them embroidered camisoles and kidded me that way.

I suppose you don't run into much of that sort of stuff over in the hardware department at Rothfelds. But in a small, refined ladies' specialty shop like the Intime of course we get quite a lot of it. I mean fresh guys blowing in with more time than anything else to spend, and getting a girl wrong because of her being employed in such a place. A person hadn't ought to be held accountable for what the boss puts into the window display! And, anyways, it's lady customers we expect mostly, though heaven knows plenty of them ain't, but on an average any male which enters there, usually steered by some determined wife or other, leaves all shame behind and is about as much at their ease as a lady getting summer-weights for hubby in a haberdashery instead of the men's department in a big store which is especially provided for such cases.

But listen, Mabel! Every oncet in a wile a fresh fish will take a chance and come in for a chat, or else a blushing bridegroom gropes his way to some lingerie which he thinks will make her realize how thoughtful he is; and this class are awful good prospects, and you sure can sell them, because they are generally so fussed they don't know which way to look—or else look so many ways they get fussed. It don't much matter which, the result is just as fatal.

They never examine the quality of the goods like some women do. And if they did rub the silk between their fingers it wouldn't tell them nothing—woman's sense of touch is so much keener than man's, any day in the week! Naw, gawn, I wasn't kidding!

Well listen, Mabel! The day he parked there I see right at once he was a spender though alone, and as he come into the shop in that snappy suit and that at-least-twenty-dollar silk shirt, with a tie like a picture actor, and that classy car at the curb—one of them without any label and not too new, but all its insides on the outside—you know the kind of bus—real class to it; well listen, when he come in, smiling and taking off his Panama, I thought to myself, "Set him up, paper, he's just your type," and I give a hungry look at Mr. Ginsberg, wile keeping a languid exterior, being terrible afraid maybe one of the other girls would be sent. But it was my turn and my day, Isabelle having just sold Ruby Roselle three hundred and fifty—mostly in gowns—and so Mr. Ginsberg, having greeted the handsome stranger, give me the high sign in Jewish and the command courteous in English.

"Miss Pansy, will you kindly show camisoles?" says Gin.

And I come forward real graceful and quietly took my place behind the transparent counter full of transparencies and went to work willingly, wile Mr. Ginsberg faded into the gray-velvet background of our chic little shop. Say listen, Mabel, that bird certainly don't strain himself to make his money! He toils not neither does he spin, but he's a long ways from being a lily!

Meanwhile Blue Eyes snuggled down on the show case and smiled pleasantly. Not a bit fresh, not a bit fussed—just perfectly natural. Our display of pretties interested him not at all. I begun to suspect this was to be about a five-year anniversary present.

"Size?" I murmured.

"About a thirty-six," he says.

"Any particular color?"

"Well," he says, "white, I guess. Brides generally use white, don't they?"

Say listen, Mabel, would you believe it, that sort of give my heart a cold shock. You mightn't think it possible, me never having seen this bird before. But of course if he was going to get married that was his own funeral, and I admit I hadn't any cause to expect anything else on such a short acquaintance. But, just the same, it was really more of a disappointment than if he merely had a wife. At least then a person knows what to expect. This engaged stuff is too thick. And we girls in the shops don't get much chance to meet real nice fellows any other way exceptin' over the counter. But I didn't let on a thing. Instead I got down the white-camisole box and showed him some satins with worsted embroidery and a picot edge at seven dollars per cam.

"Can be dry-cleaned or washed," I says, laying out one. "Is the wedding to be soon?"

"In about six weeks," he says. "But I'm not in town very often."

"Oh," I says, "I should think she would do her own shopping!"

"This is a little present," he says. "She's an economical soul—and I want her to have some silk things, whether she thinks she can afford it or not!"

Now wasn't that sweet? I hadda smile, and he come back with a flash of molars like they fake for tooth-paste pictures.

"Well," I says, "you certainly got a kind heart. You ought to make a good husband!"

He just kinda laughed at that, and pulled out his roll.

"Are these something she'll be sure to like?" he asked, hesitating just a little, like so many men in his position. "Are they the very best you've got?"

"They are," I says. "How many?"

"How many ought she to have?"

How trusting some men is! But I had my duty to do by the Intime, and naturally I done it.

"Oh, twelve would do," I says carelessly. But he never batted an eyelash. You could see the money meant nothing to him.

"Who will I send them to?" I asked.

I was just dying to know what his name was, even if he was a hopeless prospect for personal affairs. Because I will admit that wile our talk had been strictly business and he hadn't acted fresh at all, he was taking me in all right, and missing not one little item from my French pumps to the two blond curls on top of my head—not a thing, Mabel! But all in a very refined way, understand, as if realizing I was but a poor working girl and he was a engaged young swell millionaire of good family. My trap didn't work, however.

"Thanks, but I'll just take them along in the car," he said. "I might as well."

And that sort of closed the doorway to knowledge, d'yer see, dear?

I thought it closed all conversation as well. But wile Mr. Ginsberg was wrecking the hundred-dollar bill which the bird had peeled off a thick wad the sympathetic silence which was then between ourselves was broke by the customer.

"Do you mind my speaking of it?" he says, fingering the string on his parcel. "But you remind me so much of somebody! And yet I can't seem to remember who it is."

"Well, I'm supposed to look a whole lot like Marie La Tour, the famous motion-picture actress," I admitted frankly. "And I suppose maybe I do."

"That's it!" he cried with his quick little smile. "Of course you do!"

Then old Gin come up with the remains. The feller took them and tipped his hat to me awful nice and refined.

"Thank you for helping me!" he says with a cute sort of sudden shyness.

And then darted out and into his car and slipped away just as the traffic cop got a free moment to speak rudely about the parking time. Him and I watched the car get lost in the traffic, but not before we had both taken the number for future reference—Mass. X004, it was. And then wile I was tucking the slip of paper away Mr. Ginsberg come over and touched me on the arm.

"Say, Miss O'Donnell, I want to make it a few wordts private conversation with you," he says. "Come by the back part of the store. The other girls can take care should a customer come in for a few moments."

Say listen, Mabel, you know the way it feels when the boss passes a request like that, don't you, dear? Your conscience may be clear as a diamond, but your imagination at once commences to remember mistakes on your book or about being ten minutes late the day before last. Huh? Sure it's sickening! And I thought to myself, "You take the call, phone, he's got your number," but I simply swayed indifferently at him like a well-trained black-satin seal and waited for the barrage. But it didn't come.

Instead, when we got seated on the gray sofa outside the negligee show case, Gin leaned over and patted my knee with one fat paw.

"Now listen, girlie," he says. "This is already nearly August, and it's hot here by the city. You been a good girl, Pansy, and I know it a valuable saleswoman when I seen one, which is, *gewicht*, seldom enough, and like a mother I would see she is well taken care of. I want you should take it two weeks vacation with pay and be ready for the fall rush!"

Say listen, Mabel, you could of knocked me dead with a feather! Here I had been thinking old Gin was a cootie, and all the time he was a bear! Ain't Nature wonderful? Whatter yer know, dear? Here I had been with the Intime only six months, and at twenty-five per had expected to do it on my own expense, if at all! And it was hot weather. I'll say it was! Especially in black satin all day. I could of kissed the old boy, only not believing in doing any business that way, I didn't. I merely nodded sweetly.

"All right, Mr. Ginsberg, that will be very pleasant," I says. "I appreciate this, and will make the most of it."

Well, dear, I said a second helping when I pulled that line, only I didn't know it at the time—no, nor at closing, either, when Mary Maloney asked me would I spend the two weeks down at her mother's farm at Rocky Corners and I turned the proposition down cold.

"It's a dandy farm," says Mary. "Sweetest place you ever seen, with pigs and everything. They got fruit and green vegetables and mother cans all her own stuff. And chickens and milk—gee, you better come, girlie!"

"Well, if you like it so well, how'ja ever come to leave it?" I says.

"Well, two weeks a year is enough," says Mary. "By then the excitement kind of wears off."

"That's reason enough for me not coming up," I pointed out to her. "You see, dear, there is two ways of using a vacation, and one of them is to rest. But a person which has ambitions the same as myself will use a vacation for profit as well. I been planning what would I do if I went away, and I've decided I'd take in Narrataskett."

Say listen, Mabel, you oughter of heard Mary yell when she heard that!

"Say, are you crazy or what?" she squealed. "That place will set you back as much cash a day as mother would charge to board you for the whole two weeks!"

"Bored is right," I says. "Not meaning any disrespect either. But what I intend is this, Mary: I never stayed in a first-class hotel in all my life, much less in a summer one,

(Continued on Page 106)

Mr. Ginsberg, Having Greeted the Handsome Stranger, Give Me the High Sign in Jewish and the Command Courteous in English

Our Commercial Relations With Canada—By Thomas Walker Page

WHAT are Canada and the United States going to do about the flourishing trade they carry on with each other? This question will soon demand serious attention on both sides of the Border. Conditions throughout the world have been so changed by the Great War that both countries are scrutinizing the terms on which they do business with other countries and are planning to adjust the terms to meet the changes. Some of the most important trading nations have announced an intention of completely overhauling all their treaties, conventions, tariffs and commercial legislation.

Canada and the United States hardly contemplate so radical a plan as this, but some action they must take in order to bring their regulations of commerce with other nations into accord with altered circumstances. Will the purpose of the new regulations be to encourage business intercourse among nations, to foster the interchange of goods and services, to insure justice and security for fair and honorable dealing? Or will it be to restrict and control commerce and to subordinate to other objects of national interest such benefits as it may offer? Perhaps the truth may lie between these alternatives.

But whatever terms Canada and the United States may offer to other nations, they are both vitally concerned in the terms on which their commerce with each other is conducted.

In volume our trade with the Dominion has grown until it is second only to that we have with Great Britain. Last year nearly ten per cent of our vast exports went to her and a still greater percentage of our imports originated there. This year has seen a further increase; our purchases from her approximated half a billion dollars and our sales to her amounted to more than eight hundred million dollars. One does not have to be Methuselah to remember when our trade with the whole world did not exceed these figures. In other words, for every man, woman and child living in Canada we bought in that country more than sixty dollars' worth of goods and we sold there about a hundred dollars' worth. Nearly two-fifths of all her exports were to us and more than three-quarters of her imports came from us. For many years she has bought from us more than she has sold to us, and both purchases and sales have constantly increased.

The nature of this trade is no less important than its volume. Practically every industry is represented to some extent in the broad streams of commodities pouring north and south across the Border and there are some industries on both sides that flourish only in proportion as the current of these streams is kept open and strong. Each country depends upon the other for certain materials that cannot well be dispensed with and each has developed its production in the belief that the other would furnish a market for a substantial part of its output. In former years what we took from Canada was for the most part natural products—that is, fish, lumber, ores and minerals and agricultural produce; and we sold her in return manufactures and such goods for consumption as her more rigorous climate did not permit her to grow. In some measure our trade still shows this character, but in diminishing degree. More and more she is sending us, for example, leather in place of hides and skins, paper and pulp in place of the wood from which they are made, and with the aid of American capital and enterprise she is using her enormous water power to prepare for consumption many of the natural products which she once sold as raw materials. It is similarly significant that the value of the raw cotton we send her is very much greater than the value of the finished cotton cloth she takes, that she now makes more than ninety per cent of all the boots and shoes her people need instead of buying them from us and that among the most important of our exports to her are such natural products as coal and oil for her growing industries.

This gradual change in the nature of our trade and the greater diversity of Canadian industries have increased instead of diminished the volume of our commerce and have strengthened rather than weakened the dependence of the two countries on each other. It would seem natural, therefore, that when we plan our new regulations we should make special efforts to keep our commercial intercourse as open as possible.

There are other reasons for such efforts in addition to the value of the trade. For thousands of miles no natural boundaries separate Canada and the United States. Indeed for the most part the adjacent regions north and south of the Border are more closely connected with each other than with the regions east and west of them. It is true that proximity alone is not always a reason for removing restrictions on commerce. If it were, France would have free trade with Germany and Italy with Austria. But there are certain barriers dividing those countries that do not exist over here. In their language, business methods, laws; in their needs and tastes; in their social and religious beliefs and institutions; in race and character—the people of Canada and of the United States are as similar to each other as are the people in any section of either country to their fellow citizens in another section. In consequence, the business they carry on with each other is much more like domestic trade than it is like foreign commerce. The business boundary line between them is as artificial as the political boundary line, and no argument for free trade has ever been advanced that would not be applicable to the trade between these neighboring countries.

For these reasons there have been prominent men in both countries who urged the removal of all commercial restrictions, the abolition of customhouses along the Border and complete commercial union. But there are serious difficulties in the way of such a program, and the arguments against it have weighed with the governments concerned more heavily than the arguments for it, so that free trade seems further off to-day than ever before.

Perhaps the difficulties in the way of it can best be made clear by pointing out why our former approaches to it have failed.

(Continued on Page 53)

Skidway of Spruce Logs. Showing Also the Method of Scaling

Forty Years of a Diplomat's Life

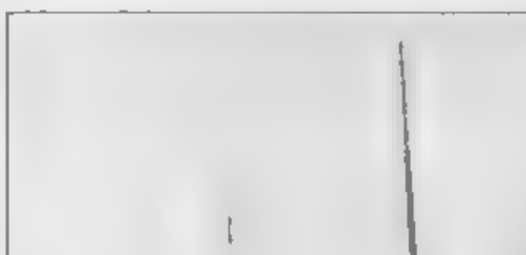
XXXVI

By BARON ROSEN

Former Ambassador From Russia to the United States

IN THE beginning of 1916, though the Duma was not in session, it appears that its president, Mr. Rodzianko, had succeeded in persuading the aged Prime Minister, Mr. Goremykin, to resign the functions of head of the government, for the efficient exercise of which, in the troubled times through which the country was passing, he manifestly no longer possessed the necessary strength.

He was succeeded by Mr. Boris Stuermer, of whom the best that could be said is that he was merely a very ordinary functionary of even less than average capacity, who owed his sudden elevation, as appears to be well established, to the favor of Rasputin and to the influence of the Empress, to whom Rasputin had recommended him as the most worthy candidate for the position of head of the government. Of his appointment Mr. E. H. Wilcox writes in his Russia's Rum:



It became the custom in Russia and among the Allies to speak of Stuermer as a convinced partisan of Germany and a deliberate traitor to his country. That view is probably a flattering one. It is more likely that he was merely an obsequious and servile functionary, whose deepest conviction was that it was pleasant and profitable to be in favor in high places and whose main political aim was to get as near to those places as possible.

This characterization of Mr. Stuermer fits the case exactly. If the author's allusion to Stuermer's suspected German partisanship and deliberate betrayal of his own country is intended to mean that he was suspected of having disclosed to the enemy "most precious secrets"—as Milyukoff is said to have asserted in a speech in the Duma, according to Mr. Wilcox—or of having carried on secret negotiations for the conclusion of a separate peace with Germany, I can only say that in support of such suspicions, apparently entertained by Mr. Milyukoff and his political friends, from whom Entente diplomats were wont to gather their information on Russian affairs, no evidence has ever been forthcoming as far as I know.

But that Mr. Stuermer failed in his bounden duty, which was to have raised with our Allies the question of the necessity of the earliest possible conclusion of a general peace, is a fact to which I could, if that were necessary, bear witness myself, since I had requested and obtained an interview with him when he had become Minister of Foreign Affairs, replacing Sazonoff, retaining at the same time his part as Prime Minister, for the special purpose of representing to him the urgency of such a step being taken without the least delay, because that was the only possible way compatible with Russia's honor and dignity of extricating the country from the critical position in which she had been placed by the government's policy; and my urgent representations not only had been unsuccessful but their reason and purport had apparently failed to be even understood by the new head of the Foreign Department, whom I found slightly less pompous but on the other hand even more incompetent than his predecessor in office.

In connection with this so frequently ventilated subject of separate or general peace, of premature peace or peace without victory, and of peace by negotiation as opposed to peace by dictation, I feel compelled before proceeding with my narrative to submit to my indulgent readers a few considerations of a general nature which, I hope, may help to dispel some of the prevalent misconceptions born of war psychosis and fostered by war propaganda.

General Wrangel, the Anti-Bolshevik Leader Above — The Once-Famous Preobrajinski Regiment, Showing the Russian Soldier of 1914

Leaving aside the point of view of those who rightly hold that war of whatsoever kind, whether between nations or between parties or classes within nations, is an unmitigated curse, of which mankind should and could rid itself as, in Anglo-Saxon countries at least, it has succeeded in eliminating that private war between individuals which is still tolerated in most other countries of Europe, as the institution of the duel—there are two kinds of mental attitude in regard to war, conflicting with each other and alternately gaining the upper hand. First, there is the attitude of what I would call the military or militaristically thinking mind, which looks upon war not so much as a means to an end, but rather as an end in itself, so to speak; as a game that can be won only—like a game of chess—by a checkmate, be it even with the sacrifice on both sides of almost all their chessmen; a stalemate—that is to say, a peace without victory being considered equivalent to a defeat, and any suggestion of the desirability of such a peace looked upon as an act of treason, or else as a prize fight that can be ended only by a knock-out blow dealt to the adversary.

This is the mental attitude that has fathered such ideas, expressed in apparently senseless because illogical terms, as for instance the idea of a peace offensive, meaning an adversary's proposal to enter upon negotiations for the conclusion of peace; or the idea of a premature peace as a peace concluded before a knock-out blow had been dealt or received; or the reproach of defeatism, applied to the endeavors of those who aim at preventing the final defeat and ruin of their country. Such a mentality is an atavistic survival of the past when war was "the sport of kings" and could be waged for any cause and could be carried on for any length of time as long as the necessary funds could be secured in hard cash and willing cannon fodder could be hired, or, if unwilling, pressed into service; when kings considered their countries as their private domains and their subjects as human material to be utilized for any service they pleased; when kings and rulers could conclude agreements between themselves in the honest belief that they had the right to pledge the lives and honor of their subjects or their fellow citizens, and that these subjects or citizens were in duty bound to keep, at the sacrifice of their lives and fortunes, their rulers' engagements concluded without their knowledge and consent.

On the other hand, there is the attitude of what might be called the civilian mind, or the mind thinking on lines of statesmanship, preoccupied not with the idea of winning the "game" of war, or of the glory of dealing a knock-out blow to the adversary, but with the solemn duty of securing the permanent interests and welfare of the people confided to its care. This kind of mentality looks upon war as an unavoidable evil, necessary at a given stage of the mental and moral development of mankind, for the purpose of attaining certain well-defined and practically attainable ends, and is ready and willing to begin negotiations for the conclusion of peace as soon as these ends are attained or it has become evident that they cannot be attained except at the cost of sacrifices not commensurate with the advantages aimed at.

Both these mental attitudes, though conflicting one with the other, were, so to speak, balancing each other in former times, when wars were waged with armies of

(Continued on Page 135)

SEED OF THE SUN

V

By WALLACE IRWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

NOW the little town of Bly, which Baron Tazumi had indicated on the map with the point of his delicate forefinger, sits near the river bank and not many miles distant from a busy city. Aviators, flying over, look down on the huddle of mean buildings in the midst of neatly squared orchards and plantations, and as they pass over they say "Japtown!" and let it go at that.

The casual Californian, motoring between his farm and the city, gets a more human view of this modern phenomenon; a transplanted race with their elfin peculiarities—different from us, as though the people of Mars had plumped down upon America and had schooled themselves to wear American shoes on their three-legged bodies. Superficially the town of Bly, surrounded by orchard and vineyard, differs little from the average rural village. It has a hill to give variety to its short main street, and down an alley sloping toward the river are still relics of the Chinese, who lived in crazy barracks until they were pushed aside by the more persistent race. Square-topped store fronts line the main street. There is one dilapidated church, and across the way a handsomer and more modern edifice is in the course of construction.

Here in Bly you will find nothing of the fairyland charm, the quaintness of composition, the age-old prettiness which we have learned to associate with Japan. The stores, it is true, are marked with the delicate Chinese characters, which never disfigure a building as our Roman letters often do. Brown, slant-eyed men in baggy overalls, rough sweaters and swampers' boots, muddy from the irrigation ditches, come slouching in toward the general store. In and out of the local garage small tinnish automobiles are charging noisily all day long. Little brown men sit at the wheel and gossip of grease cups and gear shifts in the language of Nippon.

In a vacant lot over by the railway station which fronts the main street and is, indeed, the center of the town, Japanese boys of sixteen practice baseball during the dull season of the year.

They hold their bats quaintly, but their batting average is fair, and they raise a great hullabaloo as they scramble back and forth contesting for a lofty fly. Occasionally they revert to the language of the long-hair people and cry, "Rotten!" or "Line 'er out!" Squatty women, leading small children and carrying smaller ones, cross the road mincingly on their turned-in toes. Most of these women are cowled under great blue sunbonnets; some of them go bareheaded beneath the leaden skies. The children are often pretty—prettiest when their gowns are of the crazy-quilt Japanese printed cotton, even though they are cut in a bad imitation of American style.

At the sight of a man the women bend their bodies stiffly from the waist up, accompanying the gesture with a folding of the hands and a lowering of the eyes. In Bly, California, the male is lord. Here the names of Mrs. Pankhurst and Mrs. Blatch are never mispronounced for the very good reason that they are never mentioned.

Behind the Tiny Princess a Heavy, Stodgy Japanese Woman With an Enormous Face Stood Immovable

Now the strip of land known even to the Japanese as the Bly tract lies on the river verge a good sling's shot from the town of Bly; and it was on a bright Saturday morning early in March that Mr. Shimba, Esquire, came slopping in from the fields, his boots caked with the mud of river loam. The rain god had been moderately liberal, he concluded, since there had been two good days of downpour, and only at dawn had the brisk north wind managed to drive the clouds away. But the ground would be too wet for working yet a while unless the dry wind continued. The prune trees were budding healthfully and blossoms were appearing in the four-acre strawberry patch. It would be a fair year for him and for the strange white woman who had insisted on occupying the ranch house.

It was about time for the noon meal when Shimba plodded over irrigation ditches and through burgeoning orchards. He was a knotty little man with a face all puckered in curly lines. His front teeth protruded, giving him the appearance of a brindle bulldog. His ears, which were reddened with sunburn, stood out straight under his battered golf cap. Rather gracelessly he wore the mask of Asia, and through the slitlike eyeholes living fires glittered constantly, fed forever by his restless thoughts.

He paused for breath in the wagon road and looked round him. Across the brownish river water the landscape showed green as emerald, with a broad velvet-brown patch in the center, where Japanese farmers had been breaking soil for potato planting. Above the orchard tip, on the near side of the stream, he could see the jig-saw architecture of the Bly farmhouse, which had lain deserted, according to contract, for many years. Soon this American woman would be coming here to live. Probably she would begin by throwing money away on expensive house paint—another example of American foolishness.

Shimba grunted and was about to go his heavy way when a moving spot of dirty yellow, slinking among the tree trunks, caught his eye. A coyote! Shimba's heart stood still as the cowardly little animal, keenly aware that his enemy was unarmed, stopped at a safe distance to mock him with sharp eyes and lolling tongue. It was just an instant, but in that instant Shimba knew that the cursed animal was laughing at him. His mouth wide open, his ears peaked, he laughed the silent laugh of fiends, then disappeared as though the earth had swallowed him up.

"The fox woman will come again!" said Shimba, struggling in vain with the cold fear that was in his heart.

A hundred ancestors were speaking to Shimba in the voice of superstition. This animal was indeed a fox. Now one must be poorly read in the folk lore of Yamato not to realize that the fox is a crafty beast, cunning in the wiles of enchantment. A demon by nature and the friend of demons, he loves to lurk near the houses of honest people, awaiting his chance to crawl under their finger nails and possess their souls until they dream strange dreams and gibber in the voice of the fox.

Shimba had cause for worry. Only last summer he had divorced his wife, Hana-san, an old woman of thirty-four. Mr. Akagashi, of the drug store, had suggested the separation, justly deciding that Shimba was wasting his days with a sterile mate. Mr. Akagashi had seen to everything, drawn up the papers, engaged a lawyer, obtained a decree according to the law of the long-haired ones. Hana-san was about to be sent to So Ko, Port of Mulberries, which the long-hairs call San Francisco. But what then?

The fox, enchanted devil that he is, had crept in through the window! Hadn't Shimba heard it in the night, rattling the panes in imitation of the north wind? Hadn't he heard Hana-san talking strangely in her corner? Hadn't he struck a light to find her huddled on the floor, squeaking and gibbering in the voice of the fox?

It had been an embarrassing situation for Shimba to discover the woman whom he had just divorced mad as a hatter and unwilling to quit his premises. But the able Mr. Akagashi and the elegant Mr. Oki had taken the matter in hand for him and shipped Hana-san to the city, where she had been put in the care of a very wise woman, expert in the driving out of foxes. The former Mrs. Shimba had earned her keep as dishwasher in an American restaurant. That arrangement had been satisfactory enough, but only yesterday the rumor had reached Shimba that his divorced wife had been seen lurking in the outskirts of Bly.

"She must be here," thought Shimba, his wiry hair bristling as he recalled the triumphant look in the coyote's face leering at him through the trees.

At last he shuffled on toward his unpainted shack, and his restless eyes were snapping, snapping as he walked. He had irons in the fire, many and hot. Would the baneful fox again interfere with his plans?

The house which he approached was shedlike in its simplicity, built of pine boards, neatly shingled and with a four-paned window on each side. The earth before the door had been trampled flat, and its Spartan sterility was scarcely relieved by a row of iris plants budding along the crude foundation. At a far corner, under the house, a stone-lined cavern yawned, vomiting charcoal and burnt twigs. This was the furnace which heated the bath box within, where the Shimba family and the Matsu family were wont to take their evening soak-all in the same water, Shimba coming first and the others following in the order of their importance.

Matsu, his partner, stood with his wife and three of his children in the little space outside, and though they said nothing, Shimba knew as though he had been told what awaited him within. Their silence meant the presence of the fox woman, his former wife, who must never be referred to as different from the others of earth.

Bracing himself for the ordeal, he entered the dirt-floored room. He stood for an instant, his eyes still blinded by sunlight. The bare-board room with its rough table and homemade benches seemed at first deserted. His eye discerned the rice bin near the wall and the jars of shoyu on the shelf—familiar objects, all. It was in a far corner, where the open-fronted stove of clay and stones supported the family rice kettle, that Shimba saw her squatting on the floor. She did not look up. Patiently, one at a time, she fed twigs to the coals so that they would glow without a blaze. Shimba's heart stood still. The fox woman, utterly disregarding her changed status, had come back to cook his meals!

"Hana-san!"

Shimba spoke hesitantly, do what he would to steady his voice. His divorced wife looked up, causing him to glance swiftly away lest the fox should master him also. Her face was white as a leper's. Gray hair straggled down her cheeks, and her eyes held the troubled look of the insane.

"Hana-ko," he persisted in an endearing tone lest he annoy the fox within her, "honorably deign to return to Akagashi-san, who will transport you safely away."

"I hear, Most Honorable," she replied, bending toward the dirt floor.

"You have forgotten your house, Hana," he went on, seeing that she made no move to go.

"Do I live no longer here?" she asked in the new voice which she had taken since her madness.

"I shall see that Mr. Akagashi takes you safely back to the wise woman, who is your friend."

"My friend—yes."

Much to Shimba's relief, his discarded wife rose and waddled out through the open door, a shapeless creature, gray and terrible, with uncombed hair and dragging skirt.

Matsu and his family came in as soon as the bewitched one had gone. Shimba dared not follow her. He soothed himself with the assurance that Akagashi's assistants would be kind to her and send her away as soon as she appeared in the village. Yet the episode had unnerved him and cast a cloud across the brilliant pleasures he had planned for the afternoon.

On the rough board table by the window places had been laid for four; bowls for rice and tea, plates for fish, little dishes of shoyu sauce and chopsticks—the latter brown with use, not unsplit, and cased with paper, as they are found in fashionable restaurants.

Matsu, who was younger and handsomer than Shimba, read the Japanese papers, while his wife attended the rice kettle. Shimba went into an inner room and prepared to shave. It was a chaos of a room, but he was accustomed to that. Since his separation from his wife Mrs. Matsu had taken to piling superfluous household goods on the sleeping platform where at night his mat was spread. An infant's gocart, a broom, a pile of Japanese magazines, a sewing machine, a bundle of soiled clothes and one of the multicolored batwing kites which the Japanese children love to fly—these and innumerable other cluttering things were strewn from platform to floor.

Shimba took a safety razor from his trunk, lathered and proceeded to shave; but the blade had scarce passed across his stubbly chin when Matsu entered smilingly. The Matsus and their four children slept in the room beyond, but Matsu's social hours were spent with Shimba. Whom, otherwise, could he talk to?

"So you are going somewhere?" he asked, viewing the unusual preparations of his successor in management.

"To the city," declared Shimba.

"Ah"—Matsu came a little closer, and his eyes were wide with curiosity—"then it is a great occasion"

"And let me tell you, Matsu-san," said Shimba through his lather, "you also will shave and dress yourself ceremoniously. I have need of your superior knowledge this afternoon."

"So? And what can my poor ability do for you?"

"You must know, Matsu-san, that I have married again."

"That I have been told," admitted Matsu. "But I have never been permitted to see the honorable photograph of your lady."

"I shall show you."

Shimba, who had finished wiping his chin, opened his trunk again and brought two photographs from its flimsy

(Continued on Page 93)

Shimba's Heart Stood Still. The Fox Woman, Utterly Disregarding Her Changed Status, Had Come Back

THE PAGAN MADONNA

XII

By HAROLD MACGRATH

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

A Shadow in the Doorway Broke in Upon This Musing

"HOW are you making out, Newton?" he asked calmly. "Denny? Why, God bless me, boy, I'm glad to see you! How's your dad?"

"Reading."

"That would be like him. I don't suppose if hell opened under his feet he'd do anything except look interested. And it 'pears to me's though hell had opened up right now!"

A chuckle came from the chart table.

"What's your idea of hell, Newton?" asked Cunningham.

"Anything you might have a hand in," was the return bolt.

"Why, you used to like me!"

"Yes, yes! But I didn't know you then. The barometer's dropping. If it was August I'd say we were nosing into a typhoon. I always hated this yellow muck they call a sea over here. Did you pick up that light?"

"Yes, sir," answered the wheelman. "I take it she's making south—Hong-Kong way. There's plenty of sea room. She'll be well down before we cross her wake."

Silence except for the rumble of the weather canvas standing up against the furious blasts of the wind. Dennison stepped over to the chart table.

"Cunningham, I would like to have a word with you."

"Go ahead. You can have as many as you like."

"At dinner you spoke of your word."

"So I did. What about it?"

"Do you keep it?"

"Whenever I humanly can. Well?"

"What's this Catwick Island?"

"Hanged if I know!"

"Are you going to maroon us there?"

"No. At that point the yacht will be turned back to your father, and he can cruise until the crack o' doom without further interference from yours truly."

"That's your word?"

"It is—and I will keep it. Anything else?"

"Yes. I will play the game as it lies, provided that Miss Norman is in nowise interfered with or annoyed."

"How is she taking it?"

"My reply first."

"Neither I nor the crew will bother her. She shall come and go free as the gull in the air. If at any time the men do not observe the utmost politeness toward her you will do me a favor to report to me. That's my word, and I promise to keep it, even if I have to kill a man or two. I wish to come through clean in the hands so far as your father, Miss Norman and yourself are concerned. I'm risking my neck and my liberty, for this is piracy on the high seas. But every man is entitled to one good joke during his lifetime, and when we raise the Catwick I'll explain this joke in full. If you don't chuckle, then you haven't so much as a grain of humor in your make-up."

"Well, there's nothing for me to do but take your word as you give it."

"That's the way to talk. Now, Flint, this bay or lagoon ——"

The voice dropped into a low, indistinguishable murmur. Dennison realized that the moment had come to depart; the edge of the encounter was in Cunningham's favor, and to remain would only serve to sharpen this edge. So he went outside, slamming the door behind him.

The word of a rogue! There was now nothing to do but turn in. He believed he had a glimmer. Somewhere off the Catwick Cunningham and his crew were to be picked up. He would not be going to the Catwick himself, not knowing whether it was jungle or bald rock. But if a ship was to pick him up, why hadn't she made Shanghai and picked him up there? Why commit piracy—unless he was a colossal liar, which Dennison was ready enough to believe. The word of a rogue!

Some private war? Was Cunningham paying off an old grudge? But was any grudge worth this risk? The old boy wasn't to be scared; Cunningham ought to have known that. If Cleigh came through with a whole skin he'd hunt the beggar down if it carried him to the North Pole. Cunningham ought to have known that too. A planted crew, piracy—and he, Dennison Cleigh, was eventually to chuckle over it! He had his doubts. And where did the glass beads come in? Or had Cunningham spoken the truth—a lure? A big game somewhere in the offing. And the rogue was right! The world, dizzily stewing in a caldron of monumental mistakes, would give scant attention to an off-side play such as this promised to be. Not a handhold anywhere to the puzzle. The old boy might have the key, but Dennison Cleigh could not go to him for the solution.

His own father! Just as he had become used to the idea that the separation was final, absolute, to be thrown together in this fantastic manner! The father's arm under his neck and the cup at his lips had shaken him profoundly. But Cleigh would not have denied a dog drink had the dog exhibited signs of thirst. So nothing could be drawn from that.

Morning. Jane opened her eyes, only to shut them quickly. The white brilliancy of the cabin hurt. Across the ceiling ran a constant flicker of silver—reflected sunshine on the water. Southward—they were heading southward. She jumped out of bed and stepped over to the port. Flashing yellow water, a blue sky and far off the oddly ribbed sails of a Chinese junk laboring heavily in the big sea that was still running. Glorious!

She dressed hurriedly and warmly, bundling her hair under a velours hat and ramming a pin through both.

"Denny?" she called.

There was no answer. He was on deck, probably.

An odd scene awaited her in the main salon. Cleigh Senior stood before the phonograph listening to Caruso. The roll of the yacht in nowise disturbed the mechanism of the instrument. There was no sudden sluing of the needle, due to an amateurish device which Cleigh himself had constructed. The son, stooping, was searching the titles of a row of new novels. The width of the salon stretched between the two.

"Good morning, everybody!"

There was a joyousness in her voice she made not the least attempt to conceal. She was joyous, alive, and she did not care who knew it.

Dennison acknowledged her greeting with a smile, a smile which was a mixture of wonder and admiration. How in the world was she to be made to understand that they were riding a deep-sea volcano?

"Nothing disturbed you through the night?" asked Cleigh, lifting the pin from the record.

"Nothing. I lay awake for an hour or two, but after that I slept like a log. Have I kept you waiting?"

"No. Breakfast isn't quite ready," answered Cleigh.

"What makes the sea so yellow?"

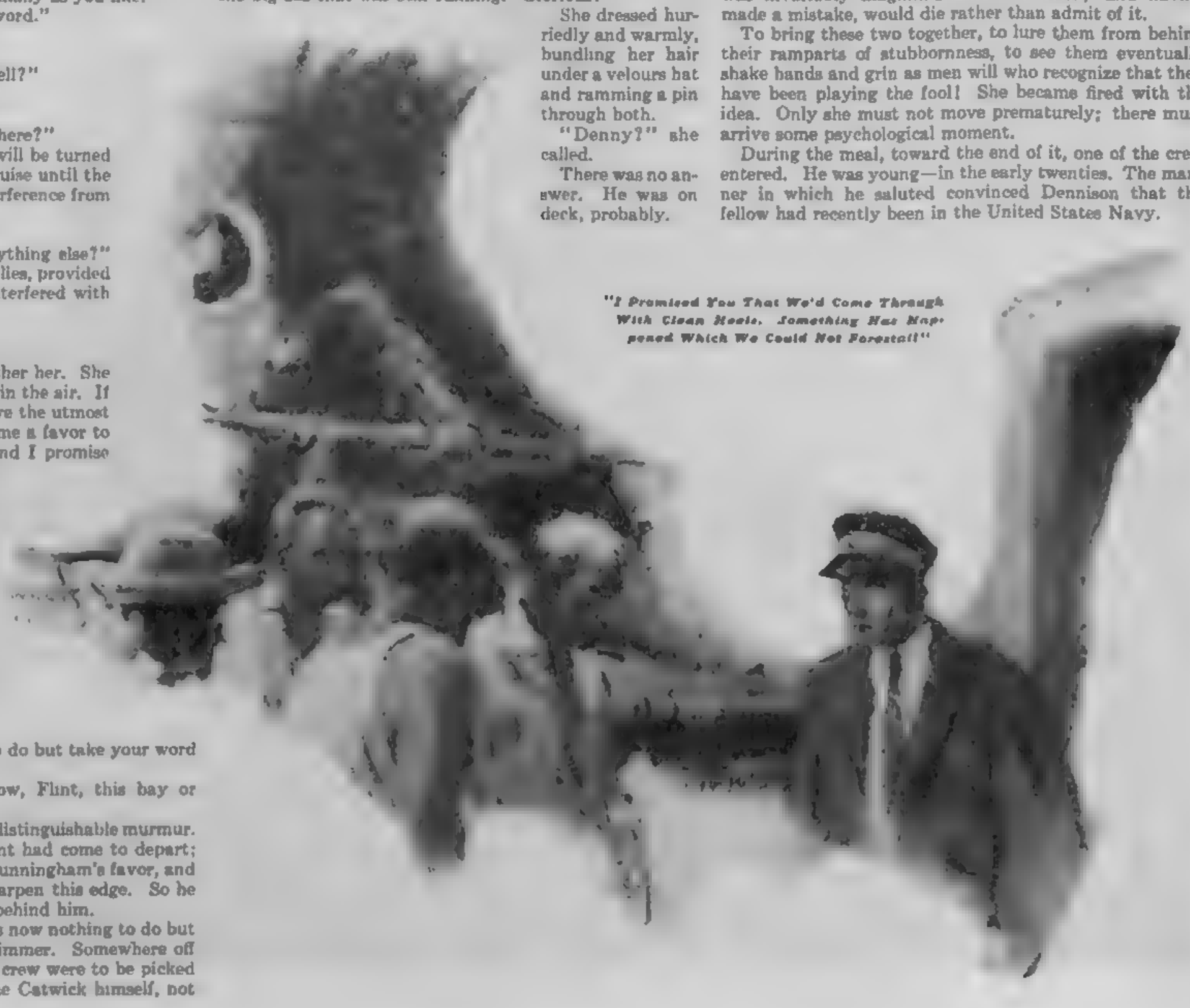
"All the big Chinese rivers are mud-banked and mud-bottomed. They pour millions of tons of yellow mud into these waters. By this afternoon, however, I imagine we'll be nosing into the blue. Ah!"

"Breakfast iss served," announced Togo the Jap.

The trio entered the dining salon in single file, and once more Jane found herself seated between the two men. One moment she was carrying on a conversation with the father, the next moment with the son. The two ignored each other perfectly. Under ordinary circumstances it would have been strange enough; but in this hour, when no one knew where or how this voyage would end! A real tragedy or some absurd trifle? Probably a trifle; trifles dug more pits than tragedies. Perhaps tragedy was misnamed. What humans called tragedy was epic, and trifles were real tragedies. And then there were certain natures to whom the trifle was epical; to whom the inconsequent was invariably magnified nine diameters; and having made a mistake, would die rather than admit of it.

To bring these two together, to lure them from behind their ramparts of stubbornness, to see them eventually shake hands and grin as men will who recognize that they have been playing the fool! She became fired with the idea. Only she must not move prematurely; there must arrive some psychological moment.

During the meal, toward the end of it, one of the crew entered. He was young—in the early twenties. The manner in which he saluted convinced Dennison that the fellow had recently been in the United States Navy.



"I Promised You That We'd Come Through With Clean Heels. Something Has Happened Which We Could Not Forestall"

"Mr. Cunningham's compliments, sir. Canvas has been rigged on the port promenade and chairs and rugs set out."

Another salute and he was off.

"Well, that's decent enough," was Dennison's comment. "That chap has been in the Navy. It's all miles over my head, I'll confess. Cunnihgham spoke of a joke when I accosted him in the chart house last night."

"You went up there?" cried Jane.

"Yes. And among other things he said that every man is entitled to at least one good joke. What the devil can he mean by that?"

Had he been looking at his father Dennison would have caught a fleeting, grim, shadowy smile on the strong mouth.

"You will find a dozen new novels on the shelves, Miss Norman," said Cleigh as he rose. "I'll be on deck. I generally walk two or three miles in the morning.

"Let us hang together this day to test the scalawag's promise."

"Mr. Cleigh, when you spoke of reparation last night, you weren't thinking in monetary terms, were you?"

Cleigh's brows lowered a trifle, but it was the effect of puzzlement.

"Because," she proceeded gravely, "all the money you possess would not compensate me for the position you have placed me in."

"Well, perhaps I did have money in mind. However, I hold to my word. Anything you may ask."

"Some day I will ask you for something."

"And if humanly possible I promise to give it," and with this Cleigh took leave.

Jane turned to Dennison.

"It is so strange and incomprehensible! You two sitting here and ignoring each other! Surely you don't hate your father?"

"I have the greatest respect and admiration for him. To you no doubt it seems fantastic; but we understand each other thoroughly, my father and I. I'd take his hand instantly, God knows, if he offered it! But if I offered mine it would be glass against diamond—I'd only get badly scratched. Suppose we go on deck? The air and the sunshine ——"

"But this catastrophe has brought you together after all these years. Isn't there something providential in that?"

"Who can say?"

On deck they fell in behind Cleigh, and followed him round for fully an hour; then Jane signified that she was tired, and Dennison put her in the center chair and wrapped the rug about her. He selected the chair at her right.

Jane shut her eyes, and Dennison opened a novel. It was good reading, and he became partially absorbed. The sudden creak of a chair brought his glance round. His father had seated himself in the vacant chair.

The phase that dug in and hurt was that his father made no endeavor to avoid him—simply ignored his existence. Seven years, and not a crack in the granite! He laid the book on his knees and stared at the rocking horizon.

One of the crew passed. Cleigh hailed him.

"Send Mr. Cleve to me."

"Yes, sir."

The air and the tone of the man were perfectly respectful.

When Cleve, the first officer, appeared his manner was solicitous.

"Are you comfortable, sir?"

"Would ten thousand dollars interest you?" said Cleigh directly.

"If you mean to come over to your side, no. My life wouldn't be worth a snap of the thumb. You know something about Dick Cunningham. I know him well. The truth is, Mr. Cleigh, we're off on a big gamble, and if we win out ten thousand wouldn't interest me. Life on board will be exactly as it was before you put into Shanghai. More I am not at liberty to tell you."

"How far is the Catwick?"

"Somewhere round two thousand—eight or nine days, perhaps ten. We're not piling on—short of coal. It's

"Thank You for Coming Up," Said Cunningham. "It Makes Me Feel That You Trust Me"

mighty difficult to get it for a private yacht. You may not find a bucketful in Singapore. In America you can always commandeer it, having ships and coal mines of your own. The drop down to Singapore from the Catwick is about forty hours. You have coal in Manila. You can cable for it."

"You are honestly leaving us at that island?"

"Yes, sir. You can, if you wish, take the run up to Saigon; but your chance for coal there is nil."

"Cleve," said Cleigh solemnly, "you appreciate the risks you are running?"

"Mr. Cleigh, there are no risks. It's a dead certainty. Cunningham is one of your efficiency experts. Everything has been thought of."

"Except fate," supplemented Cleigh.

"Fate? Why, she's our chief engineer!"

Cleve turned away, chuckling; a dozen feet off this chuckle became boisterous laughter.

"What can they be after? Sunken treasure?" cried Jane excitedly.

"Hangman's hemp—if I live long enough," was the grim declaration, and Cleigh drew the rug over his knees.

"But it can't be anything dreadful if they can laugh over it!"

"Did you ever hear Mephisto laugh in Faust? Cunningham is a queer duck. I don't suppose there's a corner on the globe he hasn't had a peek at. He has a vast knowledge of the arts. His real name nobody seems to know. He can make himself very likable to men and attractive to women. The sort of women he seeks do not mind his physical deformity. His face and his intellect draw them, and he is as cruel as a wolf. It never occurred to me until last night that men like me create his kind. But I don't understand him in this instance. A play like this, with all the future risks! After I get the wires moving he won't be able to stir a hundred miles in any direction."

"But so long as he doesn't intend to harm us—and I'm convinced he doesn't—perhaps we'd better play the game as he asks us to."

"Miss Norman," said Cleigh in a tired voice, "will you do me the favor to ask Captain Dennison why he has never touched the twenty thousand I deposited to his account?"

Astonished, Jane turned to Dennison to repeat the question, but was forestalled.

"Tell Mr. Cleigh that to touch a dollar of that money would be a tacit admission that Mr. Cleigh had the right to strike Captain Dennison across the mouth."

Dennison swung out of the chair and strode off toward the bridge, his shoulders flat and his neck stiff.

"You struck him?" demanded Jane impulsively.

But Cleigh did not answer. His eyes were closed, his head rested against the back of the chair; so Jane did not press the question. It was enough that she had seen behind a corner of this peculiar veil. And oddly, she felt quite as much pity for the father as for the son. A wall of pride, Alpine high, and neither would force a passage!

They did not see the arch rogue during the day, but he came in to dinner. He was gay—in a story-telling mood. There was little or no banter, for he spoke only to Jane, and gave her flashes of some of his amazing activities in search of art treasures. He had once been chased up and down Japan by the Mikado's agents for having in his possession some royal-silk tapestry which it is forbidden to take out of the country. Another time he had gone into Tibet for a lama's ghost mask studded with raw emeralds and turquoise, and had suffered untold miseries in getting down into India. Again he had entered a Rajput haremlik as a woman, and eventually escaped with the fabulous rug which hung in the salon. Adventure, adventure, and death always at his elbow! There was nothing of the braggart in the man; he recounted his tales after the manner of a boy relating some college escapades, deprecatingly.

Often Jane stole a glance at one or the other of the Cleighs. She was constantly swung between—but never touched—the desire to laugh and the desire to weep over this tragedy, which seemed so futile.

(Continued on Page 77)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

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PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 9, 1920

The One Big Boss

MOST men who vote leave the polls in a glow of self-righteous satisfaction. They have exercised the privilege of a freeman, though in doing so they may have shackled themselves for another four years to outgrown systems and outworn methods. If they find that their candidates do not stand for the things for which they fondly hoped they did, they fatuously decide that their only chance to better the situation is to wait four years and then to "turn the rascals out." This is because they have come to regard the act of voting as the sum total of their duty toward their Government, whereas it is only one fixed point in a chain of education, organization and cooperation that must both precede and follow voting.

Education is by far the most important step toward the polling place, because we can have neither purposeful organization nor intelligent coöperation until we know what we want and why we want it.

Both presidential candidates started their campaigns by talking too much about London, Paris and Rome and not enough about New York, Chicago and San Francisco; too much about Russia, Poland and Czechoslovakia and not enough about our manufacturers and workmen in the East and our farmers and merchants in the West; too much about the money that is being voluntarily contributed by citizens for campaign purposes and too little about that which is being wrung from them involuntarily by taxation; too much about the venerated Fathers of the Republic and not enough about the next cabinet.

We concede, as does almost everyone in the country, that discussion of the League is important and that the limelight should be kept on campaign contributors, but the candidates have fully expressed themselves on these questions. Now we crave more exact information on certain other subjects of major importance. Prices are inflated, business is being throttled, conditions are unsettled, owing in large part to our present system of taxation. We read that all steerage accommodations are sold out until February; that from Italy alone a million men are preparing to emigrate to America; that until they can get passage, barracks are being built to house the horde of Polish Jews that is planning to descend on us. What are the exact views of our candidates, just what concrete recommendations are they prepared to make on taxation—including the reorganization of the government departments along business lines—on immigration and on Americanization? Our manufacturers want more labor, but for the sake of the quick dollar should they be permitted to have labor that has been educated in communism and taught that the true doctrine of salvation has been proclaimed in holy Russia? Immigrants bring not only muscle but ideas that are the outgrowth of European conditions. Unfortunately, their first contacts here are too often with fellow countrymen who make a profession of miseducating them about American conditions and institutions. Until we are as much interested in teaching the truth about these things as the professional red is in poisoning the minds of credulous newcomers we are better off without an influx of low-grade immigrants.

We should like to know just where Mr. Cox and Mr. Harding stand on this question. It takes a courageous man to risk antagonizing a racial vote, but only a courageous man is fit to be the next President of the United States. While all this self-determination is in the air this country should determine to be American. It is time to put out the pussyfooters and to bar the front door against suspicious characters.

We have had and still have a persistent notion that our Government is a concern apart from our daily lives, or at least something too big and too remote to be influenced by the wish and the action of the individual. Perhaps if we get it in our heads that Government is the one big boss; that it finally regulates our pay, our pleasures and our spending; that if those who want good government and a businesslike administration will get together in a mass play they can win—we shall begin to give politics a place on our daily calendar, instead of regarding Election Day as another holiday, like Christmas, on which we pick out our rulers with as little care and judgment as we show in selecting presents for the cop or the iceman.

We expect women to wake up and to become a real factor in our political life sooner than the rank and file of our business men. In her clubs, woman already has a potential instrument for political education and organization. She is the custodian of the pay envelope and of the home. She does the spending and the skimping. When Bill is short on Saturday night she wants to know. When she discovered how large a part the saloon played in that shortage she went after it, and though she did not have the vote it was woman who really "got" the saloon. When she figures out how much Bill's income has been cut by direct taxation, how much the purchasing power of their money has been decreased by indirect taxation, to what extent the present system is responsible for the shortage of houses, how it is curtailing the expansion of business and so of wider opportunity for Bill—she will coöperate with a broom. When she investigates conditions and finds out to what an extent our old immigration laws and our failure to Americanize aliens have lowered our standards and jeopardized our institutions she will coöperate with an ax.

In last week's number of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST Charles G. Dawes, who has had much experience in and contact with the government service, expressed what we believe to be a great truth—or rather half a great truth. He stated that only the President of the United States can set in motion the machinery necessary to the reorganization of our government business. That is true, but it is also true that only the people of the United States can keep that machinery moving. No President and cabinet, no matter how willing, can break the line-up of tradition, habit and inertia, unless backed up by the people. The next President may lift the lid of the sarcophagus, as did Taft, but he will need the help of many men who are not afraid of ghosts and bogies to rattle the dry bones and to clean out the tomb. Company in the cemetery is very reassuring to a man.

This is an example of what we mean when we say that education, organization and coöperation are as important after as before the election. No matter how capable and well-intentioned a President and Congress we elect, they cannot accomplish the big things to be done without an informed, fearless and determined public behind them—and not very far behind them.

During the past year THE SATURDAY EVENING POST has published a good many articles about the business of our Government, and we have tried to see that these articles were based on the Congressional Record, the testimony given before congressional committees, and the experiences of men who are or who have been in the government service. In their candid moments these men are very candid indeed.

Now the men in the Washington departments run just about like the rest of us—just as honest and patriotic, and just as human. They are at once masters of and slaves to a system that cannot be changed except by outside pressure. They are running absolutely true to human nature, behaving exactly as any group of men would behave in any corporation under the same set of circumstances. We have many devoted public servants, doing fine, unselfish and constructive work, but the fact remains that the mass of testimony shows the need for a change in the system. Practically all the men in the Government acknowledge this of some of the departments, and some of them of all the departments. The exception is usually their own work.

Every corporation head who has tried to reorganize his business along lines of higher efficiency knows how difficult it is, when he starts in to adopt the latest methods and machinery, to overcome the inertia of his old employees and their will to stick to the old ways. They are suspicious of and instinctively up in arms against innovation. Often the oldest and in a sense the most loyal employees of the house fight hardest against change. They put back their ears and surreptitiously land a kick on the new idea whenever they can. They fear the loss of jobs from the consolidation and simplification of operations, of their prestige and power in a tighter organization. Even more, the boss goes up against a certain laziness that is inherent in most of us, an unwillingness to change our fixed habits, whether they relate to rum, tobacco, play or work.

Reorganization of the business means a lot of trouble for the boss and it engenders hard feeling that he could very well do without. But he knows that his stockholders are keeping a close eye on his methods and results and are behind him in every proper measure that looks to the betterment of either. Also there is small formality and no delay in firing the head of a private corporation who is not bigger than any office and factory system.

We have had Presidents, like Taft, plenty of progressive congressmen, many able department heads, who wanted and fought for a budget system and a better coördinated and organized system of government departments, but they have never had a united and insistent public behind them. Until the voters get on the job and stay on the job, not quadrennially but daily, the blame for inaction will rest with them. It is their Government and their money, and it is their daily concern just as much as the housekeeping and the office or the factory.

From the very nature of government it can never be so closely organized nor so efficiently managed as private business. That is why we want just as little public ownership and just as little government control as possible. Any government that assures protection, justice and equality of opportunity to its citizens has performed all its proper functions. Government can never be so elastic nor offer the same incentives as private business, but its machinery can at least be modernized and simplified by cutting out operations and men. Then those that remain can be given more responsibility and more pay.

It should not take a very sharp man to understand that in any business, public or private, overmanned means underpaid. One reason why it is so difficult to start anything in Washington is that about the only rewards the government service offers are sureness of place and a certain petty prestige and authority, very dear to small minds, for the pay of the average employee is low. There is a well-grounded fear that in any attempt to make government methods and practices conform more closely to those of modern business these compensatory factors will be the first things disturbed and curtailed. But for those who remained in the service there could be better pay and larger opportunity.

We wish that our newspapers would cut out one column of the daily divorce or murder scandal—we could very well have spared some of the Elwell stuff, for instance—and devote that space to a clear, intelligent nonpartisan story

following and explaining the measures under consideration by Congress, both on the floor and in committee; of the plans and the work of the departments—an informed exposition of the business of government as it is transacted from day to day. As it is, the newspapers give us lots of Washington stuff: snappy and scrappy stories; sensational speeches and partisan politics; fragments of this, that and the other—the whole a confused jumble of men, events and opinion. We defy anyone to get a really intelligent idea of what is going on in Washington or of the legislation before Congress from his daily newspaper. What readers want and need is a clear, consecutive story of the work of their Government.

We wish, too, that the men voters would get together in local political clubs to consider and to discuss public men, questions and legislation, bringing their conclusions on matters of general concern—not personal grab and petty selfishness—before their local, state and national representatives; and if that does not get results, again bringing these conclusions to their attention at the polls. The women, we believe, have the disposition to do this very thing. It is only by this kind of education, organization and coöperation that the ballot can be made an effective instrument for good government.

Agencies that are working against American ideas and institutions are following this line of procedure in the same way that the devil repeats the Lord's Prayer—backward—conducting campaigns of plausible misrepresentation; working through organization toward destruction, exerting pressure on officials and politicians, overlooking no means to gain their ends. Insignificant minorities though they are, they are becoming stronger daily through their ceaseless and almost wholly uncontradicted propaganda. By reason of their close organization and the massed pressure that they bring to bear they are gradually becoming formidable factors in our political life.

The great majority of Americans who love their country and believe in its institutions seem either too indifferent, too busy or too divided by unimportant and meaningless differences to get together and fight solidly for America, American ideas and American horse sense. Where Nero played the fiddle, we play the fool.

Salesmanship

THIS is a short course for politicians. Its object is to acquaint them with modern methods. This is a practical age, skilled in the art of salesmanship. The art of salesmanship is seven parts knowledge of human nature. It is essential to know something about one's wares, but it is even more essential to know something about the needs, desires and peculiarities of one's customer.

If a traveling salesman should stride into a buyer's office, visibly rocking on his feet under the strain of his own importance, introduce himself in the tone of voice the umpire uses when announcing the batteries for the day, and begin the solemn delivery of catch phrases that were old when government by the people was an experiment, would the buyer feel an itch to place an order? He would not. He would feel an itch to pick up an inkwell and park it just south of the traveling salesman's ear.

Or if the traveling salesman should breeze in like a young cyclone on a holiday, greet the buyer as one greets a long-lost brother, and while holding his hand in a firm if sticky grip favor him with a Number Ten stage smile and coo soft words, would he get an order? Not by several rows of apple trees. He would get the grand bounce.

Or yet again, if the traveling salesman should step in briskly, fairly oozing efficiency, introduce himself in the orthodox way, show samples, and then launch a sneering and insulting attack on the wares of a rival house, would he make an impression? Not unless he made it before the buyer got the outer door open.

This is a practical age, and business efficiency demands courtesy, common sense and common honesty.

The politician is or should be a salesman. He is trying to sell himself and his ideas, if any. If he would put the sale through he must learn the art.

There was a day when a glib tongue, a moist handclasp and a cheap cigar would turn the trick, but the dear peepul have cut their eyeteeth. They have discovered that government is a business. They are tired of mouth work and haughty airs, and they are weary unto death of the gooey handshake and the sticky smile.

As a rule the politician isn't a business man. His sole business is being an important citizen. He has little acquaintance with straightforward business methods, for in the past he has been able to get results by arranging a few little details off stage and telling the boys to give three rousing cheers before taking.

An autocratic power has assurance of life so long as it delivers prosperity in peace and victory in war. So the old game of politics had assurance of life so long as it used the soft pedal, played in luck, and kept the people thinking about their private affairs. The terrible event that taught the people to know their worth and responsibility as Americans taught them also to brush aside pretty phrases and magnificent airs and take a good look at the politician behind them. And the thing they saw makes them hunger and thirst for a new deal.

The politician who pulls the old stuff in the old way this year is all booked up for a perpetual run in the discard—unless his opponent chances to be another pea out of the same pod, and in that case the people will have no hope until after election except in prayer.

Good salesmanship is half the battle, but even the best of salesmen will fall down if they carry a shoddy line.

THE HUNGER-STRIKERS

THE RUNT

By HENRY PAYSON DOWST

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR D. FULLER

He Felt Oddly Light-Hearted. The World Looked to be His Oyster—an Oyster He Was About to Devour

WHEN the Blackbarn Engraving Company absorbed young Phil Blackbarn along with the other assets and liabilities of the business, they bought a pig in a poke that turned out to be a runt. To be sure he was no runt physically, but as a commercial proposition he wasn't worth the power expended each day by the elevator in conveying him to the tenth floor of the Graphic Crafts Building.

"Young man," said Joe Haggerty, the company's manager, "I'm stumped. I don't know what to do with you. I have to admit you're a total loss."

"Them's harsh words, Nell," observed Philip flippantly.

"Not half so harsh as I could make 'em if I let my language fit the situation. My Lord, to think you're John Blackbarn's boy! It just isn't believable! Doesn't seem as if a square man like John would ever have wished such a lemon on us Gosh, we never did anything like that to him! You'd think he was trying to wreak a horrible vengeance for some real or fancied wrong."

"Say, Haggerty, I don't have to stand here and listen to that sort of thing," said young Blackbarn a trifle hotly. "If I weren't about twice as big as you I'd be inclined to punch your head."

"Probably. I dare say that kind of thing would be most likely to enter your type of bean."

There are several words in the system of sounds courteously referred to as the king's English—though why blame the poor king?—the mere pronunciation of which is equivalent to a declaration that a state of war exists between the pronouncer and the target of the pronouncement. "I dare say" is such an expression, when given a well-calculated fighting inflection; and, as you will perceive on second inspection, Haggerty's name was Haggerty.

The Runt—he'd been called the Runt round the shop ever since he had been there—was six feet, three inches tall and entitled to wear a large, spreading letter on the chest of his sweater—a Y or an H or a C or something—indicating talents that have no especial utility in the engraving business, unless you are about to lick the boss.

His reaction to the peculiar tone in which Haggerty said "I dare say" resulted in the shooting of a bulky fist in the direction of Haggerty's jaw. Haggerty had been standing by his desk. He removed his jaw from the path of the fist, and the fist passed his ear so swiftly it swished. Haggerty was a good little man on his feet and a quick one with his hands, and ——

"Goodness gracious!"

It was Miss Gilfred, Haggerty's steno, who had popped through his private-office door just as the Runt's fist got started. She made the remark in a shrill little squeal of surprise which was not quite a scream. Haggerty checked the Roland he had planned to exchange for the Runt's Oliver and stepped back. The Runt recovered his balance looking utterly ashamed of himself. Miss Gilfred treated the combatants to a frown of amazed disapproval.

"I—I—beg your pardon, Miss Gilfred," stuttered Phil. "I was—we were—Mr. Haggerty was showing me how Carpentier ——"

"Aw, can the guff!" snapped Haggerty. "Miss Gilfred, I'm sorry—I forgot I'd just rung for you. I'll send for you presently. Thanks."

Miss Gilfred disappeared, and the Runt gazed fatuously at the door she closed behind her.

"That was a nice exhibition!" said Haggerty.

"I guess it was. I'm sorry, Haggerty, but you irritated me. Miss Gilfred came near losing the services of a kind and ever considerate employer, I'll say."

"Irritated you, did I? I wonder if you have any idea how much you've irritated me ever since we made that fool contract with your father."

"Oh, I don't know. Probably I have bothered you a lot. But honestly, Haggerty, this is a rotten place to work."

"How do you know? You never tried it."

"Why don't you fire me?" Phil grinned.

"You know good and well why I don't. But I'd like to. That was where your father slipped one over."

Probably the late John Blackbarn hadn't realized to just how serious an extent he had slipped one over when a short time before his passing he had sold Haggerty and his associates his own interest in the big Blackbarn Engraving Company. John had been a picture wood engraver, one of the survivors of a fine old craft, a man who had spent his youth as an apprentice, scratching boxwood on a little round pad of worn leather.

When photo-engraving and process work superseded the old hand-engraved blocks Blackbarn had moved along at the head of the procession, among the first to discard old methods and profit by the new. In his latter years he had counted upon an easier life, and so had retired from active business. But he had stipulated with Haggerty and the others that in view of the rather favorable arrangement by which they took over the business they must guarantee young Philip Blackbarn a job at forty dollars a week for at least five years, and it had been John's hope that his son would long before that time qualify for a good deal more money. Of course it hadn't occurred to him that Phil wouldn't be worth a tenth of forty dollars, and it hadn't occurred to the purchasers of the business that a son of John Blackbarn could be such a disappointment.

It was Phil's all-round good-for-nothingness that more than anything else justified his pseudonym of the Runt.

"Well," said Philip, "you've got nothing on me. See what he handed me—a job at a small salary, when he might have left me the money the Baptist orphanage got. You can bet you'd never have been bothered with me if he hadn't thought more of ——"

The Runt checked himself. He had decency enough to refrain from open criticism of a man to whom he knew in his heart he owed nothing less than the deepest respect.

"I used to hope for your father's sake you'd pull through your puppy days, and after busting up a reasonable amount of property settle down and show some sense. We were all fond of your father, and none of us were related to him like you. I'll bet if he was alive I could get him to cancel that provision in the contract."

"Maybe; but as long as it's binding—well, it was the least he could do, considering what the orphanage was given."

"I've got a good mind to test it out in court. I'm inclined to think any fair-minded judge or jury would be pretty sympathetic if they knew what we've had to put up with from you, Phil."

"But your everlasting system and your red tape and your absurd restrictions and small-minded insistence on a lot of picayune rules ——"

(Continued on Page 32)

"My friends, upon this platform grand
We'll serve and save the nation
For Campbell's League of Health we stand
Without a reservation"
Good Soup Every Day
Good Health the year round

A safe platform

The only safe health standard is top notch condition all the time. And good soup is one of the surest means to secure and maintain it.

You should eat good soup every day in the year. All dietetic authorities agree on this.

There is not a food-product on your table more wholesome and valuable for its purpose than Campbell's Tomato Soup.

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Write for our little book of "Helps for the Hostess," which describes some of the inviting ways to serve it. Free on request.

21 kinds **15c a can**

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 30)

"The system is practically the same as it was when your father retired—it's his creation. He certainly was a capable executive and a good organizer."

"I don't care—the system's punk. It gets on my nerves."

"Your nerves! Great Scott! What about mine?"

The Runt went and stood at the window, looking down into the interlacing grooves far below that were the streets of lower New York. The silence in the room was thick and painful. Presently Philip turned to Haggerty.

"All right," he said. "I'm no good. I'll get out. I'll release you from that contract. You can take your old job and go to hell with it, Joe Haggerty."

"Unfortunately, Philip, that's just what we can't do. The contract wasn't made with you but with Mr. Blackbarn. I don't know what the legal result would be if we departed from the provisions of the agreement, but that's neither here nor there. Can't you see I'm under a moral obligation? Your father directed that we were to see that you had a regular income over a stated period. I'm not going to try to squeal out of it, but I wish to goodness there was some way I could keep the expense of having you round shaved down to the two thousand dollars a year we pay you. That's a small part of what you cost us, with your neglect and carelessness and blunders. Why, your influence on the younger men is a—a—a blight!

"You loaf, and so they loaf. Your name is Blackbarn, so your example is good enough for them. You've demoralized half the force. When you have anything to do you do it wrong. You shipped plates to South Bend that should have been delivered here in New York, a blunder that cost us four hundred dollars. You offend customers by your indifference and lack of tact. You absolutely ignore our rules, even those most necessary to maintain a smooth-running organization, and your contempt for authority is contagious. All the boys seem to share it.

"Honest to goodness, Phil, the only time I breathe freely is when you're not in the shop at all. With you here, I'm always expecting the machinery to stop because you've thrown a monkey wrench into it. Let me tell you, you're the biggest item of overhead we've got."

"Because I'm under foot, eh?"

"'S no joke."

"What are you going to do about it? Say, Haggerty, I may have faults, but I'm darned if I'm as bad as you say. You don't give me credit for trying."

"Trying! All I can see is that you try to keep us in hot water."

The manager sat with his chin sunk in the notch of his waistcoat, pulling thoughtfully at the end of a rather long nose. Then he straightened up.

"I'll tell you what! You stay away all the time and let us pay you your salary for doing nothing."

"Oh, don't kid me, Haggerty!"

"I'm not kidding you. If you never set foot inside this office your cost to the company will be exactly two thousand and eighty dollars a year, and no more. That'll be a heap cheaper than the present arrangement. You'll occupy the unique position of a young man who is paid to keep away from his job."

"All right," replied the Runt genially. "By George, that's not a bad notion! Unique is the word. How do I get this dough?"

"Come for it. You're to promise not to stay more than fifteen minutes, and you're to call only once a week—on pay day."

"Why not send me a check?"

"No, you can at least come here for the money. As it is the deal doesn't carry out the spirit of our agreement with your father, but I hardly think he would ever have insisted on our lugging such an incubus ——"

"Oh, chop the abuse, will you, Haggerty? You've said enough. I've got a little self-respect—so much that if you want to consult your lawyer and see what can be done to get that clause canceled—why, go to it."

"No, I'd be afraid we might vitiate the whole contract. You keep away except on pay days and we'll be satisfied. Is it agreed?"

"It's agreed," said the Runt.

He went out without further remark, and Haggerty rang the bell for Miss Gilfred. Blackbarn took the elevator to the street and issued forth into the sunshine of a balmy spring day. He felt oddly light-hearted. The world looked to be his oyster—an oyster he was about to devour, throwing away the shells; or—to change the simile—he was a butterfly emerging from a cocoon—shuffling off the necessity for drudging any longer in a smelly engraving plant. He walked in a leisurely fashion to the Brooklyn Bridge Subway station and boarded an uptown express. Emerging into daylight at the Grand Central, he strolled contentedly along Forty-second Street toward Fifth Avenue.

It was now twelve o'clock, and the ants were pouring out of their hills for lunch. Ants! H'm! Let 'em labor and be as wise as they chose. None of that for the Runt. For the next four years—plus three months—he could sleep as long as he liked, stay up as late as he wished, go where he preferred and remain until he pleased to move on. True, forty a week wasn't a millionaire's income, but the Runt hadn't any dependents. His father had left his mother comfortably fixed, and she had sold the city house and gone back to her native town up state. Phil stopped and looked into a haberdasher's window, taking all the time he wanted. He didn't have to get back and punch a time clock. Wasn't that a grand and glorious feelin'?

Joe Haggerty was dictating to Miss Gilfred. When she had come into Haggerty's office just in time to prevent a rough-and-tumble fight she hadn't stayed long enough to give one a good look at her. Now as she sat taking shorthand notes with her face in repose it became possible for you to appreciate what a fine and dandy girl she was.

Miss Gilfred had silky brown hair and brown eyes, and wore some sort of a brown what's-its-name made of ribbon at her throat. Her nose was not very long, and though it was straight enough, you got an idea that it tip-tilted just a trifle, because it had a few little freckles. I don't know why freckles and retroussé noses seem naturally associated. Except for the freckles, Miss Gilfred had an unusually flawless complexion, and really the freckles only served to emphasize the fineness of her skin and the delicately vivid color of her cheeks.

A good many of her associates called her Browny, and it seemed a peculiarly appropriate nickname on account of the brownness of her hair and eyes and her unfailing care to wear something that caught and repeated this color note neatly and harmoniously.

Browny's mouth was rather serious, a pleasantly modeled mouth, full of Grade A teeth. It was a businesslike mouth, a thoughtful mouth, not given overmuch to laughter. But when Browny did smile it was worth seeing, because her eyes had a delightful way of cooperating with her mouth that made her face shine with appreciation or good will or amusement or whatever the particular emotion might be that she was using the smile to indicate.

" - and we assure you that your plates were shipped on Tuesday, the eighth instant, and should have been

(Continued on Page 34)

"Now," Said Miss Gilfred Coaxily, "Tell Me All About Yourself"

Styleplus Clothes

Trade Mark Reg

Famous for their quality and medium prices

Men who are eager to get all the essentials of good clothes at moderate cost get Styleplus.

They are as low in price as clothes of their high quality can be.

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The moderate prices are more than ever acceptable right now.

Your local Styleplus merchant has just the fabric and model to please you.

Henry Sonneborn & Co., Inc.
Baltimore, Md.

STYLEPLUS — *The big name in clothes*

(Continued from Page 32)

delivered by this time. If not received, will you, upon arrival of this letter, kindly wire us and we will at once start tracer. . . . That's all, Miss Gilfred. Thanks. Have I kept you from your lunch?"

"Only a few minutes, Mr. Haggerty. I don't mind."

"It was too bad about—er—young Blackbarn, Miss Gilfred. I guess I should apologize to you, but—well, it was his fault anyhow."

"It startled me a little, but I half believed Mr. Blackbarn when he said you were only fooling."

"Nothing of the sort. If you hadn't come in I imagine we might have damaged each other."

"Then I'm glad I came in when I did."

"You may be interested to know Mr. Philip is no longer—er—with us, Miss Gilfred."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Haggerty. I used to like his father so much. You know I was here before he retired."

"You are quite a veteran, aren't you? Yes, John Blackbarn was a fine man. Too bad the kid isn't more like him."

Miss Gilfred agreed in silence, and moved toward the door

"Darn it," exclaimed the manager; "I wish—say, I don't feel right about this thing, I can tell you."

It was evident Haggerty's conscience wasn't quite easy, and he sensed somehow the merest hint of disapproval in the girl's attitude. It was necessary to justify himself.

"You haven't any idea what we had to put up with from that Runt," he said. "Talk about aggravations! He's the limit!"

"Maybe he wasn't cut out for just the sort of work he was doing. Perhaps he might get along better at something else."

"I'd like to know what anyone could give him that he wouldn't make a mess of. Lord knows, I tried!"

"Did you?"

"Well, don't you think I did? I'll tell you what's the matter with him. He was disgruntled because his father didn't leave him a lot of money, and he lacked ambition. A bad combination. He'd had things easy too long, and serious, hard work didn't attract him. He's a skylarker. He hasn't any balance wheel. Blessed if I know what will ever become of the brat. I haven't any patience with him."

"I'm sorry," said Browny. "Perhaps—if you don't mind, Mr. Haggerty, I'll go to lunch."

She went out, leaving Haggerty thoroughly uncomfortable. He couldn't help feeling that she was blaming him. Mighty unjust, considering all he'd stood from the Runt.

Phil Blackbarn wandered aimlessly into one of the big hotels in the neighborhood of Forty-second and Broadway. He thought it a good idea to consider lunch—a good lunch—which he would eat unhurriedly, as became a gentleman of untrammeled leisure. Very likely he would encounter some acquaintance to chat with during the meal. The season of intercollegiate regattas held a lively interest for him in view of the fact that the letter he was entitled to wear across his chest had been earned in a varsity race. He earnestly desired to converse with someone to whom his views on rowing might be communicated.

"'Lo, Phil," said a brisk young man in front of the news stand. "What's the good word?"

"'Lo, George. You look busy."

"Am. Hunting for Billy Kipp. Have you seen Billy Kipp? He was goin' to meet me here."

"Got a date for lunch?"

"Yeah—with Billy Kipp. There he is! Hi, Bill! What made you so late?"

George hustled off and joined another man, and they went into the grill together.

The Runt, left standing alone, felt a bit resentful. He hadn't anything to do. Busy people made him tired. Earnest citizens, with things on their minds, rushing round trying to help the world spin, just as if it couldn't possibly keep going without them.

The Runt spied another man—Wallace Kruger.

"Hey, Wall, where you eating? Let's you and ——"

"Can't, Phil. Got to lunch with Billy Kipp and George Ablethorpe. Seen 'em?"

"They just went into the café."

"Thought so. Well, so long. See you later."

Kruger dashed off on the trail of Billy and George. He was so full of affairs, so important. Life was ludicrously serious to him, the Runt thought. Poor fish, rattling about like a pea in a skillet! He felt in his pocket and balanced his cash, finding himself possessed of about ten dollars. Maybe after all he'd better go to some cheaper place for lunch, or to the club, where his credit was good. Suddenly he felt a little forlorn. He was drifting rudderless toward some indefinite port.

The Runt became aware that practically everyone was like George and Billy and Wallace. Hardly a soul in the lobby failed to betray some purpose in face or attitude. A boy threaded his way through the crowd, a silver tray at his side, against which a white-gloved thumb firmly clamped a number of cards.

"Mist' Webster! Mist' Rosenthal! Mist' de Forest! Call f'r Mist' Arbuckle!"

The Runt became abruptly very much depressed. He wandered out into the sunshine of Longacre Square. Here he was accosted furtively by a fairly respectable-looking young fellow who informed him that he hadn't eaten for two days and would appreciate a trifling gift.

"Oh, tell that to Sweeney," said the Runt. "Why don't you get a job?"

"I been huntin' the town over, and nobody won't give me no job."

"Hire a hall," jeered Philip unfeelingly. "There's plenty of jobs. Husky chap like you doesn't have to beg—and besides you're needed. You can't live on the community without working—d'you know it? No, sir, you can't sponge a living in these days when labor's scarce. On your way, bo!"

"Aw, cheese!" scoffed the mendicant. "Youse horny-handed sons o' toil gimme a pain!"

He scuttled off in the throng. The Runt felt pleasingly virtuous. Rather a trenchant little sermon he had delivered. You can't sponge a living these days, when labor's scarce—pretty neat. And then the fellow's resentfully expressed opinion recurred in the Runt's mind. "Horny-handed sons of toil" gave him a pain! Not five minutes before the Runt had expressed exactly the same sentiments. It was rather illuminating to learn the sort of people who shared that conclusion.

"Goodness Gracious!" It Was Miss Gilfred, Haggerty's Niece

He bought a cheap snack in a one-arm lunch place and sought a movie. He was unaccountably blue. For a time he managed to submerge this feeling in his amusement at the antics of the cinema comedian, a celebrity whose salary had been reported to be symbolized by six ciphers and a one suitably arranged.

"Attsa guy that grabs the ol' coin," remarked a voice behind the Runt.

"Y'betcha! Pretty soft!"

"I guess so! But, say, he has to work. Sure! All them guys has to work. This bird was in a circus once—worked right up. Sure!"

"Yeah! But say, how can a guy be worth all that jack?"

"Well, he gets it, don't he? He gets it, see? He works for it. No guys gets away wit' nothin' wit'out workin', see? If they do they hadn't oughter. Guys that don't do no work, they ain't got no right to live. Boy! See what he done to that ol' geezer? Sure, he works!"

It was a long afternoon for Philip—longer than the afternoons at the Blackbarn Engraving Company's shop. By night he was distinctly bored. If he had been given a week's vacation he would have felt impelled to squeeze into seven days all the enjoyment possible. That would have furnished him an object—something to be busy about.

Now he had over four idle years to look forward to. The thought hadn't the least allurement. There wasn't anything requiring planning, no reason to hurry. And guys that didn't do no work hadn't got no right to live. That was what the philosopher at the movies had said.

A stream of people poured out of a Subway exit, and the Runt watched them. They were going somewhere—some place at which they were required to arrive at a stated time. They were hungry, they were tired, they were eager to see their families, they had an object in locomotion. They made the Runt feel like a rank outsider, a loafer with nothing in common with these purposeful citizens. It was a rotten feeling, he decided.

But his eye lighted when he saw Browny Gilfred pop out of the Subway along with a sudden rush of scurrying folk. She too was purposeful, brisk, eager. He touched her arm and she looked up, smiling a greeting.

"Hello, Miss Gilfred. Going home?"

"Where else would I be going? The Biltmore?"

"Got a date for to-night?"

She nodded, and the Runt frowned.

"I wish you'd stay downtown and have dinner with me."

"Oh, I can't! Thanks, though."

"To-morrow?"

"Do you really want me?"

The Runt nodded violently.

"Well, I think I might. I heard you were through with us"

"Did you? Who told you?"

"Mr. Haggerty."

"What did he say?"

"I'd better not tell you."

"I see—nothing very complimentary. That's natural. Well, I'll put you on the car, and to-morrow you can tell me what Haggerty said."

"I can't promise that. But I'll have dinner with you. You mustn't spend much money."

"No chance. Good night, Miss Gilfred."

"Good night, Mr. Blackbarn."

A little cheered, the Runt went and dined at his club, thus conserving his cash capital. The club was tomblike in its emptiness. Everyone had something to do—they didn't even loaf in the evening. He went to his lodgings and turned in, viewing life with a morbid eye. He couldn't remember being so bored. But every time he thought of Browny Gilfred and his date for the next night he felt comforted. Browny was a peach anyhow. She was a business character, one of the brisk, efficient sort.

By golly, there was an idea! He had for a long time admired Browny tremendously. He even imagined himself mildly in love with her. She was wonderful company. Why not get married? Surely a chap wouldn't be bored with a darling of a wife like Browny Gilfred—and she'd make him a nice home. Unlike other men, he could stick round and enjoy her society as much as he liked. The notion grew enormously attractive, and the Runt was so thoroughly sold to it that he quite convinced himself the matter was as good as settled. He and Browny would be very, very happy on his forty a week, and there would be heaps of things they could do together that people tied down in business offices merely kidded themselves into thinking they would do sometime. The Runt thought the "sometimes" were frequently long delayed in materializing. He dropped off to sleep in quite a contented frame of mind.

"Now," said Miss Gilfred cozily when they were seated in one of the surviving table d'hôte dungeons that manage to subsist upon the profits of selling food without its accompaniment of bookkeeping fluid, "tell me all about yourself."

She leaned forward, her brown eyes glistening with interest. She liked the Runt. Haggerty had suspected that the day before.

"Don't you know?"

"Mr. Haggerty said you'd left. I gathered he'd—he'd fired you."

"Did he say that?"

"Only implied it."

"If he did he's a fibber. I'm still on the pay roll of the Blackbarn Engraving Company."

"What do you mean? Having a vacation? Oh, good! I love these funny relishes, don't you? They give you such a lot of them. And the people in a place like this—eating in their native tongue, aren't they? I dote on hearing them jabber at one another. Aren't their gestures expressive?"

Yes, Browny was mighty good company, and the Runt felt himself lucky to have hit upon the scheme he had in mind, which he would explain to her along with the entrée.

"Well, yes and no," he said. "You see, Haggerty's paying me to stay away, because he doesn't like me."

"I don't understand. If he doesn't like you, why doesn't he discharge you?"

"No can do."

"But I don't see ——"

"When my father sold the business to Haggerty and his crowd they agreed to take care of me for five years, and now they can't back out."

"But if you don't render any service in return ——"

"Makes no difference. They couldn't fire me, so Haggerty said he'd pay my salary if I'd keep out from underfoot. He doesn't like me, I tell you."

"What did you ever do to make him like you?"

A waitress at this point brought a large bowl of steaming soup. The Runt took charge, serving it with a big ladle, and pictured Browny sitting across the table like that every night in a snug little flat somewhere uptown.

(Continued on Page 166)

Certainty that it will carry you "there and back" is one of the daily delights of Cadillac ownership.

Certainty that it will not need constant coaxing and adjustment, no matter how long the journey, is another.

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C A D I L L A C

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

An Important Hydroelectric Development at Swan Falls on the Snake River in Idaho

Electric Energy for Industry

By Floyd W. Parsons

THE public utilities are doing a great deal to make our lives comfortable and prosperous. Yet it is true that many of these companies have not only failed to share in the recent prosperity of the country but have had harder sledding during the last few years than ever before in their history.

Typical of all the utility corporations are the electrical companies, which provide us with energy for transportation, light, heat, power and the transmission of messages. The electric utilities have been harmed most by unthinking and often unscrupulous bidders for public favors. These individuals have been the ones to decry all increases in rates, irrespective of the needs of the moment and the justice of the utilities' demands. The common method of attack is to recite a story of "watered stock upon which huge sums are paid annually as interest." The public is not informed that so far as the public utilities are concerned the day of watered stock has passed and rates are now fixed upon the basis of proved valuation and the total investment in the properties.

It is best that we start with the primary truth that practically all of us hold either a direct or an indirect financial interest in the utilities which serve us. For instance, each person who is a beneficiary under any one of the fifty-odd million life-insurance policies now in force in the United States is interested in the utilities through his insurance company. The total assets of American life-insurance companies are estimated to be approximately $7,000,000,000, and of this huge sum approximately one-third is invested in public-utility stocks and bonds. More than 27,000,000 people have accounts in American banks, and of these total deposits, in excess of $27,000,000,000, hundreds of millions are loaned on electrical-utilities securities.

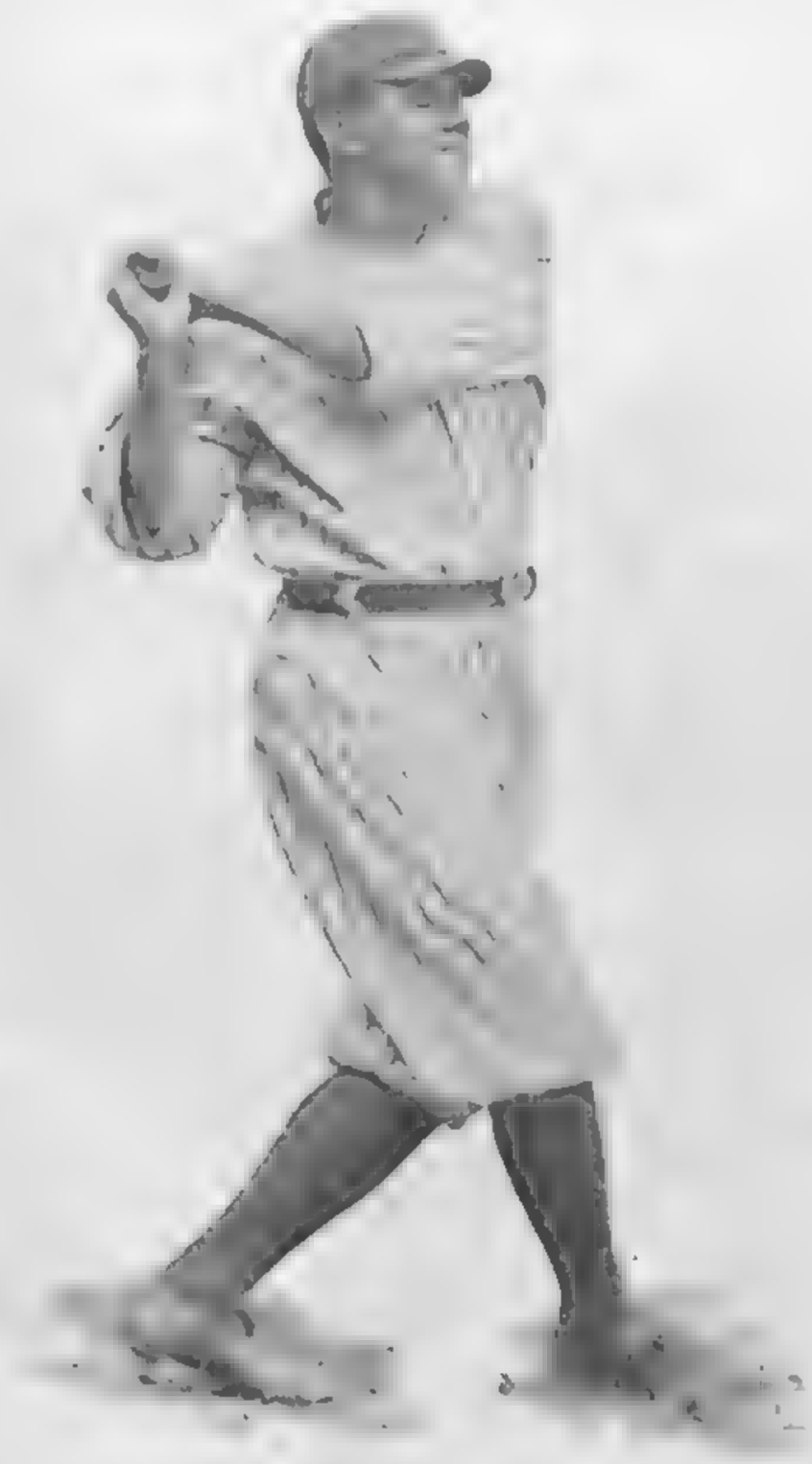
When the utilities are crippled in their operation through unfair treatment the local communities that are served must suffer as a consequence. Electricity is so essential in our modern life that when the supply of it is deficient in any district industrial progress is impeded. For example, in one section of a Pacific Coast state a large power company recently found itself unable to furnish service demanded by 2000 new applicants, and as a result a $10,000,000 building program was delayed, 1500 carpenters were deprived of a summer's work, and merchants failed to sell $7,500,000 worth of furnishings and supplies that would have been needed by the new home owners. Utility corporations, and so far as possible all other companies seeking to advance the prices of their products to the public, should be asked to justify their demands and show conclusively that they have already fully availed themselves of all possible cost-reducing methods and machines. In too many cases the public has been asked to come forward with relief for companies whose chief troubles have resulted from inefficiencies in management rather than from the higher costs of labor and materials. But this is not true in every instance, as many examinations have proved.

Recently a candidate for the office of mayor of a large city used as his platform the "five-cent street-car fare." The voting public, worried by the higher prices of all necessities and determined to make every effort to reduce the cost of living, voted almost unanimously for the five-cent-fare mayor. After election the mayor ordered the street-railway company to reduce its fare from six cents to five cents. With the penny reduction came a wage reduction to the motormen, conductors and others, and this was quickly followed by a strike, which tied up the city's street-car service. The mayor endeavored to solve the problem by using jitney busses and trucks, but an unexpected storm interfered with the program. Within a few days the very people and newspapers which had supported this mayor for election were calling on him to settle the controversy or to take the consequences in the form of a recall movement which was making rapid progress. The mayor held a hurried investigation, the six-cent fare was reestablished, and the men went back to work. The street cars were cheered by the citizens when they again appeared.

Public interference is not always based on facts, as was shown in a Western state not so long ago. A few people in this particular state decided to capitalize the idea that electricity would soon eliminate the coal pile in the heating of houses and buildings. The promoters of a party of unrest, with the desire to capture the organization of one of the two older political parties, laid a plank in its platform calling for state ownership of public utilities, and promised the complete elimination of the coal pile through the use of cheap electricity, which was to be furnished either by privately owned utilities located within the state or by the state-owned plants which it was proposed to build in the event the party candidates were elected. A selected speaker for the aggressive political organization, popularly known as the "power trust buster," campaigned from place to place explaining to the people that the production of electrical energy through water-power development is an extremely simple and inexpensive process. It so happened that the party was not successful, but an impression had been made sufficient to cause the state public-utility commission to order all the electric light and power companies before it to show cause why they should not heat houses and buildings by electricity at a rate that would be comparable with the prices of coal.

The entire state became interested in the hearing, and there was no doubt that many of the people believed that the investigation would demonstrate conclusively that electric heating might be employed satisfactorily and with economy. Professors from engineering departments in near-by colleges were drawn into the controversy. As the hearing proceeded it was proved first that there was a great deal of confusion over the amount of undeveloped water power available in the state. Some of the figures were shown to represent rainfall, and not the water in the streams. Next it was made clear that the irrigation season and the heating season overlapped, and therefore a very much larger power capacity would be required than was first estimated. It was discovered that electrical energy for irrigation purposes must be delivered into the country, while the energy needed for heating purposes must be fed to the towns and cities. This meant double transmission distribution systems. It was further determined that the distribution systems in use for house and building lighting would have to be torn down and enlarged with more expensive and heavier equipment to convey the high-voltage electricity necessary for heating purposes. It was plain, therefore, that all houses and buildings would have to be rewired. It was shown that the householders would have to discard their furnaces or stoves and install radiators. Finally it was proved that if all the water power developed in this particular state were devoted to electric heating of houses and buildings, rather than lighting and power, there would not be sufficient power developed to heat adequately two small cities within the state, due to the enormous amount of current that would be consumed.

(Continued on Page 38)



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The Love Nest My Little Bimbo on the Bamboo Isle	022412	10	1.00
Grieving for You Down Sicily Way	022411	10	1.00
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The PATHÉ costs no more than the ordinary PHONOGRAPH

(Continued from Page 36)

The state commission that investigated the situation made an elaborate report. It stated that even if there was sufficient undeveloped water power to perform this heating job the price that would have to be charged in order to pay the operating expenses of the company and provide a small return on the investment would be considerably more than the cost of even the highest-priced coal. The report continued: "Electric heating is, from an economic standpoint, a sort of alchemist's dream. A study of the subject, either from the standpoint of thermal dynamics or social or economic science, shows that it is utterly impossible. We find no grounds for holding out to the people of this state any reasonable hope that electricity will ever be used generally for house heating. The use of electric energy for house heating, in competition with coal, is not practicable. So long as there remains a field for the use of electric energy as motive power its use for heating homes is extravagant and wasteful." A number of investigations of this kind, entailing time and expense, have been launched as a result of the political ambitions of aspiring officeholders. But this is not the only kind of trouble the electric utilities are frequently compelled to face. Just a single example will convey the thought I have in mind:

Ten years ago the officers and engineers of a big electric light-and-power company serving several states in a mountainous region of the Middle West foresaw the continued prosperity and growth of population of a particularly fertile valley which it was then serving. The headwaters of the stream running through this valley were high up in the mountains, which are particularly precipitous at this point. This meant excessive flood waters during the spring and early summer months and a comparatively small flow during the remainder of the year. The steady flow of water in the stream was wholly sufficient for present requirements, but the engineers were not figuring in years but in decades. A survey of the country contiguous to the headwaters of the stream discovered a deep natural lake, capable of holding water sufficient for several years' demands.

Hydroelectric Plant at Shoshone Falls on the Snake River, Idaho

Channels were cut to divert the flood waters from the river into this lake, which was so low, however, that only five feet of water, when the lake was at its highest level, would flow out by gravity. Below that five-foot level the water remaining in the lake must be pumped out in order to be of service, as the boring of an outlet tunnel was not feasible, owing to the topography of the country. The engineers were looking forward to years of light snowfall during the winter and drought during the early spring and summer. Weather-bureau statistics showed that years of drought had occurred previously, but that the effect of such dry spells had not been serious because of the scattered population and lack of development of the valley.

Assuming that years of drought would recur, the electric company invested several millions of dollars in a pumping plant, which was stationed at the edge of the lake, on a spot that was underlaid with clay and quicksand. It was the only available spot for a pumping station, however, and the cost of construction was unusually high. Five huge electric pumps were installed, and before many months had passed the local agitators commenced to point out that there had been a sinful waste of consumers' money in building such a plant, which they declared was unnecessary and unjustifiable.

For several years after the plant was completed the rainfall was normal and the flood waters impounded were sufficient to flow off by gravity and keep the river up to the point necessary for the production of the full capacity of hydroelectric energy. This river also furnishes water for the irrigation of approximately 80,000 acres of fertile agricultural land. Every year for ten years the farmers and ranchers have had sufficient water to meet all their needs.

In the meantime a valuation of the property of this company was made by the state utility commission for the purpose of determining a fair and equitable rate to be charged for service. At the hearings that were conducted a number of the local citizens vigorously opposed any recognition of the large sum the company had expended for the construction of the pumping plant. The argument was advanced that the pumps were not in use and probably never would be needed. It was said that they represented a shameful waste of money, upon which customers were now expected to pay interest in the form of increased rates. Notwithstanding this opposition, however, the regulatory commission, after studying all the facts and figures related to the matter of the pumping plant, decided to allow this item of cost as part of the valuation of the corporation's property, upon which basis fair rates later were fixed. Many citizens and taxpayers criticized this action of the commission, and the newspapers published columns of articles and statements containing such criticisms.

All this happened about two years ago, and is of interest now only because the developments of recent months have definitely vindicated the foresight of the engineers and the judgment of the state commission. The winter of 1919–20 was different. The snowfall was practically nil, and the customary spring rains and floods were lacking. Early in June it became apparent that the flood waters impounded in the lake were not sufficient to flow by gravity for more than a week or ten days longer. Farmers and ranchers who had their crops well under way and who were promised not only record crops but the highest prices in history faced complete crop failures and in many cases financial ruin as a result of the failure of the water supply.

On June eighteenth the gravity flow of water in the stream had decreased to such an extent that it was entirely insufficient to run the hydroelectric plants of the company or to furnish water for irrigation for the farmers. On that date the electric-utility company started its big pumps, which immediately began hurling tons of water from the lake into the channels, and thence into the river. This water went through the hydroelectric turbines and on down the stream to points where the overjoyed farmers turned it into their irrigating ditches and laterals on their farms. To-day the newspapers of the district are telling how crops in the valley have been saved from failure by the big pumps that lifted the water from the lake to the river. The writers say further that though this is the first time the pumps have been used their action in preventing a local calamity has fully justified their installation.

Though the foregoing incident is cited merely to show how easily and quickly the public is often led to assume a false position and support an unfair fight, the story also tends to make plain the further fact that the electric light-and-power industry is not one that can operate upon a day-to-day or even a month-to-month basis, but is a business that must be figured upon and its needs estimated many years in advance. Had it not been for the foresight of the officers and engineers of the company above mentioned, whole communities would have been in darkness, mills and factories would have been closed down, with hundreds of employees out of work, and the light and power supply for at least two large cities would have been greatly curtailed during the present emergency.

Viewed from one angle the electric-utility companies might be considered as privately owned, but actually they are publicly owned in the sense that hundreds of thousands of citizens hold their securities and look to them for both service and income. Practically without exception they are operated under state or municipal control and regulation, which tends to standardize service and minimize rates.

With an aggregate property valuation in the United States of more than $4,500,000,000, the electric light-and-power industry has a gross income of slightly more than $600,000,000 a year, or more than seven dollars of investment to every dollar of gross annual income. This means that an electric utility doing a business of $100,000 a year, gross income, must have a plant and transmission system investment of at least $500,000 to enable it to render efficient service. The average merchant doing a $100,000 a year gross business would have a stock of not to exceed $25,000 on his shelves. He would figure on turning his stock at least four times a year, and the interest charges at eight per cent for this merchant doing a $100,000 business would be practically negligible, since it would amount to only about $2000, or two per cent of his gross business. Interest charges at eight per cent for the electric utility doing the same gross business would be $40,000, or forty per cent of its gross business.

If the merchant foresees an increased trade he may gauge his profits accordingly, accumulate a surplus and undivided-profits account, and then proceed to make the necessary extensions to his building and stock. Having no undivided profits and no surplus, which it cannot accumulate under the law, the electric utility is forced to go into the money market and bid for money through the sale of its securities or through the issuance of notes. Later the utility company must add to its plant, with the certain knowledge that the investment it is making is at least five times as great as the annual gross return can be. Following this it must prepare a plea for the granting of rates based on the new and increased valuation of its property, after which it must patiently wait for favorable action on its very just and reasonable demand.

The future of the electric-utility companies can hardly be imagined, so great are the possibilities. Power is an all-important factor in our industrial life, and it makes very little difference whether the energy used is derived from coal, water or other natural resource. Three-fourths of the potential 59,000,000 horse power of water power in the United States is now opened up by the Water-Power Development Bill, which was passed by the last Congress during its final days and signed by the President after the nation's legislative bodies had adjourned. In eleven of our Western States ninety-four per cent of the possible hydro-energy is not yet used. The scarcity of coal in the West and the record prices of oil, coupled with the probable early electrification of many miles of steam railroad, are creating a demand for water-power development that is becoming more imperative as the months pass. Even in California, where one-tenth of the total developed water power of the country is located, the demand for energy for industrial purposes far exceeds the supply. Washington shows the largest maximum potential water horse power of any state in the Union, but it ranks among the Western States below both California and Montana in its amount of developed water horse power.

In the New England States 77.2 per cent of the maximum water power is now utilized, which indicates that little additional development may be expected in this section. In New York a third of the potential 3,000,000 hydroelectric horse power is developed. The bulk of the undeveloped power in New York State is on the international boundary streams, namely, the Niagara and the St. Lawrence

(Concluded on Page 54)

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LIBERTY SIX

SALUTE TO PROPRIETY

By Thomas Joyce

ILLUSTRATED BY DOUGLAS RYAN

"HULLO, Brant!" "Hullo! There you are!" "Yes. I'm sorry I wasn't able to turn up on Saturday, but I was pretty sure you'd find someone else to make up the foursome." "The foursome! Oh, we roped Symons in."

Immediately when Brant uttered this name the face of the older man changed. He was discreet. Perhaps it could only be said that he looked a trifle more alive, with a slight sharpening of eye and mouth, even of nose, like a terrier that expects to smell something. But the alteration was subtle, not perceptible to any except by the closest observation.

Brant noticed it, because he was watching for it. He had learned to watch for such expressions—sly, curious or irritated—in his friends at the mention of Symons' name. Smithson, in fact, was a great deal more considerate than some with less control of feature and possibly a higher morality.

"Symons—what's he do?" asked Smithson in the most careless way in the world.

"He's a mining engineer—chiefly on tin. But he hasn't done anything for the last year or two. I fancy he was left some money."

"Ah, that's it! I was wondering. Interesting fellow when he chooses to talk."

"Very."

"Good-looking, too"—Smithson had the air of doing Symons justice—"attractive sort of man, I should think, very attractive"—he paused, eying Brant, and then added suddenly—"to some people. But I admit I find him a bit dull myself. He's always so down on his luck."

"He hasn't had much luck."

"No—I've heard that he wasn't very happily married."

"Anything but. It seems to have regularly bowled him over. I must say I'm sorry for the poor devil."

"Yes, sad thing."

Smithson's face, again by the subtlest of unconscious changes, displayed something like pity. But it was not for Symons. His eyes dwelt too obviously upon Brant, and only his great discretion prevented him from shaking his head when, at his own station, he rose, said good-by with the voice of one who speaks to an invalid and left the train.

"Damn the man," said Brant cheerfully to the empty carriage—"and damn Briggs and damn Marker—in fact damn pretty nearly everyone I know, and a lot who only know me. Why can't they mind their own business?" And after thought he answered his own question like an honest and sensible man: "Because it's damn selfish to mind only one's own business, and they're decent fellows."

"Good-looking, too"—Brant quoted Smithson's remark with a good-natured grin. Brant was not good-looking. He was a pug-faced man, prematurely bald, with a cock nose, a large black jaw and a very short neck. Only his expression saved him from desperate ugliness, so that he could appreciate the casual turn of eye and voice which went with Smithson's appreciation of Symons.

Everyone indeed, at the time of Brant's marriage five years before, had wondered what Fenella Mays saw in him. But it was a conventional wonderment. The men secretly thought her more sensible than she looked, to appreciate Brant, and the women had already decided that there was something very taking about him. They liked that kind of ugliness, combined with such an excellent temper. He filled his clothes well. There was at times something of pleasant wickedness in his eye, which had a very invigorating effect. But as each of them believed herself to be original in such an unusual preference, they all of them wondered. It might be added besides that it is always the custom of the bride's friends to wonder, and of the bridegroom's to suspect that he is throwing himself away.

"What the deuce do they think?" asked Brant, stretching out his legs and frowning at his spats. "That I'm a fool to let them play about together—or that I can't stop it?"

"Symons may be a bit taller," he added, projecting his formidable jaw—Symons was at least five inches taller, but Brant was disinclined to think of himself as a short man—"but I doubt his grit. In fact, I shouldn't think he had the spunk of a louse. One hard tap on that delicate nose ——" He stopped and pondered, then grimaced yet more horribly at his toes. "However, if they think it goes on because I can't stop it they're right."

And Brant, with his hat over his eyes and an appearance of amiable reflection, carefully summed up the wisdom of his late experience.

"A husband can't interfere with a wife in a thing like this. If he says she mustn't it's as good as telling her she might, and that's a ruddy insult. If she's got any go she jumps on the high horse and carries on worse than ever. If she lies down it's a confession, and you don't know where you are, and it's worse to hit the man. Then the fat's in the fire and no mistake.

"Suppose I do go to Fenella and tell her people are talking. She'll open her eyes and ask me what I mean. Quite right too. If she didn't I should begin to wonder. And if I don't go to Fenella ——"

This question was not so easy to answer. Brant was still looking for an answer when he reached Warnford Park station. All the way home he sought for it.

"Tea's in the garden, sir," said the maid, taking Brant's hat. "Mr. Symons was here for lunch," she added demurely.

"Thanks. Did he leave any message?"

"He's still here, sir."

"Good! Thank you."

He strolled down the garden toward the arbor generally used for garden teas, while he wondered if he had been wise to say "good" in that cheerful voice. He desired the maids to think he liked to see Symons, but then it would not do to let them suspect the desire. And it is not usual to beam and say "good" when a maid announces that there is a visitor. Brant sighed for the complications of life as he came up to the arbor.

Just outside he hesitated. It was quite an involuntary pause, due perhaps to the preoccupation which left some instinct in control of his muscles. He was even about to cough. He caught himself in the very act, and recognized his hesitation at the same moment.

"Oh, damn!" he said to himself. "I didn't know it was as bad as this."

He marched firmly into the arbor without the cough, and found Fenella and Symons sitting in cane chairs on

(Continued on Page 42)

He Was Even About to Cough. He Caught Himself in the Very Act

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PAINTS, VARNISHES, DYES, WOOD PRESERVATIVES, CHEMICALS, INSECTICIDES AND DISINFECTANTS

(Continued from Page 40)

opposite sides of the tea table, with every appearance of propriety.

Fenella rose to kiss him, with the affectionate but quiet dignity of a wife who kisses her husband on departure and arrival some seven hundred times a year. He smiled and greeted Symons.

"I just dropped in," murmured the latter.

"Rather—very glad you did."

"The fact is," said Symons, looking a little less lugubrious as he sank back into his chair, "things are a bit disorganized with me."

"Really? Sorry about that. Is that my tea, Fenella?"

"Yes, dear. You don't mind it weak, do you? I've just put some more water in the pot."

"No, no! That's all right. What about toast? Done, is it? Oh, yes, bread and butter—that's the stuff."

"Mr. Symons is moving, dear," Fenella gravely interrupted his cheerful remarks.

"Moving?"

Brant seeing that sympathy was required looked sympathetic. He was indeed pretty well accustomed to providing a sympathetic chorus for the tale of Symons' woes. He glanced at Symons with a mournful brow.

"Yes. Awful nuisance. The truth is, I'm being turned out. The place has been let for the July quarter over my head. Mrs. Peters never told me a word of it."

Brant whistled.

"Phew! Hard lines! Where will you go? I say, Fenella, did you remember the sugar?"

Fenella had not remembered the sugar, and Brant rose to help himself and to stick together the remnants of a slice of bread and butter which had proved too tattered for his guest.

"It's really disgraceful," said Fenella indignantly. "I thought there was a law preventing such things. I was just telling Mr. Symons, dear, that he ought to come and put up with us for a bit—until he finds somewhere else —"

Symons protested.

"It's very kind of you, Mrs. Brant, but really I don't think I ought."

"Where will you go then? You know there's not a room to be had."

"Yes, that's true. I'm afraid there aren't any digs. But I don't like to give you so much trouble."

Brant was foraging among the rifled plates of the cake stand and did not seem to be attending very carefully to this conversation. But he thought that he was meant to speak next. The general pause seemed to wait on him. And he thought, too, that when he continued with his head between his legs, peering at a fragment of cherry cake which lay amid a desert of crumbs on the lowest dish, Fenella and Symons exchanged a glance across his back. He may have been wrong. But he was always reputed, even at the office, to see with the back of his head, and he was certainly often able to tell what his wife was doing in the next room. These moreover are not uncommon feats with a husband of five years' experience. Meanwhile the silence continued.

"Gad, yes!" he agreed, sitting up with a very congested face. "Lodgings are scarce here. Though I believe things are better Hampstead way."

"Hampstead! But Johnny, dear, that's right on the other side of London."

"Rather far, I'm afraid," Symons dryly agreed.

Brant did not ask what or whom it was far from. And there was another pause, rather more embarrassing than the last.

"Well, Mr. Symons," said Fenella suddenly in a louder voice, "don't forget that I shall feel very offended if you don't take us at our word."

She gave her husband a swift glance and colored slightly. Symons also looked at Brant.

"Really," he murmured, "it's awfully good of you."

There was a third pause. Amid the most pregnant silence Brant slowly masticated a fragment of bread and butter. Fenella's brow darkened. The most considerate and tactful of women, she could never understand bad manners in another. Symons was sorry for her, and feeling as he had often felt before that it must be very hard to live with such a barbarian as Brant, a fellow apparently of the coarsest fiber, unresponsive to any but the most strident chords of feeling, the loudest and plainest verbal intimations, had begun, from the mere necessity of someone's saying something, "I hope it won't be very inconvenient for you," when Brant at last swallowed his microscopic mouthful, threw a gulp of tea after it, and found, as he had suspected before, that his position was impossible. He yielded immediately and cheerfully.

"Inconvenient? Not at all! Not at all! My dear fellow, the room's empty. What else would we do with it? And when you're turned out like that—really it's the least we can do for the—er—the good name of the neighborhood."

Brant had stumbled on a very pleasant equivocation, and instantly enjoyed it. There was probably no possible situation in which he could not have enjoyed a neat turn of phrase. He could not help repeating it.

"For the good name of the neighborhood—and that is to put it at its lowest," with a sly peep from Symons to Fenella.

But Symons no more suspected Brant of being capable of a play upon words than he would have looked for poetry in a stove catalogue, and if he had understood, his sense of worth, confirmed by the injuries of the world, would have enabled him to despise it.

He replied appropriately, "Thanks very much. It's awfully good of you, Brant. I really don't know what I should have done without you."

II

"SEND over your traps as soon as you like," urged Brant warmly, and received a grateful smile from his wife. Fenella was delighted with him. "And I tell you what," he added, "stay to dinner. I daresay you're not very keen on feeding in that harpy's place any longer. Don't bother to dress."

"Oh, but Mr. Symons has his things here! Haven't you, Mr. Symons?"

"You brought a bag? That's lucky." Brant was really pleased with himself for the unmoved countenance with which he received this last piece of news and the easy tone in which he commented on it. His first impulse had been to utter his favorite "Phew," and ejaculate something like, "of all the damn cheek!"

"Mr. Symons was staying to dinner already," Fenella explained gracefully to her awkward husband, "and as Mrs. Peters has been so nasty, and he only had a week more in any case, I thought he might as well send over his things this morning. I've put him in mother's room—next your dressing room."

"Good idea," mumbled Brant with his mouth full of the last of the cherry cake.

"I'm afraid," said Symons politely, "that you must think it rather cool of me to dump myself down like this. But when Mrs. Brant was so kind as to suggest —"

"Not at all," Brant interrupted him with hospitable eagerness. "Excellent plan. I'm very glad we can have you."

"I can assure you I'm very glad to come. It is difficult to tell you how much it means to a homeless wretch like myself to be among friends, to enjoy a real home life, if only for a time. You mightn't believe it, Brant," he sadly smiled at his host, "but I am naturally a domesticated sort of man."

Fenella Met Him on the Landing in a Very Serious Temper

"I hope you will consider this your home for as long as you can stay," said Fenella with warm sympathy.

"It is too good of you, Mrs. Brant. When I think of the home I might have had, and what life is to me now, I know how to appreciate your kindness."

Symons' low voice died away in a mournful cadence. He mused, and it certainly suited him. He looked like Byron remembering the Maid of Athens. There were tears in Fenella's eyes as she surveyed the beautiful tableau. And Brant was careful not to make a noise while he swallowed the last of his tea amid profound silence.

When at dressing time Brant had got as far as shirt and trousers, and Mrs. Brant to doing her hair, it was the former's rule to come in from his dressing room and finish his toilet in his wife's. While she sat before her glass in a short muslin jacket and brushed and peered, with a graceful display of bare arms, he strolled about the room, pressing in his studs, buttoning his collar, peeping over her shoulder to tie his bow, and posturing casually—as if in passing—before the wardrobe glass, to judge the hang of his trousers. Brant was as neat as a cat, and enjoyed dressing. And meanwhile they discussed affairs. Or rather Brant threw out remarks of general interest and Fenella replied, "H'm," or "Yes, darling," or "I s'pose so, dear," in a preoccupied voice. Not that her preoccupation stopped her from hearing exactly what was said. Brant was not deceived into the soliloquy so dangerous to husbands. He knew that his words, if carelessly received, stayed in whatever office of Fenella's head was set aside for dicta to be criticized at leisure—and all husbands' words are in that category if their wives love them—and took the usual marital precautions to excite no fatiguing curiosity or dangerous misunderstanding.

"Bad luck—Symons getting turned out like that," was his first essay this evening.

"H'm," said Fenella from beneath her hair.

"Blow!" said Brant. "I've got the wrong tie. Don't like butterflies." He popped into the dressing room and then as quickly popped out again.

"Yes, dashed bad luck. Funny too."

"H'm," said Fenella, flinging back her hair with a violent toss of the head and a stroke of the brush.

"Funny he didn't see it coming, and I always thought there had to be a month's notice on either side."

"Awfully bad luck," said Fenella. She was pretty often five minutes behind in dressing conversations.

"But I daresay he didn't particularly want to stay on," Brant ventured.

"Yes, don't wear a butterfly, dear. They look so measly."

Brant was thoughtfully adjusting his braces.

"Though why in that case he didn't begin to look round for somewhere else before —"

"Why funny?" asked Fenella suddenly, holding up a coil with one hand while she reached for a hairpin with the other.

"Why what?"

"Funny, dear."

"Well, isn't it funny?" Brant turned round for a cautious glance at the back of her head.

"H'm," replied Fenella with a pin between her teeth.

Brant did not see the pin. He was therefore much relieved in the comfortable belief that Fenella did not mean to go further into the subject—at least till bedtime. He popped into the dressing room for his waistcoat and advised himself to be still more careful. This was a ticklish matter. But when he returned with a cheerful remark that the kitchen door must be open—he could smell roast beef—Fenella had removed the pin for use.

"I don't see anything funny," she replied severely, "and do you know, dear, that you were rather rude to poor Mr. Symons this afternoon? You made me feel very uncomfortable."

"Rude?" cried Brant as if amazed at the charge.

"Yes, when I said he ought to stay. You know very well I was waiting for you to back me up. Whoever it was, you ought to have backed me up. Of course I know you don't like Mr. Symons, but that's another reason why you ought to be especially careful not to be rude to him. It makes it so awkward. It was frightfully awkward when you just said nothing—especially as the poor man had all his luggage with him."

"Who said I didn't like him?" demanded Brant.

But this artful attempt to divert Fenella was not successful. She had an uncommon ability of glancing up the byroads of her theme without losing the main road.

"I never thought you could be so conventional," she said still more severely.

(Continued on Page 45)

According to the National Board of Fire Underwriters, one of the chief causes of community fires is the inflammable roof. Over a hundred cities and towns throughout the United States now have ordinances against this menace.

The Scare Circle

SUDDENLY, without warning, Fate takes up the compass and, putting down the pointer on some peaceful community, she decrees: "This place shall be burned." Then swinging an arc she draws a circle—"These people shall be fear stricken."

In the scare circle, around the fire, the horror of what might have been brings fire prevention home to those in it and with sharpened realization Insurance is written, legislation is rushed through, fire safety devices become necessities, fire-safe roofings compulsory.

And all this is perfectly human, and in its restricted effect it is the price a locality pays for greater fire safety.

But the scare circle is no longer a mere local panic. It has widened in significance, for today our fire loss is a National scandal, a cause for general concern.

Public men speak of it with grave emphasis; organized safety bodies deplore it. For fire prevention is no trumped-up propaganda, no phantasy of the imagination. It is a living blight right here among us, blocking and mocking our plans to catch up in our building program; burning down ten buildings while we plan a hundred; squandering wealth; diverting labor and disturbing the very tranquillity on which our development depends.

Fire prevention is a national responsibility. But it is more one of personal action than legislation. To each of us some preventive measure is possible. Each must set up his own safeguards to fortify his own property.

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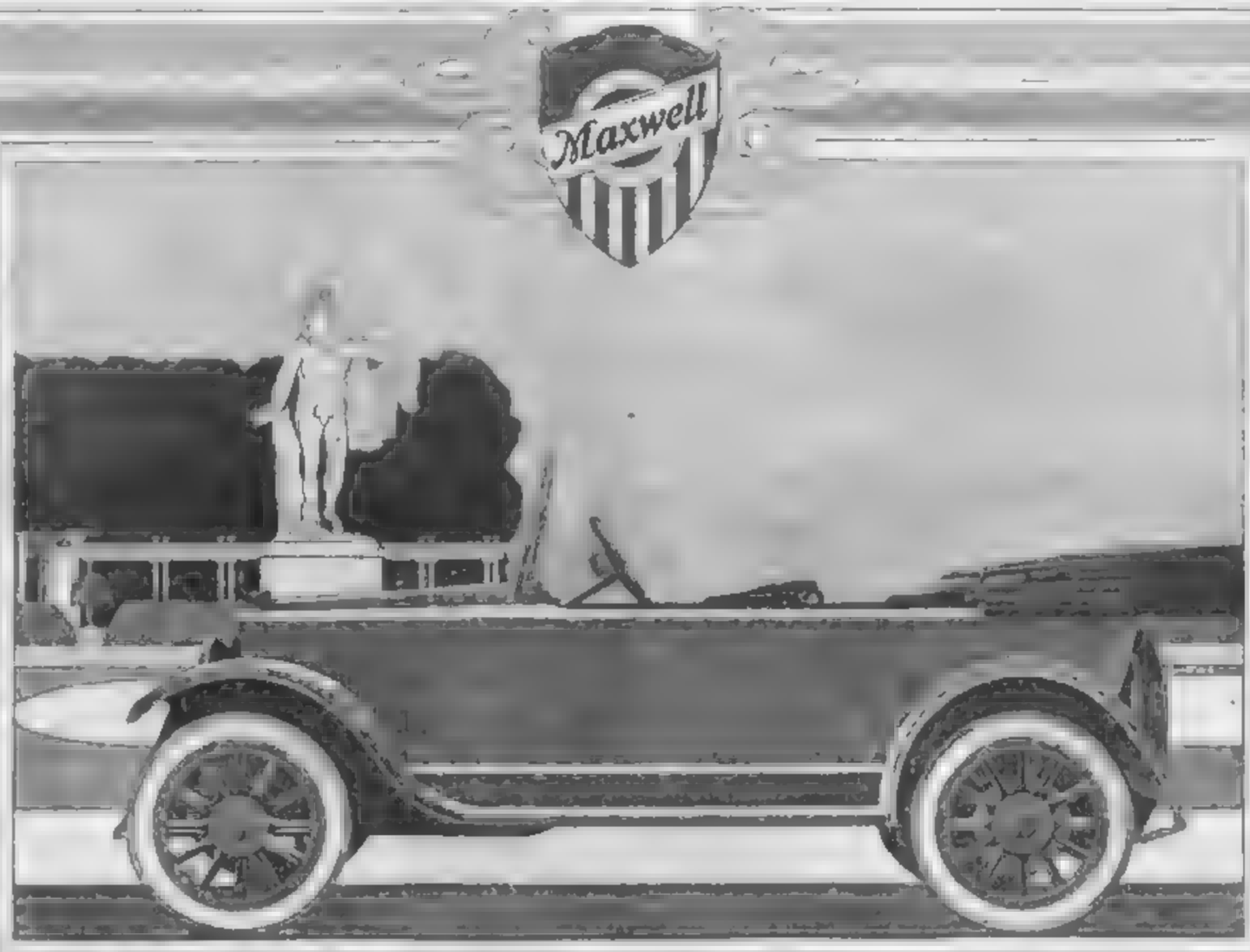

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(Continued from Page 42)

"My dear Fenella, you don't mean to say you think I don't want Symons here because people might say you are seeing too much of him?" retorted the serpent Brant with the most splendid indignation. "Dash it all, Fenella, that's a bit thick! Think what it means! It's as good as accusing me of saying that you do see too much of Symons—that you oughtn't to see so much of Symons as you do. And though naturally you do see a good deal of Symons ——"

"Don't be so wild, Johnny! I know you're not accusing me of anything. All I wanted you to do was to be decently polite to your guests. So don't argue so absurdly, and come and button me."

Brant gave himself the pleasure of a grin while he was safely engaged on the back of Fenella's dress. He twinkled his eye and wrinkled his nose as if to say "Oh, aren't you a clever girl?" Then he kissed her on the shoulder blade before the last frill of her camisole, or whatever it was, disappeared beneath the rising satin.

"And you do dislike him," she added, picking up her handkerchief. This was very like Fenella. Brant's little move—a mere stratagem—was now to provide a whole new subject of examination.

"No ——"

"Yes, you do. You dislike him because he is unhappy. Just like all conventional people."

"But I'm not conventional. Hi, stand still a minute! You're not nearly decent."

"Unhappy and unfortunate," continued Fenella sadly. "And it is so easy to dislike people like that. But I do think that charity ought to include the sharing of other gifts as well as money. We are so happy, Johnny dear"—she turned to him suddenly at the cost of three shoulder fasteners. "Couldn't I make your life absolutely miserable for you if I tried?"

"You could, but you couldn't."

Fenella was far too serious to be flattered even by the neatest compliments.

"Then think what that poor man must have endured with that awful woman! For you know, dear, he did love her. He tries to love her still. He was saying only to-day how much he wants to love, how he longs for someone to love—to give his heart to."

Brant made a slight grimace, caught Fenella's eye and hastily agreed that it was a hard case.

"Symons is a hard case," he said solemnly.

The dinner gong cut off the rest of Symons' woes. But they were already pretty thoroughly known to Brant. Fenella was well acquainted with them all and, like a good friend to both parties, she passed them on. Brant was always ready to agree that Mrs. Symons must have been an unpleasant woman to live with; that persistent melancholia and occasional dram drinking are bad faults in a wife; that Symons had probably excellent reasons for separating himself from her.

He pitied him.

When he could not pity him entirely for this misfortune he could always be sorry for his various internal ailments, his neurasthenia, his floating kidney, his enlarged spleen, his chronic dyspepsia—for which the only remedy appeared to be Brant's champagne—and when, as sometimes occurred, after a fortnight's close acquaintance, he could not pity him at all he took care to seem to. Fenella demanded it of him. The situation demanded it of him. And all his friends, requiring light on the situation—asking in various tones and voices why the deuce Brant allowed that fellow Symons to philander with his wife—most peremptorily demanded it of him, though none of them were satisfied with it as a full explanation.

"Got Symons staying with you, I hear," said Smithson one Monday morning in the nine-nine to Broad Street.

"Yes; the poor blighter was turned out of his lodgings without notice. A most iniquitous thing. And there's not another room to be had anywhere. So I'm putting him up for a few days."

Smithson's watchful gaze seemed to ask "Now what is really going on? Are you a silly ass, or are you deeper than we think?" But all he said was "That's hard lines. It's good of you to take him in."

"The truth is, Smithson, I'm sorry for the poor devil. He's had a rotten time of it with that wife of his, and it's broken him up more than you might think. He's a sensitive kind of man."

"D'you know her?"

"Who? Mrs. Symons? No. Do you?"

"Oh, yes. She lives at Hammersmith. Does typing now. We give her a good deal of work at times."

"Ah!"

Brant's face showed none of the great interest which these details excited in him. There was a pause.

"He drinks, doesn't he?" Smithson began again at a new place.

"No—at least not much. Why? Who told you he drank?"

"I gathered from Mrs. Symons that she left him because he ——"

She Openly Considered His Pleasure Before All Else, and Enjoyed It. She Could Not be Induced to Go Anywhere Without Him

"Left him? I thought he left her."

"She says she left him. Couldn't stand his little ways. It appears he used to weep in the soup—and drink, too—a regular grievance monger. You know, Brant, I don't know what you think yourself, but it seems to me that Symons is a bit of a wet blanket, between ourselves."

"Poor devil. He's every right to be," said Brant warmly. "Do you mean that he ought to be barred because he has had a rotten time and feels it?"

"Oh, no! Dear me, no! Not at all! H'm!"

Smithson looked grave, but he added with the same grave air "I believe that Mrs. Symons also has her sympathizers—in Hammersmith."

Brant merely replied "Humph, I dare say," and opened his paper.

The unsnubable Smithson cocked his eye out of the window and reflected that things were always very interesting when one began to go into them.

Even Fenella in time became aware that the conventions are not merely Aunt Sallies set up for no other purpose than to have the pipes knocked down their throats by enterprising and high-minded young women. They hit back.

She also found strange things in the expressions and voices of her female friends and things not quite so discreetly veiled as those which annoyed Brant. It is needless to say that Fenella was no more than a suspect—scarcely even a suspect except to her enemies. But women, with greater control of feature than men, are much less inclined to use it for concealment. Neither were her friends much less embarrassing than her enemies. They were just as indignant with her for requiring explanation and defense for her sins as her enemies. It is tiring even for good-natured partisans to be obliged daily to repeat to obvious disbelievers that a young married woman who spends most of six months with a man who is not her husband, and finally takes him to live with her, is not necessarily overfond of him. Moreover, Fenella herself betrayed them by the increasing kindness of her attitude to Symons. She was more attentive to him than ever before. She called him Harry. She openly considered his pleasure before all else, and enjoyed it. She could not be induced to go anywhere without him. And the plain minds of Warnford Park, unaccustomed to line drawing in judgment, could scarcely be expected to grasp that not bravado, not licentiousness, but mere justification might force any girl to such action—that it is precisely in this manner that convention makes its most effective counter.

Brant had made one cautious effort to use the hint of Smithson's. He told Fenella as a curious piece of information that he had heard of Mrs. Symons and as a joke that she seemed to consider herself the injured party. But his attempt to suggest to Fenella by a side wind that there might be something on both sides of the case was completely unsuccessful. She was now a fanatic, and Brant was obliged to perceive that his wife was not only losing her reputation but her common sense.

Both of them noticed at this time that several of the more virtuous ladies in Warnford Park had ceased to visit them. Fenella was even obliged to tell her husband one night, as a good jest, that the vicar's wife had not been at home to her when she called. Neither referred to any possible cause for such a strange alteration of feeling toward one of the most popular young hostesses in the place, but Brant seized the chance to make a strong attack on conventional morality, which was very soothing to his wife's nerves. Indeed he was so warm on the subject that she claimed him as a convert.

"Convert to what?" he asked.

"Oh, to—to thinking for oneself—to doing what is right without caring about all the silly little rules."

"I hope I always have."

Fenella was doubtful.

"Well, at any rate," she conceded at last, "you're not being conventional now."

"No-o!"

Brant was sitting on the bed. The bedroom had become the only refuge of the Brants from the pervasive Symons and Brant took every opportunity for a visit thither. He was now supposed to be on the way to his bath, while Fenella, already bathed, lounged by the fireplace.

"I came across a rather sad case last week," said Brant.

"Oh!" Fenella was surprised at the change of subject.

"Yes—a girl who's been doing some typing for the firm—or rather a woman, though she's had such a rotten time it's hard to tell what her age is."

"What happened to her?"

"A husband," said Brant shortly.

"A bad husband?"

"A thorough rotter."

"Poor thing!"

"Yes-s," Brant drawled, and raised his eyebrows. "I was dashed sorry for her. It makes one think to see people so thoroughly unhappy when one knows what happiness is oneself."

Fenella sadly shook her head.

"She was awfully friendless too."

"Was?"

"Well, I've done what I could."

"Oh!"

"Why 'oh'?"

"Nothing. You mean you've been trying to cheer her up a bit?"

"That sort of thing. I've given her a few decent meals at least. She looked as if she never had a decent meal in her life."

There was a long pause before Fenella replied. But then she was deeply sympathetic.

"Poor thing, I'm glad you were able to do something," she murmured.

"As a matter of fact," said Brant, "she wants a change. She's not really poor. She has money. The typing is chiefly a distraction, I fancy, and she could go away if she liked. But she's got so thoroughly low in spirits that its affecting her health. Now what I want to do is to give her a bit of a change. I've suggested it, and she seems quite pleased with the idea."

"Ask her out here? But, darling, would it do with Harry? He oughtn't to be with depressing people, ought he? And she sounds rather depressing."

"Yes, I thought of that. No, Fenella, my idea was to run her down to Brighton for the week-end. Smithson will lend me his car."

Fenella was really startled.

"But Johnny!" she exclaimed, turning round in her seat.

"Why 'but'?" asked Brant, popping his head over the end of the bed with an expression of surprise.

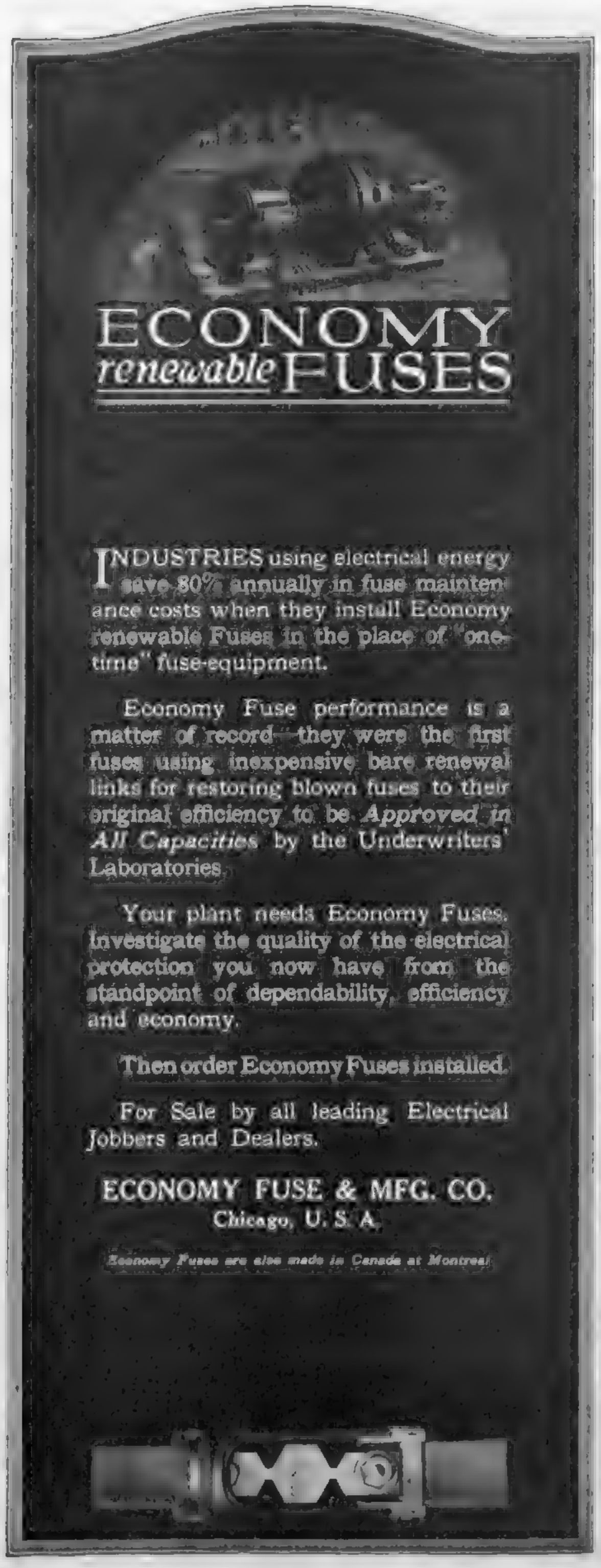
"Not alone—just you two?"

"Why not, dear?"

"But think of what people will—I mean, it's rather unusual, isn't it?"

"Yes-s, I suppose it is. But it would be rather a shame to allow a few old cats in Warnford to stop one from doing a real kindness, because it would be a real kindness. I'm sure it would make a great difference to the poor girl, and I must say I'm dashed sorry for her. She needs all one can do."

There was another pause, still longer than the last. Fenella looked extremely thoughtful. Brant tried to wear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the high-minded countenance of a bishop, and partly succeeded. Then he hopped off the bed, picked up sponge and bath towel and walked toward the door. But at the door he stopped as if seized by a suspicion.

"I say, Fenella, you don't mind, do you?"

"Mind what?"

"My taking her down. No, don't be offended. I only mean that from some points of view it is rather—what shall I say? -unconventional"

"Johnny, am I likely to be conventional in such a case?" Fenella demanded, rising grandly to the occasion.

"No, dear. Sorry. Then it's all right. I'll have the car for Saturday."

Brant disappeared, closing the door behind him with great gentleness. Fenella was still in her chair when he returned. She still appeared to be thinking. But neither of them again mentioned the case of the unfortunate typist that night. It was agreed to be bedtime, and both were discovered to be extremely sleepy. Indeed though Brant spoke once or twice of the approaching week-end and explored a road map, Fenella did not mention the lady for the rest of the week.

And though she looked at her husband sometimes in a manner which invited inquiry or confidence, Brant never seemed to catch her eye on these occasions. Even a sigh did not recall him to an interest in the problems, whatever they were, which caused it. And formerly a sigh had always been sufficient to introduce a full discussion of the servant difficulty or the extraordinary habits of bills, with plenty of sympathy to follow.

This, and other things, made Fenella uneasy, but even to the last moment she hardly believed that her husband was in earnest. She could not help thinking that he was incapable of such an impropriety—so rash an indifference to the accepted code of behavior. She might have been angry with him for taking advantage of her own position, which was after all a very different one, if she had not suspected him of a bad joke. So that the arrival of a large closed car at her door just after lunch on Saturday, and the appearance of Brant rushing upstairs for his suitcase were almost as surprising as his first revelations. She met him on the landing in a very serious temper.

"Johnny, you don't mean to say you're really going to Brighton alone with this woman?"

"This woman, dear? Is that a kind way of speaking of the poor ——"

"Who is she, then? Isn't she a woman?"

"Mrs. Symons is of course a ——"

"Mrs. Symons!"

"Didn't I say—I thought I told you it was Mrs. Symons. And really, Fenella, you seemed to approve the other day. It's a very reasonable idea, or so it seems to me. I've no doubt the vicar's wife——"

Fenella turned round and marched downstairs. Brant went into his dressing room, closed both doors and lit a cigarette. When he had finished the cigarette he began leisurely to pack. On the whole, he looked very cheerful—thoroughly in the holiday mood. Once or twice his lips even pursed themselves for a whistle, but he did not whistle, and whenever he caught himself about to whistle his face again assumed that high-minded and virtuous expression of a good man doing his duty.

At last he shut up the suitcase and slowly descended the stairs. His ears and eyes were attentive, and he was hardly astonished when Fenella came suddenly out of the morning room, seized him by the arm, said "Hush" in a most conspiratorial tone, and drew him into the front garden. She shut the door behind her. And Fenella was fully dressed for motoring!

"What's this?" said Brant, gazing at her.

"Darling, I had an inspiration. It's a reconciliation. I just went out and asked Mrs. Symons to come into the drawing-room, and there they are together, and I want you to take me for a drive till they've finished settling things."

"But, dear, are you sure that was very considerate——"

"Darling, it's a splendid idea. Nothing could be better. Now don't say that it's not usual or proper or conventional."

"I wasn't going to, but ——"

"Get in! Get in! We mustn't wait here."

Fenella triumphantly dragged Brant into the car and waved to the chauffeur. They drove off.

"Look here, Fenella," began Brant with some severity, "you can't treat people like this. Conventionality be hanged! But do you think that those two will stay in the room for more than a minute after they spot each other? It's absurd, and they'll ramp all over the place"

"I think so," said Fenella cheerfully.

"Think what?"

"That they'll stay."

"Do you? Why?" with a sarcastic inflection.

"I locked the door."

Brant was still struggling with his feelings, whatever they were, when Fenella sweetly continued: "I think I was justified, dear, in such a good cause. After all, no one can say we haven't done our best for the Symonses, and they are really rather depressing people."

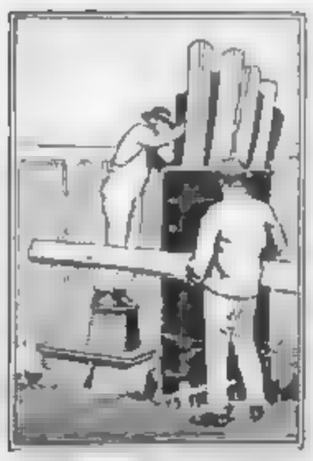
"I suppose they are," Brant admitted after a short pause, as for reflection, "and I can't pretend that I like depressing people. I'm afraid it is very conventional of me, and I don't like to think of myself as an unconventional man, but ——"

"The really most conventional thing," remarked Fenella thoughtfully, "is to try to be unconventional."

"Propriety is certainly original," Brant agreed.

"And of course the garden window is open," suggested Fenella.

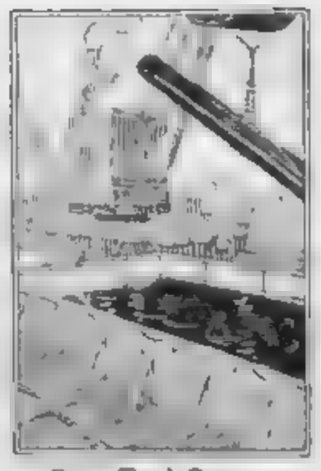
But this made them laugh, and in the laughter was dissolved the last of Symons.



Treating Fence Posts

WOOD PRESERVATION

A timely talk of interest to all users of structural wood



Open Tank Process

PUBLISHED BY US EVERY FEW WEEKS IN THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The Farmer's Opportunity to Aid Conservation

Prof. Ralph S. Hosmer, Head of Department of Forestry, Cornell University, says:

"A woodlot properly managed is a bank that never refuses the farmer's draft. Every farm has constant need of wood, and a woodlot is not only an asset to the property, but, when wisely used, helps to conserve the Nation's timber supply.

Prof Ralph S Hosmer

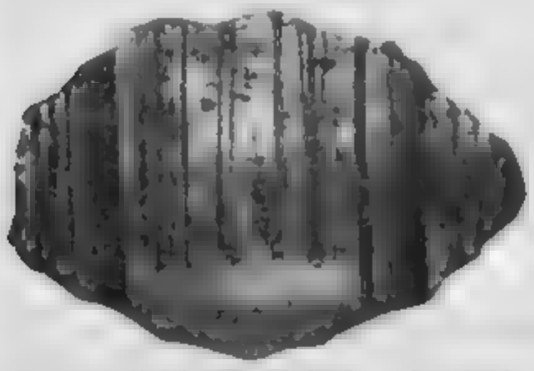
A good share of the material needed for construction, for repairs to vehicles and implements, and for fencing as well as for fuel, can be obtained from the woodlot. This saves money that would otherwise be paid for high priced lumber.

Treatment with preservatives will lengthen the life of wood and also permit the use for construction purposes of many species which otherwise could be used only for fuel."

Facing the Reckoning

The law of supply and demand cannot be successfully ignored for long. The day of reckoning always comes.

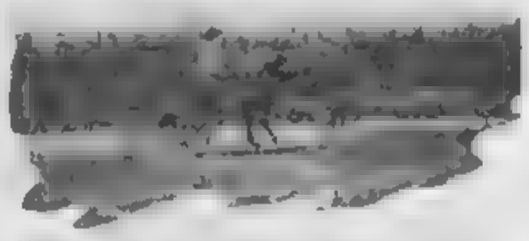
Due to generations of extravagance, America's forests are vanishing like swiftly melting snow. Three-fifths have already disappeared, while we grow less than one-fourth our yearly consumption of timber. And yet, we sit idle in the face of impending famine.



This woodlot furnished the farm firewood, round timbers and lumber for repairs and construction. Fence posts, cut from stunted pines, and creosoted, were most of them good for many years' service after being set ten years (Courtesy U. S. Forest Service.)

Two means of meeting this condition present themselves—conservation and preservation. Conservation, while a national undertaking, can be greatly aided by the farmer developing his woodlot, as Prof. Hosmer points out.

Lumber Economy on the Plantation and Farm



Wood equipment—cane wagons, cane cars, barges, etc. should be carbosoted to protect from decay.

ON the plantation as well as on the farm [illegible] cay of structural wood appears as the chief reason for expensive repairs [illegible] on buildings and equipment. Whatever the cause—ordinary rot, dry rot or wood-destroying insects—this loss from decay is preventable.

Simple preservative treatments with Carbosota Creosote Oil are [illegible] that reduce repair and replacement costs. Furthermore lower grades of lumber, often available locally, will prove satisfactory, long enduring structural material when carbosoted. The savings effected by the use of Carbosota will pay the interest on loans which can be used for further development and improvement of the property.

There is no limit to the plantation equipment that can be insured against decay—sills, foundation posts and floor joists of buildings; derricks, wagon floors, cane-car floors and sills, etc. Sap-pine, cypress and tupelo shingles, which last, untreated but yet [illegible] a generation if carbosoted, and will not warp.

On the farm, Carbosota is also invaluable in keeping down building upkeep. It prevents the preservation of floors and sills of barns, sheds, chicken houses, pig pens and [illegible] ings, as well as for fence posts and the treatment of staves for silos before erection, etc.

Carbosoting wood for silos does not affect the ensilage. Carbosota [illegible] strongly repels the common species of rodent and vermin.

The planter or farmer will find Carbosota extremely easy to use; a paint brush, cheap spraying pump or home-made treating tank—either one will serve.

Write for booklet No. 451—"How to make Farm Timbers Rot Proof" or for free booklet No. 407—"Creosoted Wood for Sugar Plantations."

Hog houses and fencing provide exceptional opportunity for saving by treatment with Carbosota.

Meanwhile if we *all*, as individuals, follow efficient rules for preservation, giving our forests a chance to recuperate through sound conservation, the impending lumber crisis may be indefinitely postponed.

50% Saving on Mine Timber

Today the lumber problem in the mine is serious. Results gained from using perishable local woods are unsatisfactory, while the more durable grades are costly and difficult to obtain.

The life of timber in main haulage ways, main entries, or entries used as "air returns," can be lengthened from two to four times by Open Tank treatment with Carbosota.

In fact, every stick of timber used above or below ground, for temporary or permanent structures, should be carbosoted both for the preservation of the owner's pocketbook and as an aid to national conservation.

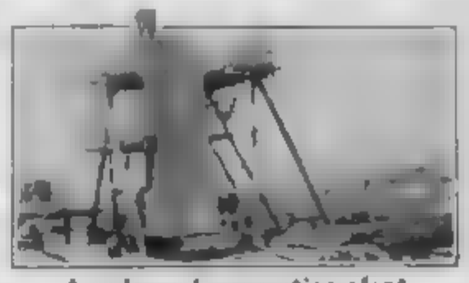
While proper preservative treatment requires a few simple changes in the present operations of the mine, it results in a saving of approximately 50% on the timber item.

Write for free folder, "Longer Life for Mine Timbers," No. 409.

Simple Open Tank process creosoting tank operated by a coal mine in Illinois.

Cut Car Shortage with Carbosota

Daily we read of the commercial tie-up due to the shortage of freight cars. Thousands of wooden cars are lying idle awaiting repairs due to timber decay. Preservative treatment of car timber with Carbosota will prevent—certainly postpone—rotting of floors, sills, and roofs, and the consequent tie-up of rolling stock. Carbosoting your car timber will cut your repair bills in half.



A cedar pole creosoting plant, showing charge in right hand tank.

The Ideal Roof Deck

Protected from decay by carbosoting, wood makes the ideal roof deck for paper, textile mills and all other buildings where excessive humidity exists. Carbosoting lowers the *per year cost* of the roof deck, prevention of decay reduces the fire hazard, while there is a great saving due to the fact that manufacturing operations are not interrupted by repair work.

Write for free folder No. 408, which covers the subject in great detail.

Removing decayed roof boards over textile mill—the penalty for neglecting to protect the lumber against decay before erection. (Courtesy F. J. Hoxie, Eng., Asst. Factory Mutual Fire Ins. Cos., Boston, Mass.)

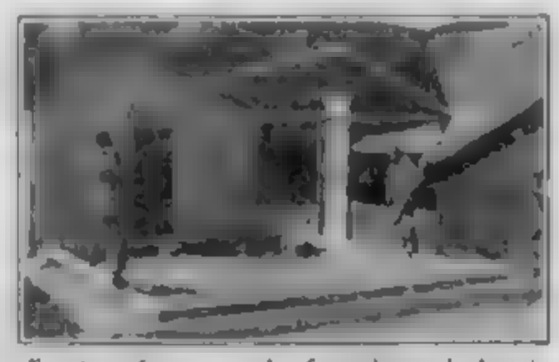
Treat Your Poles

Because of present production conditions, seasoned cedar poles are scarce. This is no reason, however, why pole users should not enjoy the economy of wood preservation. To meet the "green pole" difficulty, purchase the poles three to six months in advance, allowing them to thoroughly season, and then treat them with Carbosota by the Open Tank process. Several of the more progressive public utilities corporations have installed plants at comparatively small cost, for carbosoting poles and cross arms, as well as lumber for construction purposes. With such plants, it is also possible to salvage old poles, carbosoting the sound portions and using them for short-pole lines and guy posts.

We shall gladly send you free folder No. 406, entitled "Creosoted Poles are Economical."

Write Us Today

If you cannot obtain Carbosota locally, tell us, and we will see that you are supplied. Address all inquiries to our nearest office.



Erecting frame work of ready made building, manufactured by American Farm Building Co., Minneapolis. Sills and points of contact of uprights are treated with Carbosota.

Put up in 1, 5 and 10 gallon cans, also metal drums and tank cars

What is Carbosota?

Carbosota Creosote Oil is a highly refined and specially processed Coal-tar Creosote, particularly adapted to Surface treatments (brush treatment or painting, spraying and dipping), and the Open Tank process. It conforms to standard specifications.

Barrett

Carbosota

Grade-One Liquid

Creosote Oil

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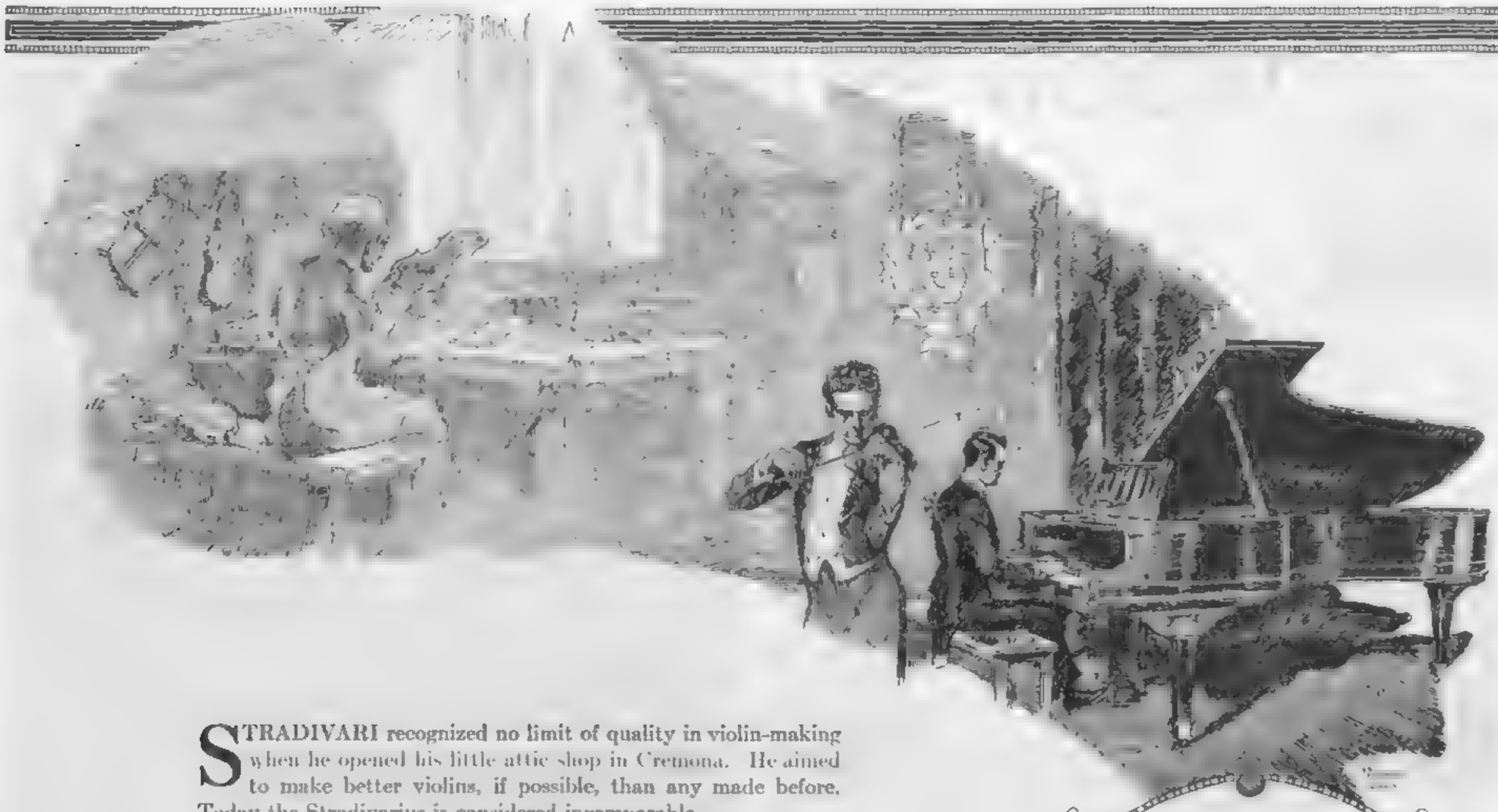

STRADIVARI recognized no limit of quality in violin-making when he opened his little attic shop in Cremona. He aimed to make better violins, if possible, than any made before. Today the Stradivarius is considered incomparable.

Many years ago, when The Baldwin Company began to build pianos, it recognized no limit of achievement beyond which it might not go. And ever since, its continuous aim has been to produce instruments with the care and skill that would make the name "Baldwin" stand for supreme excellence in the piano world.

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Built in its entirety by Baldwin. Not an assembled instrument. Available in any of the Baldwin Pianos. Grands and Uprights.

Enables you to play through the pedals as a pianist plays on the keys. Responds to the subtlest musical feeling. You *play* the Manualo: you do not *operate* it.

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Builder of Incomparable
PIANOS *and* PLAYER-PIANOS

The Wonders of Washington

UNITED STATES CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSION,
WASHINGTON, D. C., AUGUST 19, 1920.

THE EDITOR,
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Sir: In THE SATURDAY EVENING POST for August seventh there is an article by Mr. George Kibbe Turner under the caption "The Wonders of Washington," in which the following passages appear:

It [Washington] has nothing tangible whatever to trade for its living—it's not a producer in any way. It's a dead end for production—always taking in and never putting out. That's Washington—mentally, morally and physically. It's the town of the ultimate consumers.

. . . where everybody's making a business of consuming as hard as he can in place of producing.

Hundreds of them [government clerks] are window gazers, clock astronomers, just like the average schoolboy.

If they were working for you or me, producing, they'd know that they'd either show us a profit or get out. Here they know they won't get out unless a miracle happens—or they murder somebody. They're sure of their board and clothing, without worrying, just like the schoolboy.

There is a lot more to the same effect.

The Commission cannot believe that it was Mr. Turner's intention to give an impression that government employees are a species of parasite on the body politic, although it would not be difficult for an unthinking person to form that impression from his article.

The business of government, of course, must go on, and some thousands of employees are necessary to make it go on.

The Commission takes issue with Mr. Turner in his view that the government organization is not concerned in producing, but only in consuming. An entire issue of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST would not contain a specification of the instances in which the government force is directly engaged toward producing. A few outstanding examples, however, may be mentioned, such as the introduction into the United States by government employees of the navel orange; the fight to a standstill by government employees of the boll weevil; the work of government employees which resulted in raising Egyptian cotton in the United States; the practical eradication by government employees of yellow fever from the Southern States; the introduction into the mining industry by the Bureau of Mines of safety devices, which has resulted during the past ten years in the saving of thousands of lives.

The cotton boll weevil has been one of the most stubborn enemies of production that the Department of Agriculture has ever had to deal with, but the department's experts have at last found how to control the pest by dusting the field with calcium arsenate. Here is what it did on an abandoned field—a field where the weevils were so numerous that the farmer had given up all hope of getting a crop from it: The department men went in and cultivated it. They dusted a strip down the middle and left the two strips on the sides unpoisoned. One of the unpoisoned strips made forty-eight pounds of cotton to the acre, and the other sixty pounds. The poisoned strip produced 480 pounds of cotton to the acre. That meant $168 an acre more for that cotton than if the plants had not been dusted.

A story as interesting could be told about scores of operations of nearly every branch of the Government. But why go on? The tale would be practically endless. Are these things not a part of production? The Commission believes that they are and that any fair-minded man must admit that they are.

The technical and scientific forces must, of course, have the assistance of clerks, stenographers, and so forth. So they all have to do with production. Can it be contended that a bookkeeper in a shoe factory, for example, is not engaged in production—that only the manual worker at the bench produces shoes? That seems to be the Bolshevistic idea.

It may be said that these particular workers cited by the Commission are not in Washington, and that Mr. Turner's article specifies Washington. Every business must have headquarters in and be managed from some place. The government business is managed from Washington. The scientific and other workers in production in the field have their work outlined and directed in Washington. The work of the Farm Loan Board, the Land Office, the Geological Survey, the Reclamation Service, the various bureaus of the Department of Agriculture, the Bureau of Standards, the Bureau of Fisheries, the national banking system and every other government agency for production is, of course, managed from Washington.

As to "window gazers, clock astronomers" in the government service, the Commission is willing to go on record as saying that, considering the entire Federal civil service, the taxpayers of the United States receive a greater return in service for the amount of money expended in salaries than any other large employer in the United States. The backbone of the Federal civil service is made up of some thousands of underpaid scientists, clerks and others who stick to their government positions in the face of attractive offers from private business, because, it must be, of their love of the work itself, for the Federal civil service does offer an opportunity where individual tastes may be developed and where real, constructive work, big, interesting, clean work—may be done.

The Commission could fill another issue of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST with a specification of instances of unusual efficiency in the civil service, efficiency in spite of discouraging conditions. It is not claimed that the system is perfect. It can be improved by providing the most human of all incentives to work—that is, just reward for work well done—decent salaries, and promotions strictly on merit.

The Commission will be grateful if space can be given in an early issue of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST to this expression of its views.

By direction of the Commission:

Very respectfully,

MARTIN A. MORRISON,
President.

HASTINGS-ON-HUDSON, NEW YORK,
AUGUST 23, 1920.

EDITOR OF THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Dear Sir: About Mr. Morrison's criticisms of my last Washington article, "The Man in the Sack Suit," I think I can fairly say that in spite of its very agreeable and temperate tone it can hardly be held to represent accurately, either in its main contention or in its detailed specifications, the matter which it criticizes.

This particular article of the series—as you, of course, know, and as is shown, I think, quite definitely throughout the text and by specific statements at the end—is not a criticism of Washington *per se*, nor a statement that government has no natural and necessary activities, such as Mr. Morrison specifies at length in his second page; but a plea that Washington, following a great overexpansion and extension of her activities during and following war, should be restricted in her enormous expenditures and put back again into her own sphere, and out of work for which she is obviously unfitted.

In framing the article the convention of an old-fashioned individual type was used to give a mouthpiece to bring out the loss to the country by the extension out from Washington of a general attitude of mind and interest which I feel is inherent in human nature engaged in most activities under a nonindividualistic social organization.

That the main contention of the article—"the shoving of Washington back into the District of Columbia" and its necessity—is justified seems to be taken for granted by both parties in the current political campaign, by wide press comment; in fact, almost by general consent—even, conceivably, by Mr. Morrison himself. At any rate I hold it very strongly myself, as I have shown in the article in question.

So much, in general, for the main argument of the article. To particularize on Mr. Morrison's criticisms of it, I feel that his first page of excerpts from the text, when examined, have much of the proverbial misleading quality of any excerpts taken out of their context. The class of "window gazers and clock astronomers," for example, on which Mr. Morrison dwells with special emphasis, was distinctly shown to be but one type in the government forces.

The governmental activities mentioned on page two of his letter could scarcely be found to be belittled or under attack by my articles—even by an extreme extension of the observation of The Man in the Sack Suit that the fact that the lack of factory whistles and material production and individual commercial responsibility created a mental atmosphere in Washington which should be closely restricted to governmental work. That there must be a Washington, that society must have governmental activity, and that these activities which are mentioned are extremely useful were certainly not questioned in this article.

In the last of Mr. Morrison's letter—dealing with the relative efficiency of government and private employees, he passes into a province of individual judgment. His observation is, no doubt, vastly wider in this field than mine; but it also must unavoidably partake of his natural enthusiasm for his own specialty; and I feel that the comment which I have made on the mental attitude of a large section of Washington's clerical force is not only quite generally upheld by observers going into Washington from the ordinary business life of the country but that this attitude has been heightened by the special conditions in Washington through and since the war; and is being shown to-day very widely to the United States at large not only by the efforts to reduce the governmental force and pay roll but as well by the problem of the railroads in liquidating and rearranging the clerical forces inherited by them from the necessarily rigid and inflexible regulation of industry and employees, which has always been inseparable from government management, and of which Mr. Morrison himself seems to complain in the second from the last paragraph in his letter.

Yours very sincerely,
GEORGE K. TURNER.

UNITED STATES CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSION,
WASHINGTON, D. C., SEPT. 4, 1920.

THE EDITOR,
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Sir: The Commission has read with much interest Mr. Turner's comment on its letter to you of August 19, and your own reply.

It seems to be beside the point to raise a question whether or not the main contention of Mr. Turner's article was discussed in the Commission's criticism. Whatever else it contained, the article made certain definite statements that Washington—that is, the government force—is not concerned in producing, but only in consuming. The Commission took exception to that assertion. It expressed its views in the matter fully, and further comment on that subject seems unnecessary, except to say that the Commission does not find that separation from the context makes the excerpts appear any more or any less unjust.

The Commission stands by its claim that the taxpayers of the United States are receiving in service from the Federal civil force as a whole abundant return for the salaries paid. Yet the civil service is not at the highest possible point of efficiency.

The following is typical of letters received almost daily by this Commission:

"How can you expect to get first-class men for this work at $3000 to $3600 a year? We pay our men $6000 and expenses."

This letter came from the Western manager of a large oil concern and was prompted by the announcement by the Commission of an examination to fill a position of expert driller under the Bureau of Mines.

The employment policies of the Government should be such as to serve as a model for private employers. The present methods cannot so serve.

It is not fair to the employees to pay wages out of all proportion to living costs. Neither is it fair to the public. The Commission believes that adequate salaries and other changes would result in the release to private industry of a considerable number of men and women now employed by the Government. A more stable force would make possible a smaller force without decreasing the sum total of achievement. The average earnings of Federal employees in the District of Columbia for the year 1919 are estimated at $1320. The average outside the District of Columbia was certainly not greater.

The turnover in the government service is tremendous. Abnormal turnover, of course, means waste—lost motion and increased personnel. The Commission does not believe that the thousands of workers who leave the government service to enter private employment do so to "find the full producer's incentive," as you have suggested, unless by "producer's incentive" is meant the expectation of a fair return for their labor. The Commission has made it clear that, in its view, a strong producer's incentive exists in the government service, and that this incentive, the work itself, holds great numbers of the best public servants in spite of higher wages in private industry.

The Commission has some definite ideas as to how the civil service of the United States can be improved. Briefly stated, they are as follows:

1. A reclassification and readjustment of duties and salaries of government employees so as to correct inequalities which have arisen as the result of injudicious practices in the past and place government salaries in proper relation with those in private employ. This does not necessarily mean a raise in pay for everybody. It means fitting the salary to the job.

A large part of the force outside the District of Columbia has already been reclassified and readjusted. Effective July 1, 1920, the entrance salaries of postal employees were substantially increased and provision was made for automatic advances, depending upon good work, for a certain number of years, after which the rule of the survival of the fittest will prevail. This increase in the pay of postal employees, without corresponding increases in the pay of other Federal civil employees, has resulted in still

more confusion by creating a marked disparity in salaries of employees in different branches of the service who are engaged in practically the same grade of work. The natural result is that the postal service is being recruited at the expense of other branches.

2. A system of promotions on merit throughout the service under competent central jurisdiction. Haphazard practices in promotions have resulted in discouraging conditions. A system in which the employees themselves, the department interested, and the central governing agency are all represented is entirely feasible. This Commission is a firm believer in participation by employees in all matters which concern their welfare. No such system could be completely effective unless it held dismissal as a penalty for falling below a fair standard.

3. A provision for promotion of worthy subordinates to most of the more responsible and, therefore, the more remunerative positions, excluding policy-determining positions, such as cabinet offices. Under the present system the higher positions too often are held as reward for service to the political party in power. No lengthy argument should be needed to convince any intelligent person that the prospect of advancement through merit to the supervisory offices would tend to improve the quality of applicants for government employment and to increase the effort of the employees. Moreover, an administrative officer who holds his job because he has earned it is more likely to produce efficiency in the force under him than is a beneficiary of the plum tree.

A fundamental difference between the business of the Government and that of a private enterprise is that the government business does not aim at profits. Making money for his employer is the ultimate test of the worth of an employee in private business. The expectation of reward for results produced is a spur to effort. The test of money profits is lacking in the government service, but incentive to work need not be. The way to establish real efficiency in the public service is by so improving conditions that employment by the Government may be regarded as a career earnestly to be sought; by establishing a real merit system, in which the employees themselves participate, which promises reward for work well done, dismissal for failure.

It is difficult to estimate how many Federal employees could be released to private business under proper employment methods, but it is believed that the number would be worth while.

On June 30, 1916, there were 480,327 persons employed in the executive civil service of the United States. The best estimate that can be obtained at this time is 691,116, as of July 31, 1920. This total shows the present force to be more than 200,000 greater than the prewar force.

The foregoing figures cover the entire Federal civil service, both at home and abroad, and all grades and classes, from the highest executive or diplomat to the alien laborer working on the Panama Canal, and the humble charwoman. They include the administrative forces of the Emergency Fleet Corporation but do not include workmen in shipyards under the corporation or employees on merchant vessels. They also include 40,996 fourth-class postmasters, whose average compensation is not over $400 or $500 a year, 17,772 clerks in third-class post offices and contract postal stations, who receive only nominal pay from the Government, and 19,179 contractors on mail routes.

On June 30, 1916, there were 35,477 Federal employees in the District of Columbia. The highest figure reached in the District of Columbia during the war period was 117,760. On July 31, 1920, the force in the District of Columbia was 90,360.

The net reduction in the District of Columbia, therefore, has been about 27,000 since the armistice was signed. The reduction in the field has, of course, been much greater.

The figures for the District of Columbia are practically exact. Strictly accurate figures for branches outside the District of Columbia have been unobtainable since the United States entered the war. Large numbers of field officers throughout the country have been furnished with lump-sum appropriations, and many thousands of temporary employees have been added and dropped from time to time with such rapidity as to make it out of the question to make any reliable compilation as of a certain date.

The total for the whole service on July 31, 1920, which has been stated as 691,116, is reasonably accurate. The Commission is now taking steps to compile strictly reliable personnel figures.

While the Federal civil service force is now more than 200,000 greater than before the war, it does not seem possible to reduce it by that number. Further heavy reductions, however, are to be expected as a matter of course.

Principally by acts of Congress, the duties of most branches of the service have been tremendously increased, and some bureaus have been created which did not exist before the war.

The civilian forces of the War and Navy Departments must be maintained at an increase in proportion to that in the military and naval establishments and programs. For example, the mechanical and laboring forces at navy yards and naval stations throughout the country numbered approximately 21,000 before the war. Now the number is more than 85,000.

Larger appropriations necessitate larger clerical forces. It requires more bookkeeping to administer the expenditure of $4,000,000,000 than it did for $1,000,000,000.

The Bureau of Internal Revenue has a greatly increased force to collect the taxes and to administer the prohibition act. The Department of Justice also is affected by the latter.

The Bureau of War Risk Insurance now has about 7000 employees, as against nearly 17,000 at the highest point.

When the Liberty Bonds were sold during the war they were put out in temporary form. Now the facilities of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing are taxed to the utmost to print the bonds in permanent form, while the clerical work necessary to exchange them for the temporary issues is considerable. The payment of interest on these bonds and similar details will keep a large force busy.

The Bureau of the Census is now employing between 6000 and 7000 temporary workers on the fourteenth census.

The Adjutant General of the Army needs a much larger force than his prewar staff to perfect and maintain the records of 4,000,000 more soldiers.

The Civil Service Commission has more work to recruit for a force many thousands greater than before the war, especially under existing abnormal conditions.

To the foregoing may be added the increased force of the Interstate Commerce Commission, the air service of the Post Office Department, the United States Shipping Board, the Federal Board for Vocational Education, the work in connection with the civil service retirement act, which is divided between the Bureau of Pensions and the Civil Service Commission, and many other additions.

The civil force can and will be reduced considerably below the present figure of 691,116, but it seems certain that the prewar figure of less than 500,000 never again will be reached.

It costs the taxpayers of the United States considerably more than half a billion dollars a year to pay their Federal employees. That is a very good reason why they should interest themselves in the kind of men and women they employ, the conditions under which they work and the manner of their working. Taxpayers can have a civil service that is as near one hundred per cent efficient as necessary governmental regulation will permit as soon as they interest themselves in the institution sufficiently to insist upon a businesslike administration of the public business.

To the public that means improved service to those who foot the bills, through improved morale of the workers and through retention of highly trained men and women now leaving the service in great numbers because of attractive offers from private business, as well as a reduction in the number of workers necessary to keep the machinery of government in motion.

As you have said, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST has recently printed articles containing constructive criticism of departmental administration. These have been read with profit by this Commission.

The Commission expresses its appreciation of the fairness of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST to both sides in matters of controversy.

By direction of the Commission:

Very respectfully,

MARTIN A. MORRISON,

President.

Editor's Note—These letters are presented as an interesting contribution to the discussion on a reorganization of the nation's business. Our views on this, as on other matters, will be found on our editorial page.

SMALL-TOWN STUFF

By ROBERT QUILLEN

A Fable

IN A CERTAIN land there lived an important citizen, a slave and a number of ordinary men. The important citizen owned a large tract of land, cultivated it diligently and prospered. His ego grew with his wealth, and constant reflection concerning his own worth taught him to think himself greater than the law.

One morning he announced his intention of trampling across a cornfield owned by a poorer neighbor and seizing the goods and lands of the ordinary men who dwelt near him. The ordinary men and the slave, drawn together by a common danger, procured weapons and met the important citizen in combat. In the midst of the battle the slave burst the chains that bound him, and forgetting all else save his new-found liberty retired from the fray to enjoy his freedom. The ordinary men fought on until the important citizen was beaten to his knees, and having exacted from him certain lands and goods as penalty for his sins retired to their homes to mend their wounds.

Moderation is taught by satiety. When one who has been destitute becomes wealthy he will scatter his money to the winds. One who has a new car feels a compelling urge to step on her and discover what she can do. Liberty made the slave drunk, and having had no experience in self-control or training in respect for other influence than brute force, he slew his master, wasted the master's goods, and developing thus an appetite for plunder set out to seize the goods and lands of the ordinary men, as the important citizen had done before him.

Now the ordinary men had by hard experience learned the strength of union, and each realized that the new menace was more terrible than the old; but each was engaged at the task of cultivating the lands he had taken from the important citizen; each felt his sore spots and shuddered at the thought of another conflict; each felt the need of preserving his strength lest the important citizen should endeavor to start something a second time; and the division of the important citizen's goods had left each a little suspicious and a little envious of the other, so that no spirit of comradeship held them together.

The slave, having nothing to lose and being without scruple, pillaged the fields and corrupted the servants of the ordinary men, and the land was given over to loot.

The moral is not that slaves should be kept chained, but that free men should remain close together and keep their clubs at hand until a liberated slave has had his fling and settled down to a calm and orderly existence.

Imagination

SOME men are submerged by circumstances. Wright was submerged by a sense of his own little importance. When in the presence of other young men he felt inferior because he could not say the cynical and dare-devil things they said. When in the presence of young ladies he felt inferior because he could not patter nonsense and parry the good-natured shafts of their wit. At the factory he flushed each time the foreman addressed him, and felt his heart pound when the superintendent walked briskly past his machine. He did his work well and at night he studied, determined to be worthy of promotion if some miracle should bring him opportunity and the courage to accept it.

One evening he read an ancient story of a wonderful king who quit his throne at times and worked incognito as a tailor in order to learn the hearts of his people. As a tailor the king endured many affronts, but they affected him little, for he was forever conscious of his hidden royalty.

Wright found the story a key to a new world. He pretended being a king in disguise. When those who formerly had made gibes and found pleasure in his discomfiture sought again to make sport of him he smiled tolerantly and went his unruffled way as a good king should.

One morning the foreman did not appear for duty, and the superintendent and the big boss spoke in grave tones of his sudden death and the lack of a man to fill his shoes.

Wright heard, and said to himself: "I am a king and by no means as worthless as I seem." Then he left his machine and stood in front of his superiors. "I heard you speak of the foreman's death," he said. "I have studied his job for two years in order to be ready for it. I can handle it and you can depend on me."

The big boss and the superintendent exchanged astonished glances and then turned again to measure Wright. In his face and bearing they saw the calm assurance peculiar to men who know their jobs and see visions of bigger things, and they said in unison: "You are foreman."

One may feel more important than he is, but few are more important than they feel.

Bon Ami Powder

Wonderful for Linoleum!

Made in both cake and powder form

You'd think it was *new* linoleum now, wouldn't you?

There's a wonderful absorptive power in that soft, crumbly Bon Ami Powder—it just drinks up grease and grime like a sponge!

You can clean linoleum by any other method you please and then immediately make a visibly cleaner bright spot on it with Bon Ami Powder.

For linoleum, congoleum or oil cloth.

Two Million

A sensational success was registered when Auto-Lite Number 2,000,000 was shipped.

It is needless to emphasize that this unparalleled volume could not be possible except for highest quality—quality that has been maintained consistently for ten years.

As a manufacturing feat in its field this achievement is remarkable—but even greater is its proof of public approval. The demand for Auto-Lite from car builders and car owners is based on confidence, born of perfect performance and backed by most effective service.

More than 2,000,000 cars are equipped with Auto-Lite Systems.

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SENSE AND NONSENSE

Generally Shocked

RILEY WILSON, one of the best story-tellers who ever came out of the South, loves to go to horse races when he is not playing politics in his own state. Indeed he owns a string of race horses.

At the Latonia track once during a meet Riley ran into a friend of his from Tennessee, and in the goodness of his heart gave him a tip on a horse which Wilson had entered for one of the events. The friend excused himself and went away for a few minutes, and when he returned to where Wilson sat in the grand stand he confessed that he had wagered practically every cent he had on Wilson's entry; which admission might be taken as evidence of sporting blood, inasmuch as it developed that he had never seen a running race before and never before had wagered any money on one.

The gee-gees were off to a flying start. At once Wilson's horse and another contender took the lead. Together the pair of them fought it out all the way round, the field floundering in the ruck far behind them. Neck and neck the leaders swung into the home stretch, and neck and neck they thundered toward the goal. A scant ten feet from the wire the rival horse gave a convulsive leap and won by half a nose from the Wilson colt.

As this dreadful thing happened, Wilson's friend fell back in his seat, pawing at himself with both hands. Rallying slightly he proceeded to take inventory, as it were, of various parts of his anatomy.

"Was it much of a shock to you?" asked Wilson.

"Much of a shock?" echoed the loser. "I ain't been all over myself yet, but as fur as I've gone here's what's happened to me: My watch is stopped, both my suspenders is busted and my glass eye is cracked right through the center."

Two Reasons for Going

SOME years ago E. H. Sothern revived the famous comedy Our American Cousin, playing the part of Lord Dundreary, the same part in which his father had delighted another generation of playgoers more than a quarter of a century before. Afterward in discussing the success which had attended his own interpretation of the rôle the younger Sothern told this story:

"You know the piece ran for many months in London at the time when my father was starring in it. One night in the middle of the second act a foppishly dressed person of a bored aspect arose from his seat in the third row of stalls, put on his coat, yawned and started up the aisle.

"My father stepped to the front of the stage and said: 'One moment, my dear sir.'

"The departing patron halted and looked back.

"'What is it?' he asked in a drawl.

"'Did you know that there are two more acts after this one?' said my father.

"'Oh, yes,' said the swell. 'That's why I'm going.'"

The Song of a Shirt

THERE used to be a newspaper man in New York who was noted for two things, namely: His generosity to his friends and his utter inability to show any responsibility in the matter of discharging financial obligations.

"Blank is a curious chap," said a fellow writer one day in speaking of him. "If you needed it he'd give you the shirt right off of his back—but he wouldn't pay the washwoman for washing the shirt."

Moral Health

AN OFFICIAL investigator was inquiring into health conditions in a rural district down South. In his search for facts he interviewed a negro preacher.

"Parson," he inquired, "do you have many cases of pellagra among your people?"

"Mistah, my flock is probably de most moral passel of colored folks in dis whole state," stated the clergyman. "Dey ain't nary one of 'em been arrested for pellagra in goin' on two years."

His Regular Address

THREE times within the space of one week a vaudeville actor, well known on Broadway, was escorted to the same police station and booked on a charge of intoxication. On each of these occasions friends who had learned of his embarrassing position bailed him out. Late Saturday night he was brought in again, with a policeman supporting him upon either side.

As they held him upright before the station-house desk the offender fixed a wavering eye upon the face of the lieutenant who sat facing him. "'Ello, loot," he said thickly, "have you got any mail here for me?"

Mr. Einstein's Restraint

BARNEY BARNARD, the Hebrew comedian, says that a coreligionist of his was called on the telephone by the cashier of the bank where he kept his funds, to be informed that his account appeared overdrawn to the extent of seventeen dollars and forty cents.

"Is that so?" inquired the depositor. "Say, listen, mister, would you look and see how much money of mine was in your bank one month ago to-day?"

After a brief examination of the books the cashier reported: "One month ago to-day, Mr. Einstein, you had a credit of two hundred and twenty dollars."

"So-o-o!" said Mr. Einstein. "Vell, did I call you up?"

Uncle Gip's Complaint

THERE is a corner in a Southern state, down near the Mississippi River, where formerly lynchings occurred more frequently than they do these times. In the days before the rural-free-delivery system was adopted, Uncle Gip held the contract for delivering the mail in this neighborhood. So regular was he that the residents almost could set their clocks by him.

But one day he was nearly two hours late in reaching the end of the line, where there was a tiny crossroads hamlet. Just as the citizens were forming a posse to set out in search of him, in the fear that some mishap had befallen him, Uncle Gip ambled into view.

"What delayed you, Uncle Gip?" asked the postmaster. "Did you happen to an accident, or did an accident happen to you?"

"Nary one, or both," stated Uncle Gip. "But about ten o'clock this mornin' jes before I crossed Mayfield Creek I come to where somebody had done left a nigger hangin', right thar in the public road. Well, suh, my mare she got skeered and shied back, and I jes natchelly couldn't make her go past him noways; so finally I had to tear down a panel of rail fence and lead her through the gap and lay the fence back up again and go through the woods down into the hollow and ford the creek and then tear another gap in the fence before I could get back again on the turnpike—and that was what kept me so late." Uncle Gip paused a moment and then went on again in an aggrieved tone: "Honest, boys, it does look to me like there oughter be a law against havin' a hangin' in the public road."

It's Half the Sport!

Half the fun in any sport is to be properly dressed for it. Your clothes must be smart. They must cling to every curve, follow every movement of the body, and yet allow the maximum of freedom and warmth. It is upon this principle that the "NAVY-KNIT" sweaters are fashioned. Made from the finest wool or the purest silk, they fit the form perfectly, and wear like iron. There is a "NAVY-KNIT" sweater for every occasion and we guarantee every one to give absolute satisfaction.

The sweater depicted above is No. 1150 A Shaker Sweater of heavy tight knitted all wool, heavy roll collar belt with loops and knit-in pockets. Colors Navy, White, Brown, Myrtle Green, American Beauty, Peacock, Buff. Sizes: 36 to 46. Price, $15.00 each.

Same style for men, without belt No. 1120. Colors Navy, White, Green, Brown, Oxford. Sizes 36 to 46. Price, $14.00 each.

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DEALERS—Get behind the NAVY-KNIT line and you'll profit. Guaranteed Quality Merchandise—big values—quick service—free window display—newspaper cuts—moving picture slides—backed up by continuous National Advertising. Write for samples.

BEEMAN'S

ORIGINAL PEPSIN CHEWING GUM

Clean White Teeth

Clean white teeth add much to the charm of men, women and children.

The use of soft foods, rapid eating and imperfect mastication, by checking the flow of saliva, are depriving the teeth of nature's cleanser.

The use of Beeman's Original Pepsin Gum ten minutes after each meal and before retiring, by stimulating the flow of saliva, will help to preserve the beauty and strength of the teeth.

American Chicle Company
New York Cleveland
Chicago Kansas City
San Francisco Rochester

A NEW TRAVELER OVER AN OLD ROAD

(Concluded from Page 11)

A banker may be sentimental when sitting round his fireside at night, but during the day he should look truth squarely in the face and remember that he has depositors to protect.

Only in religion is the faith of our fathers sacred; in everything else we improve upon their methods, when possible, and regard this course as natural and proper. More than seventy years have passed since my father was in the flush of his early manhood and thought out his problems. Should I always light my way by his torch? I trust my children will improve on my errors with as much filial respect as I have tried to improve on the errors of their grandfather; I am an elderly man myself, and do not consciously lack charity for mistakes in men dead and gone. During the fifty years I have been my own master I have seen many phases of life in many places, but if I have respect for a single unworthy thing I do not know it; when my frail human nature has caused me to neglect the best lessons in life I have suffered mental or physical punishment. But I have some beliefs and practices my father did not accept.

Exaggerating the rewards of virtue is in bad taste. A man may practice all the virtues and not be notably prosperous or happy; but he will get along better than the idle or unscrupulous. A good man will have pains and difficulties as surely as the wicked man, but he will have fewer of them. This is about all that may be truthfully said in favor of virtue.

At my home in the West I am frequently able to buy Southern vegetables in early spring for less than the home crop costs in August. This is a blessing, but it does not come from philanthropists; it is the result of the industry of men engaged in getting. The brotherhood of man owes me little except assistance of this kind.

The vital lessons of life do not come from secluded men occupying capitol or cloister, but from the busy market place, where everything is tested intelligently. I once knew a man who had been married three times and was saturated with practical life. I have heard him say that as a boy he carried his shoes to school, before putting them on, that they might last longer. His only experience with colleges was that late in lifejhe was a trustee of one. But he was very useful in what Thoreau would call a disreputable way—that is, he built houses and gave employment to men. I never heard of his reading much, and he was not very agreeable, but I loved his society because of his common sense; his fund of real information was so great I could get more out of him in half an hour than I could get out of Adam Smith, John Stuart Mill or Henry George in a day's reading. He made a good deal of money, but when he died we observed he took nothing with him except one suit of clothes. What he did for his town and community still persists; we are still enjoying the fruits of his energy; our young men still quote him as an example; finally, we have forgotten the mean stories on him, and do him justice.

The devil is dead; but he never took so much interest in your misconduct as your neighbors did. And the neighbors are still here to watch you.

A young husband complains because his wife cannot cook as well as his mother. But he was careful not to marry an old lady with his mother's experience.

In this age of freedom and impudence it is a wonder that any man confesses he is a bad grammarian; he might easily claim he is right and Lindley Murray wrong.

A new idea is not enough; it must be a good idea also. I have no wish to write a well-rounded or eloquent sentence that will cause anyone to believe that which is untrue or unfair.

When a man makes a promise and asks for more time in which to carry it out, be charitable; probably you have promised too much and asked for an extension of time.

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

(Concluded from Page 38)

rivers, control over which is assumed by the Federal Government. Development of Niagara power is restricted by an international treaty limiting the diversion of water from the Niagara River to 20,000 cubic feet per second, all of which is now utilized.

Probably the most important new development that will likely speed up the utilization of sources of energy in the eastern part of the United States is the provision for a superpower survey, which measure was one of the final acts passed by the last Congress. This law provides for an investigation that may result in the construction of a superpower line from Washington to Boston, and the establishment of a comprehensive system for the generation and distribution of electricity to transportation lines and industries located in the region mentioned. Though the handling of electricity over high-voltage lines is only in its infancy, the country already has a number of examples which indicate in a small way what may be accomplished. What is said to be the highest voltage transmission on record is the line from Big Creek to Los Angeles, which carries 150,000 volts for a distance of 240 miles. The longest high-voltage transmission line covers the 539 miles from Mono County, California, to Yuma, Arizona. This line carries 87,000 volts. Other lines that are in contemplation on the Pacific Coast are to carry 220,000 volts, and many engineers believe that this high figure for voltage will not mark the limit.

There is no denying that some of the chief difficulties confronting the electric-utility companies have been lessened if not removed by recent state and Federal legislation. However, there is much yet to be accomplished if we are to insure our future from industrial handicaps due to a power deficiency. Experience has shown the advisability of each state creating a state commission to regulate and control all public utilities. This will tend toward standardization of regulation, which is not possible under local regulation. The members of the state commissions should be appointed rather than elected, for in the latter case they are frequently embarrassed by political policies and platforms in the consideration of questions which should be decided only on sound economic and financial principles. The best opinion also favors substituting indeterminate permits for term franchises, so that the companies will have the right indefinitely under proper regulation and during good behavior, with provisions for the equitable adjustment of rates from time to time, as occasion demands. Such a plan would tend to eliminate controversies, which inevitably impair the public service and injure the credit of the companies involved, as well as the value of their securities.

Many of the utility companies are encouraging the sale of their securities to customers and resident citizens, and this has not only provided them with much-needed capital for development purposes but has given them the friendship of solid citizens in their community. One recent investigation indicated that upward of 500,000 customers and citizens in the United States are actual holders of public-utility securities with a market value in excess of $100,000,000.

Recent developments in many states have shown plainly that the public does not desire cheap service at the expense of efficiency. The average citizen is a fair-minded individual and is willing to pay a reasonable price for the things he gets. He does demand, however, that all the facts of the case shall be placed at his disposal so that he may thoroughly understand the situation and act with his eyes wide open.

A day seldom passes without affording beneficial uses for Listerine

Take Listerine With You on the Hunting Trip

With Listerine at hand ready for immediate use, minor injuries may be properly cared for and the chance of their developing into anything serious minimized.

When applied at once to cuts, scratches and burns, Listerine helps to prevent infection.

As a mouth wash, it helps to protect against impurities which are often found in water and food. It also tends to prevent the development of bacteria which attack teeth and gums.

Listerine is a beneficial lotion for use after shaving.

Keep it always within easy reach for its service as a part of daily hygiene and for prompt application in case of minor emergencies.

Manufactured only by
LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

LISTERINE

the safe antiseptic

Helps make your teeth last a lifetime

Teeth don't decay of themselves. A "decayed" tooth has been eaten into by chemical agents in tiny particles of decaying food. Eliminate these dangerous particles — from infancy on — by using half a teaspoonful of MILTON in a tumbler of water as a mouthwash. It will help preserve the teeth and keep the gums sound and healthy.

2 SIZES 50c and $1.00

EACH MAKES GALLONS

Does 101 Things and really does them

MILTON is a combined germicide, antiseptic, sterilizer, deodorizer, stain-remover and bleach—differing from anything ever before known.

MILTON *is just* "MILTON"

Use MILTON in a gargle and nasal spray for protection against germs acquired from others. Bathe cuts and abrasions with it, to cleanse them from microbes and help them heal promptly. Apply it to burns and other skin irritations to draw out the inflammation and soreness. Sterilize baby's feeding bottles with it; put a little in baby's bath. Use it for bleaching and removing stains from white linen and cotton.

SAFE TO HAVE ABOUT

MILTON is non-poisonous; non-corrosive, non-inflammable, yet does its great variety of work swiftly and efficiently. Get the booklet with each bottle. Write us if your Druggist or Grocer does not yet sell MILTON

ALEX D SHAW & CO

NEW YORK

OUR COMMERCIAL RELATIONS WITH CANADA

(Continued from Page 22)

There was a time when our commerical relations with Canada were freer than they have been with any other foreign country. It was during the period from 1854 to 1866, when our commerce was carried on under a treaty of reciprocity. The conditions leading up to the negotiation of that treaty were somewhat peculiar. England had abandoned her old colonial policy and had repealed the preferences that she gave to colonial imports. This measure struck a severe blow at the wheat and lumber interests of her North American possessions. What were then known as Upper and Lower Canada—that is, Ontario and Quebec—were the most populous and prosperous of those possessions, but their prosperity had depended in large measure on their access to the British market for their agricultural products. When the advantages they had enjoyed there were taken away they found themselves in serious difficulty. There was even some talk of annexation to the United States, but the more conservative leaders contented themselves with asking for freer trade with the republic to the south.

For nearly a decade efforts to establish reciprocity were unsuccessful, but eventually, owing in the main to the efforts of the mother country, an agreement was reached which actually provided for free trade in natural products. It was accepted by the United States chiefly because it also gave equal rights to the inhabitants of both countries in the enjoyment of the Atlantic Coast fisheries and provided for the reciprocal use of Lake Michigan, the St. Lawrence and the canals. When the treaty was finally adopted it applied to the other North American provinces equally with Upper and Lower Canada.

Abrogation of the Treaty

In later years there was much dissension as to whether this treaty benefited in greater degree the British colonies or the United States. But the obvious fact stands out that during the eleven years when it was in operation our trade with Canada increased about threefold and that for a long time afterward no such rate of growth was maintained.

The abrogation of the treaty occurred in 1866. There had been rather clamorous opposition to it on the part of the fish, coal and lumber interests of the United States. Ill feeling had been caused also on this side of the border by the fiscal policy of Canada's Finance Minister, Sir Alexander Galt. Projects of internal development had made it necessary for Galt to increase the Canadian revenues, and to that end he raised the tariff on all articles that were not enumerated in the treaty, which meant most of the important imports from the United States. He also provided that in valuing imports for duties the value should be taken not in the country of origin but in the country from which articles were directly imported. This meant that European manufactures going to Canada through the United States paid duty not on their European selling price but on their selling price in the United States. Such a provision tended to destroy the business of American jobbers and carriers who served as middlemen in the trade between Canada and the Old World.

But the chief argument for abrogation advanced by Senator Morrill, as leader of the attack on the treaty, was found in our own need of revenue. The United States Government, in the years immediately following the Civil War, was under the necessity of raising revenue from every possible source. The treaty with Canada not only prevented the charging of duties on the greater part of our imports from that country but also hampered the imposition of an internal tax on American produce with which the imports from Canada would compete. The lumber business, for example, in this country was prosperous and was thought to be in position to contribute handsomely through taxation to the needs of the Government. But it would have been an anomaly to tax American lumbermen while admitting lumber from Canada free of duty.

In addition to these motives for abrogation it should be remembered that there was in this country immediately after the Civil War a widespread feeling of resentment at what was thought to be sympathy for the Confederacy in Great Britain and in Canada. There appears to be little doubt that both Congress and the public were strongly influenced by this feeling at the time that the abrogation of the treaty was under discussion.

Canada and the Maritime Provinces had prospered greatly while the treaty was in effect. They had found in the United States a market for their natural products which could not readily be substituted elsewhere and they felt anxiety for the future when this market was closed. For thirty years, therefore, the Canadian authorities repeatedly attempted to renew the treaty which had been in large measure responsible for giving Canada a start on the highway of development.

All the Canadian overtures were rejected by the United States, and frequently with a brusqueness that hurt the pride of the Canadians and kept alive a feeling that this country intended to use its strategic advantage in commercial matters to take away Canada's political independence. This interpretation of American motives was wholly wrong, for except in the case of a few poorly informed Americans there was neither expectation nor desire in this country for Canadian annexation.

On the contrary, there was in general a distinct feeling of good will toward Canada and a fairly widespread willingness to renew easier commercial relations with her. But this attitude was opposed by a small group of active and influential men representing special interests or special policies who were opposed to any form of reciprocity.

The arguments used by these men sometimes were based on the need for revenue; sometimes on the unfavorable balance of trade that had prevailed while the treaty was in effect; sometimes frankly on resentment at the attitude of England and Canada toward the Confederacy; and sometimes on the doubtful constitutionality of reciprocity arrangements. But the chief objection and the one most widely urged lay in the belief that reciprocity in any form and with any country would be a blow to the principle of protection which was dominant in American commercial policy.

These arguments and objections were the more successful because of the indifference of most Americans to Canadian trade and the prevailing ignorance about Canada and Canadian possibilities. During the twenty years between the panic of 1873 and the panic of 1893 the general commerce of this country grew rapidly, but our trade with Canada made up little more than five per cent of the total. Naturally, therefore, it did not loom large as a matter of importance to many American business men. For Canada, on the other hand, the situation was different. The trade with the United States at that time already averaged upward of forty per cent of her total commerce and, together with her trade with Great Britain, it constituted nearly all that she had.

Mr. Fielding's Observation

It was the abrogation of the Reciprocity Treaty and the unfriendly expressions with which it was accompanied that induced the British North-American Provinces to form a confederation in 1867, since known as the Dominion of Canada. This accomplished, the Canadians turned to the development of home industries and the opening of routes that would give them access to the markets of the Old World.

As Mr. Fielding, Minister of Finance, said in 1899: "Whatever our American friends may have intended by their trade policy, there is one thing they certainly have done; they have made Canadians more independent and self-reliant and have caused them to look more steadily than before to their home market and to their markets over the sea, where there is an open door. . . . Therefore the market of our friends to the south of us is much less important to us that it was a few years ago and we are better able to do without reciprocity than we have been at any previous time in the history of Canada."

The hope for reciprocity died hard, however, and it came up in connection with practically every discussion between the two countries until the end of the century. The last attempt made by the Conservative Party was in 1891. At that time Mr. Blaine, who was our Secretary of State, insisted that any commercial arrangement with Canada should not be limited to natural products but should include a list of manufactures and that the reduction of duties accorded to this country should be exclusive and should not apply to imports from England. The Canadian commissioners replied that Canada could not afford the loss of revenue that such an arrangement would entail and could enter into no agreement from the benefits of which Great Britain and her colonies were excluded. "The announcement of these conclusions of the Canadian commissioners," said Mr. Blaine, "was accepted as a bar to further negotiations on this subject."

There was no formal disavowal of reciprocity on the part of either Canadian party. Indeed, the Liberal platform in 1893 contained a strong reciprocity plank and the Canadian tariff until 1897 continued to include an offer of reciprocity with this country in natural products. But everyone knew that in such form it was no longer a practical issue. During the discussion of the Alaska boundary question by the Joint High Commission in 1898 the subject was broached by the Canadian members, but an agreement does not seem to have been ardently sought, and when Sir Wilfrid Laurier returned to Ottawa he announced: "There will be no more pilgrimages to Washington. We are turning our hopes to the old motherland."

More Recent Negotiations

In the following decade Canada bent her efforts to developing her trade overseas at the same time that she was fostering by every possible means her domestic industries. Among other measures to promote her foreign trade, two were of prime importance—those, namely, that dealt with transportation and with the tariff. She spent enormous sums on railways to open up the vast western regions and to get an all-Canadian route for their products to the sea. The maintenance of these costly undertakings made it necessary that henceforth traffic should run east and west rather than north and south.

"Canada," said a speaker in the House of Commons last May, "has already spent hundreds of millions on these enterprises and may have to spend many millions more. Her only chance to prevent that investment becoming a dead loss is to keep a steady flow of traffic moving from east to west and from west to east. If ever it becomes diverted to a north-and-south direction her transportation plant might as well be scrapped."

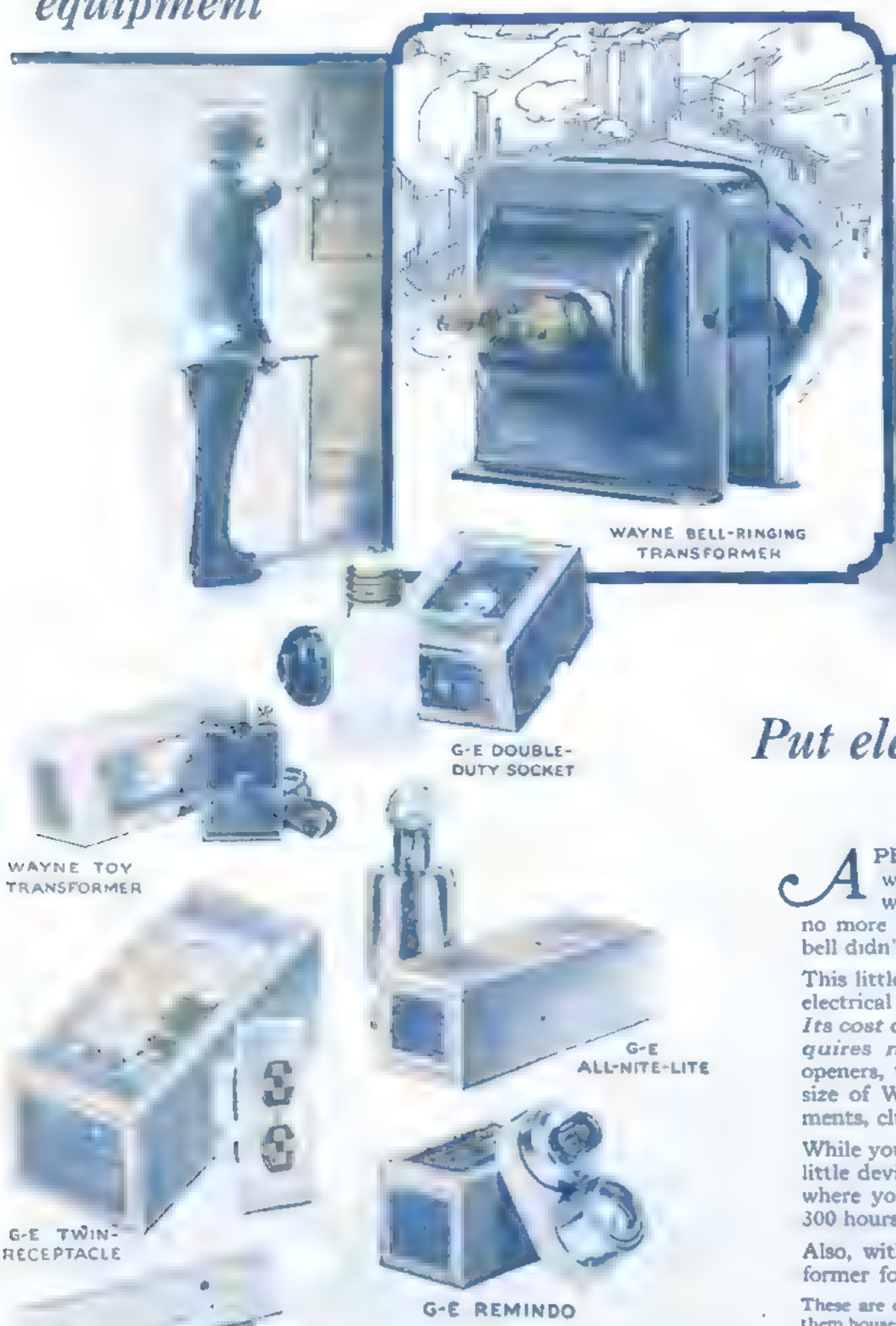
It was and is the hope of Canadians that business enough will develop in the Dominion to feed her expensive railways, whatever may be the growth of trade with her southern neighbor. But for many years to come their needs must be kept in view when commercial legislation is under consideration.

The tariff enacted by the Liberal government in 1907 and, with no impressive changes, still in force, was drawn in three schedules; the highest applied to countries with which Canada had no special agreements; the lowest contained the British preferential rates; and the intermediate provided for rates that might be applied to imports from countries that were willing to make equivalent concessions to goods of Canadian origin. On the basis of this provision Canada negotiated an agreement with France under which each country gave reduced rates to certain imports from the other. Out of this grew a new movement for reciprocity with the United States in 1911.

The American tariff of 1909 had provided that goods imported from any country discriminating against us should pay duties higher by twenty-five per cent of their value than similar goods from other foreign countries. On the ground that the arrangement between Canada and France put the United States at a disadvantage, our Government requested equal concessions on our products. Tactfully and wisely President Taft and Sir Wilfrid Laurier, then Prime Minister, settled the immediate cause of trouble, and out of their discussions there developed a much wider plan for reciprocal reduction of duties. The motives for this measure, its scope and its probable operation, if it had been put into effect, are set forth in a report recently completed by the

(Concluded on Page 59)

In planning electrical improvements, don't forget that your door bell can be as dependable as any other feature of your home equipment



Put electric light service behind your door bell

A PERMANENT cure for a sick door bell is the power plant which furnishes your electric light, connected to the bell with a Wayne Bell Ringer. No more batteries to wear out, no more disappointed callers or undelivered packages because the bell didn't ring.

This little transformer, attached to the wires in your house by any electrical contractor, will prove a lasting friend of the whole family. *Its cost of operation is negligible, its life unlimited, and it requires no care.* Bells, buzzers, annunciators, fire alarms, door openers, thermostats—all of these may be operated by the proper size of Wayne; and there are sizes for hospitals, schools, apartments, clubs, fire stations, hotels, etc.

While you're buying electric things, look at the All-Nite-Lite, a tiny little device for hallway, sick room, front porch, or any other place where you want "some light all night." You can burn this lamp 300 hours for 10 cents.

Also, with Christmas in mind, ask to see the Wayne Toy Transformer for running electric toys from the lighting socket.

These are only a few suggestions—there are 3000 G-E wiring devices, many of them household conveniences. Look for the blue and orange picture package when you buy things electrical.

An interesting booklet on electric wiring and wiring conveniences, written in language you can understand, may be had free by addressing Section J-16 *General Electric Company, Schenectady, N. Y.*

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GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

A Week-End Party Introducing The DUO-ART PIANOLA

Miss Castleman's School

DADDY DEAR:

You say I seldom write you a long letter unless I want something. Well, this is going to be the exception. It's going to be a long letter, because I have lots to tell you, but its main object is to tell you of something *you* want—something you need *very* badly.

Father, I had the most wonderful time at the Lawrenson's over the week end—it seems like a fairy dream to me.

I arrived Friday, late in the afternoon, but before any of the family came home. After taking off my things I went down to watch for Eleanor, who I knew was at a matinee. The drawing-room was in semi-darkness. I went to the window and looked out.

A downy snow-blanket lay over everything. The sun had left a faint rose flush in the West and just above hung the slender, silver crescent moon. One by one the lights began to twinkle in the park; the sky purpled slowly. I stood spellbound and listened—for softly to my ears, as if to paint indelibly upon my mind the lovely winter scene before me, came Music—

Chopin Played Tenderly, Bewitchingly

I listened almost breathlessly to the end. Then leaving the window, walked across to where stood a grand piano. Then I paused; *there was no one there!*

But as I hesitated, half startled, a low laugh greeted my ears and Eleanor rose from a dim corner and came toward me. Greetings over, I turned again to the piano.

"That might have been Paderewski," I said, still wondering.

"It was," she rejoined. "This was Father's Christmas present to us. It is a Duo-Art Piano. Let me show you the secret."

Paderewski's Playing Made to Live Forever

SHE lifted a section at the front, disclosing a perforated music-roll.

Paderewski played it, and as he played, these cuttings were made in the roll and each touch of his fingers, each tone shade, each phrase of his interpretation was made to live forever. Just as Paderewski played his beloved Chopin at Aeolian Hall one day before he sailed for Poland, you hear it when we put this roll in the piano and press this little lever."

A Theatre Party

I listened to two or three lovely numbers and would have sat for hours drinking in the wonder of it, but Eleanor bore me away to dress for dinner, and the theatre. Six of us went to see "Buddies" that night; Eleanor's brother Jim, with two college friends of his and her cousin Nan, who is visiting her, too. Such a corking show—we enjoyed it immensely. The next morning we three girls went down to Aeolian Hall and bought a Duo-Art Roll of two of the quaint, dainty songs from "Buddies" made into the snappiest Fox-Trot.

Dancing to the Music of the Duo-Art

SATURDAY night they had a dance—fourteen couples. The drawing-room was cleared for dancing, and such music as the Duo-Art gave us! Daddy, it is the weirdest, most fascinating instrument! Imagine at one time its playing Chopin with all of Paderewski's genius; at another, perfect dance music; one-steps, fox-trots, the dreamiest of waltzes—as though possessed of the very spirit of Terpsichore—dashing it off with a richness, a sparkle, a clear pulsing rhythm that would make a wooden Indian dance!

Singing to Perfect Duo-Art Accompaniments

Then in the interims between dances, Eleanor would put in the piano a music-roll of a popular song. Many of them have the words printed right on the roll, and what fun it was to gather 'round the piano and sing.

The vocal event of the evening, however, was Jim's clear, well-trained tenor singing Frank La Forge's "Like a Rose Bud," played by La Forge himself. The world's greatest accompanists and song-writers are making record-rolls for the Duo-Art; can you imagine what this would mean to a singer or vocal student?

The Magic of Josef Hofmann

When it was announced the next day that we were going to hear Josef Hofmann at Carnegie Hall, my cup of joy was full. For two hours we sat in that great dim hall and listened to the piano magic of Hofmann. Then home, and seated in the fire-lit dusk, we conjured the same magic music—reveled at close range in the ravishing piano playing of the master.

His technical perfection, his incomparable beauty of tone, that mystic quality which only Hofmann evokes from the piano, were as clearly distinguishable as they had been earlier in the day at Carnegie Hall.

What inspiration—what education for anyone studying music to be able to hear at leisure over and over the inspired art of the great pianists such as Gabrilowitsch, Novaes, Grainger, Ganz—forty of them there are—who play records only for the Duo-Art!

Daddy, dear, that Sunday afternoon, I pictured a Duo-Art in our living-room and you and I sitting on the sofa, my head on your shoulder, listening to the music that is dearest to both of us—the things Mumsie played so often when she was with us—the "Melody in F," "The Evening Star," "Kamennoi Ostrow," "To the Spring."

Great masters have played them for the Duo-Art and they sound to me as though they played them with special tenderness and sympathy, knowing they were to place the benediction of beautiful music in countless homes—to bring sweet memories to instill the love of good music in the breasts of little children, to light the dimming path of those grown old!

L'ENVOI

I AM sending you a beautiful Duo-Art Catalogue by registered mail. Of course, the Duo-Art costs more than a *plain piano*, but not so very much, and it is so wonderful—it is worth anything that anyone who loves music can afford to pay. If I thought I would find a Duo-Art when I come home for Easter vacation, I should like, oh! so much to have a week-end party like Eleanor Lawrenson's, with the crowning touch of joy added by the presence of the nicest Daddy in the whole world.

Your Betty

THE AEOLIAN COMPANY

LONDON PARIS NEW YORK CITY MADRID MELBOURNE

Makers of the internationally famous Phonograph—the Aeolian-Vocalion.

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Gentlemen:
Kindly send me your illustrated catalog of the Duo-Art Piano.

Name _____

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Foremost Manufacturers of Musical Instruments in the World.

(Concluded from Page 56)

United States Tariff Commission. After long and acrimonious discussion it was passed by Congress; but it was defeated in Canada, where it formed the main issue in the general election of 1911, which brought the Conservative Party back into power.

The chief arguments for the rejection of reciprocity in Canada turned on the protection of her industries against American competition, the maintenance of the railways, the encouragement of trade overseas, the retention of natural products for manufacturing at home and, above all, the danger of weakening the connection with Great Britain by promoting closer relations with the United States.

At present public men in Canada are disagreed as to whether these arguments would still be strong enough to defeat reciprocity if it could again be submitted to the people. A motion to accept it was defeated in Parliament by the Conservative majority a little more than a year ago. But the Liberals in their platform express an earnest hope "that a favorable moment may come when there will be a renewed manifestation by the two governments of a desire to make some similar arrangement"; while the Farmers' platform demands "that the reciprocity agreement of 1911 be accepted by the Parliament of Canada and that any further reduction of the tariff of the United States towards Canada be met by a similar reduction of the Canadian tariff towards the United States."

Mr. Crerar, president of the United Grain Growers and recently Minister of Agriculture, said in the House of Commons: "I believe that Canada from one end to the other is in favor of it and that this would be amply demonstrated if a dispassionate verdict could be obtained from the people."

In this country a bill to repeal the Reciprocity Act passed the House of Representatives last October without opposition, but the Senate failed to act upon it. The general attitude in the United States is well stated by former Governor McCall, of Massachusetts, under whose leadership the Reciprocity Act first appeared in Congress. He said soon after the bill to repeal it had passed the House: "If it is ever again to become a practical issue, the initiative will have to proceed from Canada. After one emphatic rebuff our country is not likely to appear in the position of coaxing a neighbor, and coaxing her for something that is vastly more important to her than to us."

Mutual Interests

And now what light is thrown on future policies by the story of our former relations?

Turning first to our own country, it is clear from our past negotiations that at different times Americans have been influenced by different reasons in refusing to make special terms for trading with Canada. One reason only has been permanent, but that one has been fundamental and sufficient to account for our policy. It is found in the belief that foreign trade should not be allowed to interfere with the welfare of domestic industries. That belief has been far from universal, but it has been held by a majority of American voters for more than half a century. It is true that until recent years no serious competition in manufacturing was to be feared from Canada. But Canada has never wanted free trade in manufactures. What she so long tried to get was free trade only in natural products, mainly in agricultural produce, lumber and fish, and to get this the concessions she offered in regard to manufactured goods were few and slight. To Americans the benefits of such a proposal appeared too insignificant to justify discriminating between Canada and other countries. The Republican Party, which remained in power with brief intermissions from the Civil War to 1912, regarded Canadian reciprocity as a threat to protection, an entering wedge for free trade with the world and a one-sided bargain that promised nothing worth having to this country.

The adoption of reciprocity in 1911 and the addition to the free list two years later of many Canadian products indicated a change in American policy that was more apparent than real. These things were done not because the doctrine of protection was weakening its hold on men's minds in this country. They were done because the majority in Congress believed that the high prices prevailing showed protection to be unnecessary for the industries involved, while additional supplies of food and raw materials would check the rise in the cost of living and would conserve our waning natural resources.

A recent report of the United States Tariff Commission shows that under our present tariff Canada receives on the whole terms about as liberal as those provided in the reciprocity agreement. Some eighty-five per cent of all she sends us now enters the American market free of duty and on identical terms with the domestic products of one of our own states. Whether or not these terms will be maintained appears to depend on two things: One is the effect of this trade on American industries, a subject on which the Tariff Commission is now preparing a report to Congress; and the other is the policy that Canada may adopt in the forthcoming revision of her commercial relations. Her adoption of an unfriendly or discriminating program cannot fail to affect the policy of this country.

Canada's public men fully appreciate the importance of her trade with the United States, but there are three things they put above it as vitally affecting their country's permanent welfare.

Canadian Development Policies

The first of these things is the need of revenue, a need that has enormously increased by reason of the war. The tariff still remains the Dominion's most important source of income, and it would be difficult to devise other taxes that would make up for a great reduction of duties on what she buys from this country, which has amounted to more than three-fourths of all her imports.

Of even greater influence in shaping her commercial policy is the second consideration, which consists in the will of her people that Canada shall be economically as well as politically independent; a well-rounded, self-conscious, self-reliant nationhood is the aim of all political parties in the Dominion. "As far as I am concerned," said a member of Parliament in May, "I will readily admit anything that looks like national self-assertion; anything which advances Canada along the road of nationhood appeals to me." His words express the universal feeling of his countrymen. They believe that this advancement to nationhood requires settlers for the vast empty spaces, populous and busy cities, great and diversified industries, traffic on their costly systems of railroads and canals and more and well-paid employment for labor.

If these things can be achieved by restricting her commerce with the United States, Canada is prepared to make the restrictions. It is necessary only to make sure that the proposed restrictions will fulfill their desired purpose and not result in crippling some Canadian industries through artificially fostering others.

Heavy duties on American coal, for example, might bring some benefit to the Nova Scotia mining industry, but it would damage the coke and coal consuming industries farther west. Again, there has long been a Dominion statute authorizing the imposition by order of the governor and council of an export duty on crude and partially finished nickel. The purpose of such a duty would be to compel Americans to bring their capital and laborers across the Border and manufacture the nickel in Canada. Thus far the governor and council have not found it expedient to impose the duty. The Canadian press has widely advocated a similar export duty on asbestos. At one time the government favored a policy of taxing the export of logs so as to draw into Canada the American capital invested in sawmilling, but representations from this country accompanied by threats of retaliation led to abandonment of the plan. The separate provinces, however, which own a large part of the supply of pulp wood, have for years prevented its export from the public lands. America has protested in vain against the restriction, and it has been necessary for American paper manufacturers to transfer to Canada many millions of dollars to erect and operate plants where the raw material could be procured.

These measures and proposals illustrate the length to which Canada is prepared to go in regulating commerce for the purpose of internal development. What new restrictions, if any, give promise of national benefit the present government proposes to ascertain by investigation. To that end it has announced that a tariff commission will be created and directed to report on conditions in the Dominion for action at the next session of Parliament.

There are at present two other parties besides the Conservative, which is in power. The older and stronger of them, the Liberal Party, adopted a platform last summer demanding "substantial reductions in the burdens of customs taxation . . . diminishing the very high cost of living . . . reducing the costs of the instruments of production in the industries based on the natural resources." To that end it asks, however, for free importation only of the principal foodstuffs, machinery for farms and mills, oil, fishermen's equipment, cement and fertilizer; and for a reduction of duty on clothing, footwear and articles for general consumption.

Mr. Mackenzie King, the party leader, interpreting this platform in Parliament last month, said: "While the Liberal Party has not stood for free trade it has stood for freer trade; and while free trade is not possible, in view of conditions as they are in Canada at the present time, and is not being advocated, so far as I am aware, by any political party in this country, that is no reason why, as regards the necessities of life, we should not have cheaper food and cheaper clothing and cheaper shelter, if it is possible to have these things and at the same time get what we need in the way of revenue through such a tariff as it may be expedient to impose."

Preferential Tariffs

Obviously the program of the Liberal Party calls for a commerce less restricted than at present, but it should not be forgotten that this party when it last was in power made little appreciable change in the protective system that had been built up by its opponents and that the general tariff rates to-day are much the same as when the Liberals went out of power in 1911.

The third political party is composed of the farmers, and its chief strength is in the newly settled prairie provinces. Its platform calls for an all-round reduction of the tariff and efforts to secure "unrestricted, reciprocal trade in natural products with the United States along the lines of the reciprocity agreement of 1911." But though the leaders of this party hope to exert a certain influence on political developments, the prospect of their controlling the Dominion's commercial policy appears to be remote.

There remains yet one other matter that Canada puts above her commerce with the United States: it is her position and opportunity in the British Empire. The retention of her intimate relations with the mother country as a constituent member of the empire is as much a part of her political program as is the development of her independent nationality. The fear that closer relations with the United States might weaken the ties that bind her to England was the argument most widely used for the rejection of reciprocity in 1911. It may be accepted as settled that Canada will consider no commercial convention that would give this country a preference over Great Britain. On the contrary, she now gives, and appears ready to increase, a marked preference to British trade. For twenty years she had admitted British goods at lower rates of duty than goods of American origin.

The attitude of the Conservative Party toward this policy is found in the recent budget speech of the Minister of Finance, who said: "The principle of trade preference between the different members of the Britannic Commonwealth should be maintained and extended from time to time to such degree as may be found practicable and consistent with Canadian interests."

As for the Liberal Party, its platform demands "that the British preference be increased to fifty per cent of the general tariff."

The platform of the Farmers' Party goes further and urges that the tariff be amended "by reducing the customs duty on goods imported from Great Britain to one-half the rates charged under the general tariff and that further gradual uniform reductions be made in the remaining tariff on British imports that will insure complete free trade between Great Britain and Canada in five years." This seems to make the sentiment unanimous in favor of British preference and room is left for party disagreement only as to the amount of it.

Future Trade Relations

Canada takes a sort of motherly pride in the policy of showing special favor to trade within the empire. It was she that gave it origin and first put it into effect. Since she began it in 1897 it has spread to the other self-governing British dominions, and more recently it has been favored in the Crown colonies and other dependencies. At first only the mother country was given a trade preference, but gradually the practice has been extended to include the trade among all the members of the empire. Only recently an agreement was completed between Canada and the British West Indies. The terms of the agreement are said to include preferential tariff rates and arrangements for promoting direct trade by maintaining steamship lines and better cable and postal facilities.

Thus far the United States has made no protests against Canadian discrimination in favor of British trade as against trade with us. Indeed it has not as yet very greatly affected the course of commerce. But extension of the preference along the lines now proposed will give cause for serious consideration by this country when its own commercial regulations are taken up for revision.

The adoption of a policy by Canada with the special intent of compelling the transfer of American industries across the Border and of diverting trade from the United States to other countries must be regarded with grave concern.

The relations between the two countries have never been more friendly than they are at present. Arrangements have just been completed for the maintenance at Washington of a Canadian minister plenipotentiary, who will have charge of Canadian affairs and who, in the absence of the British Ambassador, will represent imperial as well as Canadian interests. In discussing this arrangement before the Canadian Parliament, Sir Robert Borden, the Prime Minister, said: "The intimate association between the people of the United States and Canada has led to a very perfect understanding between the peoples of the two countries. Perhaps there are no two nations in the world between whose peoples a more perfect comprehension exists at the present time than that which does exist between the people of Canada and the people of the United States."

It would be an unpardonable lack of wisdom to allow this mutual understanding and good will to be marred by bickerings over commercial restrictions. Tact and good will averted a serious tariff war in 1910. Assuredly it is not too much to suggest that in the approaching readjustment of their tariffs and other regulations both countries not only will weigh the importance of their mutual dependence but also will manifest in their measures the friendliness that they undoubtedly feel.

No Better Examples of Over-Values

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MITCHELL now introduces new attainments in coachwork and appointments—extra-fine bodies that are fitting companions to the splendid Mitchell chassis.

You can't possibly appreciate the significance of this offering until you have visited a Mitchell dealer and seen the Mitchell Sedan and Coupé. We offer them as a climax of many years of experience.

These new-style bodies are our own design and are executed in our own coach-building plant. This, while seemingly a simple statement, is the secret of all the extras, all the betterments.

We are able to put into these bodies what would otherwise have to be left out if we bought Mitchell bodies on the open market, as is the usual custom. But we do not have to pay an outside profit.

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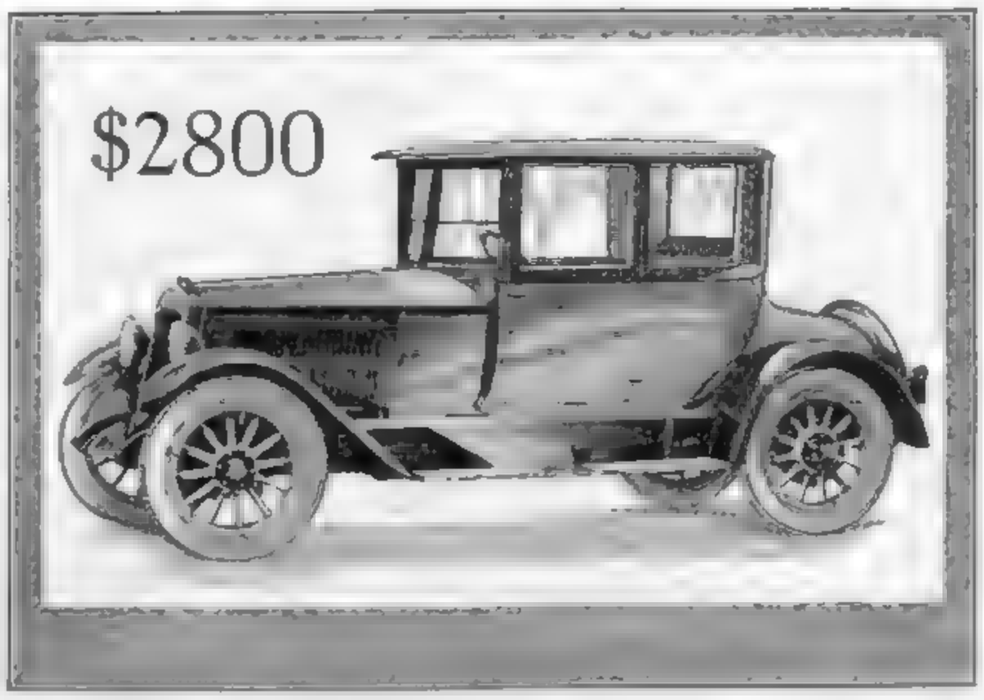
We not only save for you this major way, but in numerous other ways. And we turn every saving into an added betterment.

As instant and obvious proof of what this means to you and how you profit by it, consider the roominess of all Mitchell Models. Here every opposite of skimpiness is brought out.

Were you to see these sedan and coupé bodies in the making, you'd note the finest rock maple and white ash used in the frames—not ordinary birch or gumwood.



MITCHELL PRICES: *The Touring Car and the Roadster, $1750. The Sedan, $2900. The Coupé, $2800. F. O. B. Racine, Wisconsin, not including war tax.*

You'd be surprised at the unusual number of extra-strong bracings. And you'd see the entire body and doors sheathed in moulded metal.

Examine the chassis, as well as the body. Note the *braced* frame and the long cantilever springs, with their rebound leaves that make shock absorbers unnecessary. These help to give Mitchells their wonderful riding ease—one can ride all day and not tire.

Note the Refracting Windshields which make night-driving as safe and pleasant as in daylight because all glares are absent.

All four wheels have Timken thrust bearings, not merely two. The steering knuckles have castor bearings, a costly-car practice.

A book which merits study

To itemize all the Mitchell betterments would take more space than this page. So we have prepared an illustrated description, which will be sent upon request, or which may be obtained from a Mitchell dealer.

In justice to yourself and your family, familiarize yourself with the Mitchell before you make a choice. Contrast it with other cars of equal price. See if you agree that it brings the utmost for your money.

A Mitchell dealer will be glad to point out all the Mitchell features and show the many examples of extra-fine workmanship.

MITCHELL · MOTORS · COMPANY · INC · RACINE · WISCONSIN

HONEST NATIONAL READJUSTMENT OUR TASK

(Continued from Page 19)

and his relationship to suffrage. Both topics have been talked about, but more seldom discussed. Giving precedence in this interview to the cost of living, what is your message?"

"It will be necessary for this country to import foodstuffs, just as now it is importing petroleum, if our growth in manufacturing and urban pursuits in the next few years holds its present momentum," the nominee replied; and after a moment's pause he vigorously continued: "Food supply is closely related to transportation. Of course we assume that our transportation systems—that is to say, railroads and merchant marine, waterways and public roads—will keep pace with production. The problem then reverts to the farms. What of the farm? How shall we consider the interests of the farmer?"

"To begin with," I observed, "profits on the farm should, everything else considered, equal the income enjoyed in industrial work. At least the farms have lost men and tenants and even owners to the cities, especially under the stress of wartime wages."

"Exactly. It is well to propagate interest in owning one's home in the cities, but it would be well, too, for the nation at large to increase or popularize the own-your-farm movement.

"Country land suffers more from sporadic tenancy than city land, because the temporary farmer in a short time skims the productive cream from his farm and then departs.

"The constant and steadily increasing migration of our people from the farms to the cities makes it imperative that we seek the cause, to the end that the influx to urban centers be lessened. The disproportionate number of urban and rural inhabitants is a positive menace to our well-being as a people. Our farmers are constantly complaining of their inability to keep their sons and daughters upon the farm, to say nothing of the hired man. There are thousands of men and women in our cities who would have done or would do better in the country. Yet no effort has been made to stay this unwise transfer of habitation, except in theory, or at most in desultory action on the part of only a small portion of the people.

"Is it any wonder that the Department of Agriculture is sounding warnings about next year's food supply? Our farming people are of the bone, fiber and mentality to face courageously all questions. Why not go further?

"Nor would it be enough merely to see that in dollars and cents the farmers' income shall keep pace with industrial compensation. The farmer wants his children to have an education; he wants them to have not a chance, but every chance. A great deal has been done to further rural education both by the nation and by the states, and the war helped in getting added results from Mother Earth for a time. Now production is slackening, and such a thing should not be."

The Contagion of Profiteering

"It is well to remember, too, that the shifting of population from farm to city has been followed by a serious congestion in centers where millions, already employed and even saving money, are entirely dependent upon the decreasingly fewer others for the food supply.

"But the price of foodstuffs, and all else that is known as the cost of living, depends upon more than the ideal farming life through improved facilities and communication methods. The burden of taxation has its effect. Too many turnovers is another burden. Yet our whole economic status seems to be unnatural. Prices are high, and they will remain so until we seriously dedicate our efforts to the wiping away of things that came with the war. A turn for the better would be inevitable as soon as government expense is reduced, as I have already said. It has been repeated so often that by this time everyone should well understand that we are going to have more or less of an inflation so long as the national debt remains large. But as soon as the exorbitant taxes are modified or eliminated, as the case may be—and the Democratic Party will lose no time in undertaking the task after it obtains the November mandate from the people—relief can be looked for.

"The dollar is an evidence of frugality and thrift. In many instances it is the reward of virtue. Yet there have been cases where the dollar was looked upon with too intensive thought. That led to what has been commonly termed profiteering. It has been a recent contagion. If we find that in the commercial relations between men the lust for gain is satisfied by artfully created privilege, then the common law must be invoked to bring it to an end. If the law is insufficient, the quicker we know it the better. If a state does not possess the constitutional right to pass the necessary legislation, then it is in order to change the Constitution. That process is the very essence of evolution, and government must keep pace with the times and with conditions. If I am called to service as President, means will be found to combat the tribe of profiteers which multiplied under the favoring circumstances of war."

Policy Toward Aliens

"Profiteering and sovietism—Bolshevism and anarchism," I suggested, after an exchange of ideas about the situation in Europe as I found it there during a visit last year, "go hand in hand, or are mentioned in the same breath. Often immigration is thoughtlessly confused with Bolshevism, and the tendency seems to increase to regard the alien seeking shelter on our shores as a man under suspicion. What of that?"

"Well," Governor Cox said, "we speak all too flippantly of Americanism somehow. We gain the idea that if we were born in this country and we have been here since our first, second, third and fourth grandfathers, we are the true Americans. The truth of the matter is, if we go back far enough we will find that our forefathers all came from overseas, and that those whose forefathers perchance came later than ours are entitled to be taken on the test of their records here, and in many instances—most instances, of course—they are as good Americans as we are.

"There is some hysteria over the subject of active elements in this country that are menacing to government. There is no danger in the situation, though it might be aggravated if the governmental policy of restraint and common sense that has endured through the years were to become one of force and terrorism.

"If the alien, ignorant of our laws and customs, cows in fear of government—our Government—he is very apt to believe that things are much the same the world over, and he may become an easy convert to the doctrine of resistance or rebellion. But let us distinguish between the ignorant but well-intentioned immigrant and the professional revolutionist, of which we have a few in this country, whose sole business is to mislead his fellow countrymen. With him we must not temporize, and yet unless we are commonsensed we will martyrize him; and that is just what he wants.

"If a well-meaning alien fails to understand us we cannot make him do so by terrorizing him. In that case we succeed merely in making him believe that the boasted freedom of America is a myth and that we are just as they are in his country. It is our task to educate him patiently and painstakingly, and to make him understand in his own way that though his idea of freedom and ours differ, especially in what the average alien now speaks of as his individual freedom, American freedom has a quality that does not need advertising to make it revered and sacred. I have found that that method works splendidly in Ohio. And now what else?"

"Now the League of Nations, in a few words if necessary," I retorted promptly, though aware that he would elaborate his position during the campaign by the time this interview appeared. There have been unmistakable indications that the nomination of Governor Cox would be interpreted in some quarters as a defeat for the Wilson Administration. That President Wilson should have certain preferences, either political or personal, is beyond discussion, and

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Do you realize how children now revel in Puffed Grains, which a few years ago were unknown?

Millions now enjoy them, morning, noon and night. And think what a change they've wrought.

Now they eat whole wheat as never before, because it comes as bubbles, airy, crisp and toasted, eight times normal size.

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But they are foods—not tidbits

The flimsy texture and the nut-like taste make Puffed Grains seem confections. Let them seem so, for foods should be enticing.

But Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice, remember, are simply whole grains exploded. They are made by Prof. Anderson's process. Every food cell is blasted for easy, complete digestion.

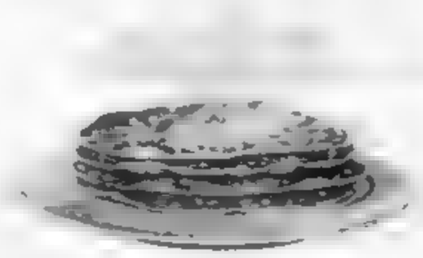
They supply whole-grain nutrition in the best forms known. Let them supplant the lesser grain foods in every way you can.

Puffed Wheat

Puffed Rice

Puffed Corn

Also Puffed Rice Pancake Flour



The new pancakes

Now we mix ground Puffed Rice in a perfect pancake flour. The Puffed Rice flour makes the pancakes fluffy and it gives a nut-like taste. You never knew pancakes half so delicious. Ask for Puffed Rice Pancake Flour. It is self-raising, so you simply add milk or water.

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Sole Makers

3448

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FROM every angle the Durham-Duplex stands for a saving. A saving to your face—your time—and your pocketbook. The famous hollow-ground, oil-tempered Durham-Duplex blades remove your beard like magic, without a trace of smarting. They do it in jig time, too—their extra length and extra sharpness put real speed into every stroke. And lastly, by reason of their marvelous oil-temper, plus two shaving edges, they give you the greatest shaving mileage. They're the longest, strongest, keenest blades on earth. If you want to shave and SAVE there's nothing like the
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immaterial. The nomination effected, therefore, the next step was to measure their relationship.

"As a matter of public topic the League of Nations has deliberately been turned into a purely technical discussion by those who oppose it. It has reached controversial stages, and the public has showed evidence of fatigue. Now, however, that the Republican leaders have proposed its destruction public interest is revived. Have you realized that it is taking a longer time formally to establish peace than we were in waging and winning the war? Yet that is a fact. Count the months! By the arbitrary exercise of authority a conspiring band of men seated in the Senate of the United States stood out as the self-appointed spokesmen of their countrymen. The very action which they prevented, that of ratifying peace with Germany, held the affairs of nations everywhere disjointed and impotent. In short, civilization stood bound and gagged in their control, while their insensate thirst for partisan advantage struck them dumb to the woes of the darkest hour man has ever known.

"Charges and countercharges have been made, but we easily recall the bad faith exhibited in the controversy in its early stages. The dissenting group of senators violated every precedent maintained throughout the years in an effort to vent political spite. The fact is that the Republican leaders, obsessed with a determination to win the presidential election, have attempted to satisfy too many divergent views, wholly inconsistent with the idealism of the Republican Party in its prosperous days.

"So now they approach the campaign of 1920, ready to make a separate peace with Germany, and then after such peace is made an understanding will be sought with the nations of Europe to take the place of the League of Nations. This indicates that opposition to the League of Nations was without patriotic impulse.

"Public interest is reverting to this subject. I am sure that opinion—responsible American public opinion—will render its verdict in words that cannot be misunderstood. The voters of the country, under our system of government, can and will remedy the situation, and I have faith that they will speak accordingly at the elections next November."

Government by Party

"Do you mean," I asked, "that in the event the Democratic Party is elected to succeed itself the entire treaty and league will be considered anew by the substituted representatives of the people in accordance with their vote?"

"It means that our platform does not prohibit any additions—call them reservations or interpretations, as you will—that will be helpful. It speaks firmly, however, against any action that disturbs the league's vital principle. Reaching an agreement with our associates in the war in the treaty with Germany is now of pressing importance, and it is the duty of our party, as we see it, that the agreement be reached as soon as possible.

"We hear a good deal of government by party from the opposition. How is this to be interpreted? Is it to be government by the leaders of the Republican Party who are now the leaders in the United States Senate? Or is some process to be devised under which the controlling thought of the great rank and file of the Republican Party is to be ascertained?

"The action of the Chicago convention in the naming of its candidate would indicate that the leaders control. No attention was paid to the result of primary elections. The will of the rank and file was not registered for Senator Harding. He did not get a majority vote in a single state, not even Ohio, and in no other state did he obtain a plurality. We are justified in the conclusion therefore that government by party means by the senatorial leaders.

"I was not nominated by any senatorial ring or any other sort of a ring. I did not attend the convention. No deals were made or promises given. In consequence I am a free man. The Constitution leaves a very definite executive authority in the President. He should, of course, take counsel, but in the last analysis with his conscience only If I were to have a senatorial oligarchy exacting service on the plea of gratitude for services rendered in the convention I should find myself unable to live happily with my conscience, and certainly I could not render honest service to the country.

"In conclusion, I may say that government as a science must make its improvement along the same practical lines which develop system, simplification, classification of kindred activities and better administrative direction in the evolution of business. The personal equation which ties into executive responsibility is reflected upon the men selected by the executive to take charge of certain administrative or other departments. The aim will be to select the men responsible for the departments or who occupy any position of responsibility to meet the highest requirements of integrity and capacity. Exactions of public office have become as rigid as in the professions, and appointments should be made with this understanding. The ancient policy of appointments induced largely by spoils or friendship will prevent the accomplishment of what our people now demand."

The Astounder

By this time we had reached the door, for I had risen to take leave, because other callers were waiting, and as it was opened the quiet of the inner office vanished and our final exchange of words was half drowned by the clicking of telegraph instruments and typesetting machines. But the batteries evidently had been augmented in the meantime, and the rumble of a press somewhere below—two or three stories perhaps—served as a sub-bass accompaniment to the din at our level.

If my memory serves me right, it was not, this, my first meeting with Mr. Cox, because somehow memory tried to revive the circumstances of a former meeting at Washington, in the Capitol, during the days he was a representative from Ohio and I was reporting. But the meeting evidently must have been an impersonal one, as frequently happens when an isolated item is sought from a man whom the reporter does not expect to interview soon again.

"Were you interested in the good roads legislation?" I asked.

"Yes, I took special interest in that subject," Governor Cox replied.

"Then it was in connection with a story about good roads that I came to you," I explained.

"Yes," he replied, "and we had a common interest, too, in the preservation of wild life, which was up in Congress then."

In those days, between 1908 and 1912, Mr. Cox was merely one of three hundred or so congressmen, and nobody knew that he had been named the Astounder in his early newspaper days because of his frequent use of the word "astounding." And the editor of a Cincinnati newspaper once asked, "Who is this chap using these big unusual words?"

It was Cox, reporter, a student of the dictionary, who in the first flush of reportorial glory—and none but those who have had a first assignment and seen the story printed and been paid for it can measure that grand and wonderful feeling—used all the big words he knew. In later days, as with other reporters, big words have been avoided or merely served as the basis of better understanding when someone else used them—particularly a member of Congress!

James Middleton Cox, nominated for President of the United States in the Democratic national convention at the conclusion of a forty-four ballot struggle, after the most savage contest in convention history, is a newspaper man, first and last. Like his distinguished opponent, Senator Warren G. Harding, Republican nominee, printers' ink must flow in his veins, and in good American parlance, that is noble blood. It has been reported that he is governor first, publisher second and farmer third.

My impression is not that. He is a plain citizen first; he is a man of the home second, by his intense interest in his farm, crops and livestock, and this personality merges with his journalistic profession, so that it is difficult to say if the profession should be considered third. Perhaps it were better to say that, second, he is a newspaper man, because it has been his success as such that enabled him to say, "This is my own piece of Ohio, U. S."

Yet he has been so methodical that every available waking hour of the twenty-four he allots to certain tasks. In the first case, as plain citizen, to his gubernatorial duties,

(Concluded on Page 65)

Allen A

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Allen A

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(Concluded from Page 62)

and now to his party engagements too. When in Columbus, as he enters the State House, he is governor, and nothing distracts him from his duties. Whenever he can he motors to Dayton or goes by train. There he attends to his newspaper interests. When he wants to be a farmer he drives four or five miles to beautiful Trailsend—a poetical rather than picturesque name—and there he submerges all his other selves, and lo, we have an American farmer!

It is not a pastime with him, farming, but a matter of business—in dollars and cents. All the equipment is of the latest pattern, but the farm must earn it. He has no time to be a gentleman farmer, as we have come to regard the term as a retired capitalist occasionally donning overalls, strap boots, a straw hat, a wisp of broom corn southeast of his nose, and growing nervousness at the approach of a playful bull calf.

No, Farmer Cox means a hard worker who knows all the chores from splitting wood to testing seed.

But with all his responsibilities he finds time to have other interests. The latest is treasure trove. He expects to search for buried treasure, and in New Jersey, too, which Ohioans say the New Yorkers have raked clean—that is, clean of treasure. This treasure consists of family silver belonging originally to his great-grandfather, Gen. James Cox, first Speaker of the National House of Representatives, who hid it at the time of the Revolutionary War to prevent its falling into the hands of the British.

An aunt, 90 years old now, living in Illinois, described the heirlooms in a letter to the governor recently, and as a result he will dig not only for votes while in New Jersey, but also for buried treasure.

What game does he play? That's a question that need not be asked any more about our public men. Yes, Governor Cox plays golf. But what happens at the eighteenth hole now, or what happened before January sixteenth last, none knows. Maybe he merely said "Fore!" He rides horseback and plunges into the wilds of the big northwoods. He never visited a summer resort, so called, in his life.

He has indicated that he will prepare a vigorous daily political word battle against the opposition, which he considers is on the defensive. He expects to travel sixteen thousand miles by train and automobile, after the Rooseveltian fashion, and it is said that probably five hundred addresses may be delivered by him before election day. At the rate stated it means two hundred miles of travel a day and about six addresses. But the prospect does not daunt him, because six years ago he addressed in one day sixteen meetings, scattered along sixty miles of territory between Toledo and Cleveland. His party will be small—a secretary or two, a stenographer, and report has it that a masseur will go along too to insure relief from weariness and exhaustion incident to travel and loud speech

Thus in Governor Cox we have one of the youngest nominees in political history. He is slightly more than fifty years of age, began life on a farm, true to type of paternal ancestry—on his mother's side they were seafarers—and within a few weeks may verify his mother's prediction that some day Jimmy would be President. She lived to see him governor. And his father, Gilbert Cox, of Camden, Ohio, eighty-eight years of age, was one of the most active participants at the notification ceremonies recently. Young Cox was a newsboy, too, and in this way worked himself through school, and then became a country schoolteacher.

News of his nomination reached him over the wires leading to the telegraph room on the same floor with his private office. Mrs. Cox had been waiting all night for convention reports. Just as he was about to leave the room for a quiet smoke a crowd of friends and employees rushed in and hoisted him to their shoulders. His unlighted pipe fell on the floor, rolling out of sight. There were handshakes, and then Mrs. Cox kissed him, as did other women in the party, crying as they went along.

Meanwhile his baby daughter, Annie, was sleeping at home, too young to realize that her daddy may find he has a very rich and good-natured uncle, by name of Sam, who every four years or so makes some nephew the object of a big trusteeship.

Wheeler National Monument, Rio Grande National Forest, Colorado

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What a pleasant firelight effect it gives, different from any other heater!

How the warm cozy glow begins, the minute it's lighted, to chase chill and encourage comfort!

How convenient it is, to carry from room to room!

How well the Welsbach Gas Heater is made—with its non-discoloring copper reflector, its substantial and efficient burner-construction, its entire absence of odor!

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What a comfortable, thrifty idea, to buy and use just the heat we need, as we need it!

Let's all go to the Dealer's, or the Gas Company, and see these Welsbach Gas Heaters!

MANUFACTURED BY
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ANNIE CAREY

(Continued from Page 9)

"My Sweetheart," said her parent grimly. "Read it."

Annie Carey read in a thread of voice:

She's a mystic laughing lassie,
This dream sweetheart of mine,
With lips as red as coral
And eyes that softly shine.
In a wreath of smoke she cometh,
In a twilight background set,
Clad in robes of scented gossamer.
Cigarette! Cigarette!

"Cigarette! Cigarette!" snorted her father. Neither he nor any other member of Annie Carey's family used the filthy weed.

"Go on," he said grimly.

"That's all—of that," she said faintly.

"Anything else?"

"A—a novel."

"A novel! What is it?"

"It is called Derryford Castle, or The Lost Necklace," she gulped.

"Read," ordered the professor.

Annie Carey turned a leaf and went on in a despairing voice:

"Derryford Castle stands in the loneliest part of the Welsh coast. Here all day the sad sound of the sea sobbing on the rocks is heard. No visitors ever come to it, only sea gulls, but on a certain day in May a closed carriage could have been seen galloping along the coast, drawn by four black horses. A man of savage countenance sat within. Every now and then he peered out fiercely and spied up and down the road.

"'Not yet!' he would exclaim to his companion, chewing the end of his mustache.

"This companion was a young lady of high birth, as could be seen from her rich clothing of ruby velvet with lace falls. Her face was not visible, for a black mask covered it, but the part that showed was pale as death. She was none other than Lady Beatrice Versailles, the daughter of the Earl of Derryford ——"

"The Earl of Derryford! Have you any more of this?"

"A little," said Annie Carey, swallowing miserably.

"Bring it here."

She brought a little heap of tatterdemalion papers. The professor did not even look at them. With strong, stout fingers he took them one by one—including the yellow pad—and made a little pile of paper hash.

"Now," he said, "let that be a warning. We will have no more of this nonsense. You have very wrong ideas. A writer—a writer requires a very special talent. It is—er—an exacting profession. The written word comes with difficulty, only after years of cultivation and education. I forbid you to occupy yourself with any more of this nonsense. Practical"—he rapped sharply on the desk—"a practical, wide-awake girl; that is what we want you to be."

Annie Carey, edging out of the study, scarcely heeded. There was a thickening in her throat; her eyes were mournfully turned on what had been the mystery of The Lost Necklace.

In all this it may be said that the professor was unduly harsh, but it is quite probable that the very springs of his harshness lay in an uncompromisingly stiff-necked standard to which he would have conformed his miserably inadequate daughter. At any rate, there were intervals when he was considerably less unbending—when if his censorship of her deportment and development was rigid and unceasingly nagging, it was, as Annie Carey herself recognized, directed to a definite accomplishment. The professor was, in short, one of those unfortunate persons born to correct the world, to tilt at windmills in the interest of their own passionate conviction. His child was his obvious windmill.

There were, however, times when his exactions grew less, when he entered into periods of abstraction and preoccupation, infinitely comfortable to her. And he had also an occasional actively softer moment. There was as an example a Sunday one spring when Annie Carey was lying ill of a touch of malaria and the professor brought her home an armful of dogwood.

It moved Annie Carey profoundly to see him coming in through the door, his arms filled with snowy faerie bloom. Like Mr. Guppy, she visualized herself in death, lying on her bier, with a tender-hearted professor perhaps dropping a tear above her, the whiteness of her face vying with the dogwood blooms. However, she quickly forgot this sad picture, for the professor had broken his penknife in getting the flowers, and he drew it out of his pocket to look at it and spoke a number of words read by good Episcopalians every Sabbath from their prayer books. But the professor was not praying.

Thus passed the early years of Annie Carey's life. On summer evenings she sat on her porch looking out over a dooryard of beaten earth and scanty grass blades,

where a few fireflies dotted the dark nights with silver. A disused fountain stood in the middle, guarded by a little brown iron child with a hole for its nose and one leg gone. A rusty mossy pipe thrust up from the middle, and sometimes at erratic moments a dribble of water came down. Toads flipped across the empty stone basin and an old Bolshevist-looking elm leaned down familiarly over her fence. These—fireflies, toads, elm and occasional robin—were, chiefly, Annie's summer companions, for the professor was not favorably inclined to juvenile friendships.

In the winters Annie Carey ate her skim milk and doughy baker's buns and underdone porridge, and went to school and sniffed her way through her colds, and listened to the professor's homilies whenever opportunity served him.

And wrote. I am sorry to say the paternal strictures had little effect on her vice or her propensity to dream. It was perhaps like forbidding a cork to float in water or a rivulet to run down hill. But she practiced a certain duplicity. She kept her store of scribbles tucked carefully under a corner of the stair carpet, where they accumulated, together with the thick rolls of reddish lint Blanche encouraged.

But all this method of life ended when she was fourteen. One morning the professor departed, the very spit and image of health, with his overcoat and bag. And on the same evening he came back with no health at all. It was caused by what Blanche called an apple-atic fit. Annie Carey's mother retreated to her room with a suspiciously hysterical quality of grief, but Annie Carey, when opportunity served, went in and sat in the long parlor where they had placed her father.

An incredible father. Lying quiet, moveless, in his best broadcloth suit, with his tail coat, never to swish again. It was the quiet part that was so incredible. Here in the darkened room Annie Carey tried to realize her situation—her enormous freedom. She might cough or toe in or cross her knees or creak her chair—even slam a door; and nothing would happen. The professor would not sit up and begin the sharp remonstrances or the Episcopal prayer-book words he so often used to her. Never again. Suddenly Annie Carey pitied him, lying there so helpless, so remote, with the dignity of death upon him.

At first she was aware only of the power of the living over the dead, but after a little she realized that she was wrong. It was the dead who reigned supreme. All the things she had done to displease or irritate her father loomed up before her. He was like a silent, an awful accusation. Quite suddenly she slipped into her old habit of confusing wish with reality. She began to blame herself passionately. She could not remember that her father had ever kissed her. This, it seemed, pointed to fault in herself. He had been a kind, a loving father. She was, she must be, an unnatural creature, something bereft of decent human impulse. She began to cry when she realized this, to call herself secret names. She would have kissed her father now only that he seemed so incredibly near to life; and in life she would as soon have kissed him as thrust her head into a lion's mouth. But she wanted to do something for him, something that would please him, in a species of atonement. She had stumbled out into the hall before she realized what she could do. She went then and gathered up her little store of written pieces and carried them to the kitchen stove and burned them.

Once Starbird Looked at the Serene Sky and Referred to "the Same Stars That Had Smiled Down on Ancient Carthage"

II

THERE was no money to speak of. The house with the elm tree and the noseless child passed to other keeping. With the utmost economy on the part of herself and her mother she managed to secure a teaching certificate at the age of eighteen.

Late in the summer her mother, quite unexpectedly, discouraged, no doubt, followed the professor to that bourn whence no traveler returns, and Annie Carey, alone in the world, went to teach a little rural school. The stipend was forty dollars. It lay—a wretched little place—a stiff mile from the farmhouse where she boarded, a mile that in bad weather was a sinuous ribbon of mud, chiefly.

The room assigned her was small and cold, supplied with a little oil lamp. The bed was full of cobblestones, the mirror a ghost's breath, the whole place too bleak to sit in unless the sittee wore a blanket, but it was her own. She had done excellent work in English at school, and she meant to begin to set the river on fire in good earnest.

Still, I am sorry to say that she accomplished not even a first step. For one thing, teaching made her so tired. There was a rabble of sizable noisy boys to handle. And the walk was so long. On days when it rained or thawed she could only accomplish this step by step, working her way along the fences. It was a pilgrimage of no light proportion. And there was a matter of work to prepare—desperate problems in arithmetic such as:

"If you buy at .485 a pound less 25% and 12% and sell at the same list price less 16⅔% and 10% ——"

By the time Annie Carey had gotten to the back of the arithmetic, fighting it like Apollyon, she grew so fatigued that she would fall into a doze over her task and dream under her Micmac squaw's blanket of a life arranged on more fortunate lines—of greater opportunities of time and strength; of contacts with congenial people, the pleasant companionship of sympathetic minds; of the precious things that belonged to youth, not only preparation for one's work, but play; the beauty of the fleeting playthings that were youth's that she could not know; the texture of a tinted silk or chiffon; the blended threads of young laughter; the whisper of stringed music; sport; the evanescent romance of just being young.

By spring she had written a long and involved story, returned to her with a formal injunction not to submit work in longhand. Her second winter was scarcely more prolific. The odd bits she hammered at displeased her and were seldom finished. She felt inordinately small and incompetent, a little cowed by the exigencies of her life.

Once, in March, on a thawing day when the brown earth came up through the snow films, sweet and wet, with a myriad tiny Cadmus spears of pale new wheat showing, she caught the mood of the day and wrote a poetic little study called The Voice of the Wheat, which held both beauty of phrase and vision.

So much so that the magazine to which she submitted it wrote her: "Your work shows a charming fancy, a delightful freshness and play of imagery. We are pleased to accept it for our magazine. Our check for two dollars goes forward to you."

The check for two dollars went so far forward that it missed Annie Carey entirely. But after all it didn't greatly matter, for it was in the middle of the summer that she met Starbird Simcox.

I have neglected thus far to tell you what Annie Carey looked like. You shall see her now as she appeared to Starbird Simcox on that August night of their meeting at a small-town social gathering.

What Starbird saw was a smallish person of about twenty, in a homemade white dress whose ruffled softness suggested a patch of snowdrops in an old garden. Above the softness was a small sharply pointed face, with large lovely hazel eyes, a surrounding mist of dark hair, compound of beech color and purplish shadow. It was a pale little face, chiefly, but at her hostess' speech became a thing of suffused and glowing fire.

"This is Mr. Simcox, Miss White. Annie Carey writes, Starbird, so you've got to take a lot of interest in her. Starbird's an editor, you know."

"An editor!" breathed Annie Carey.

Starbird confessed the soft impeachment. Though he was a young man in the middle twenties, he was not only an editor, but owner as well of a small hereditary country newspaper upstate. The toga of his father had descended upon him, and as its wearer he discharged the functions of editorial writer and business manager.

The paper was called The Courier-Trumpet. It had a circulation of over seven hundred. On the side, the office did a certain amount of job printing, local folders, circulars, and so on.

(Continued on Page 69)

Liggett's

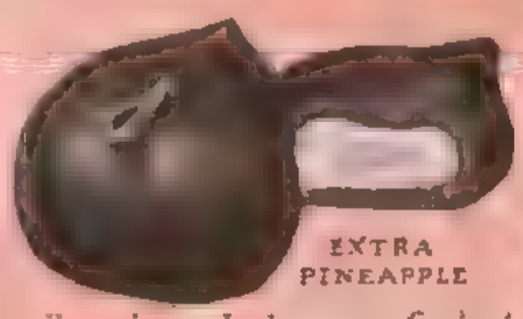
"The Chocolates with the Wonderful Centers"

TUNGE

Cream fudge topped with French Dragées

SCOTCH

Fresh dairy butter, sugar, vanilla



EXTRA PINEAPPLE

Hawaiian pineapple in cream fondant

BRAZIL CREAM

Brazil nut in cream fondant

NOUGATINE

Honey, egg, fruit and nuts

RASPBERRY HEART

A tender raspberry in cream fondant

MAPLE WALNUT CREAM

Mayette walnut, rich cream, Vermont maple sugar

FILBERT CLUSTERS

Turkish filberts in Liggett's chocolate

SOUR ORANGE

Cream fondant, true orange fruit

ALMOND CARAMEL

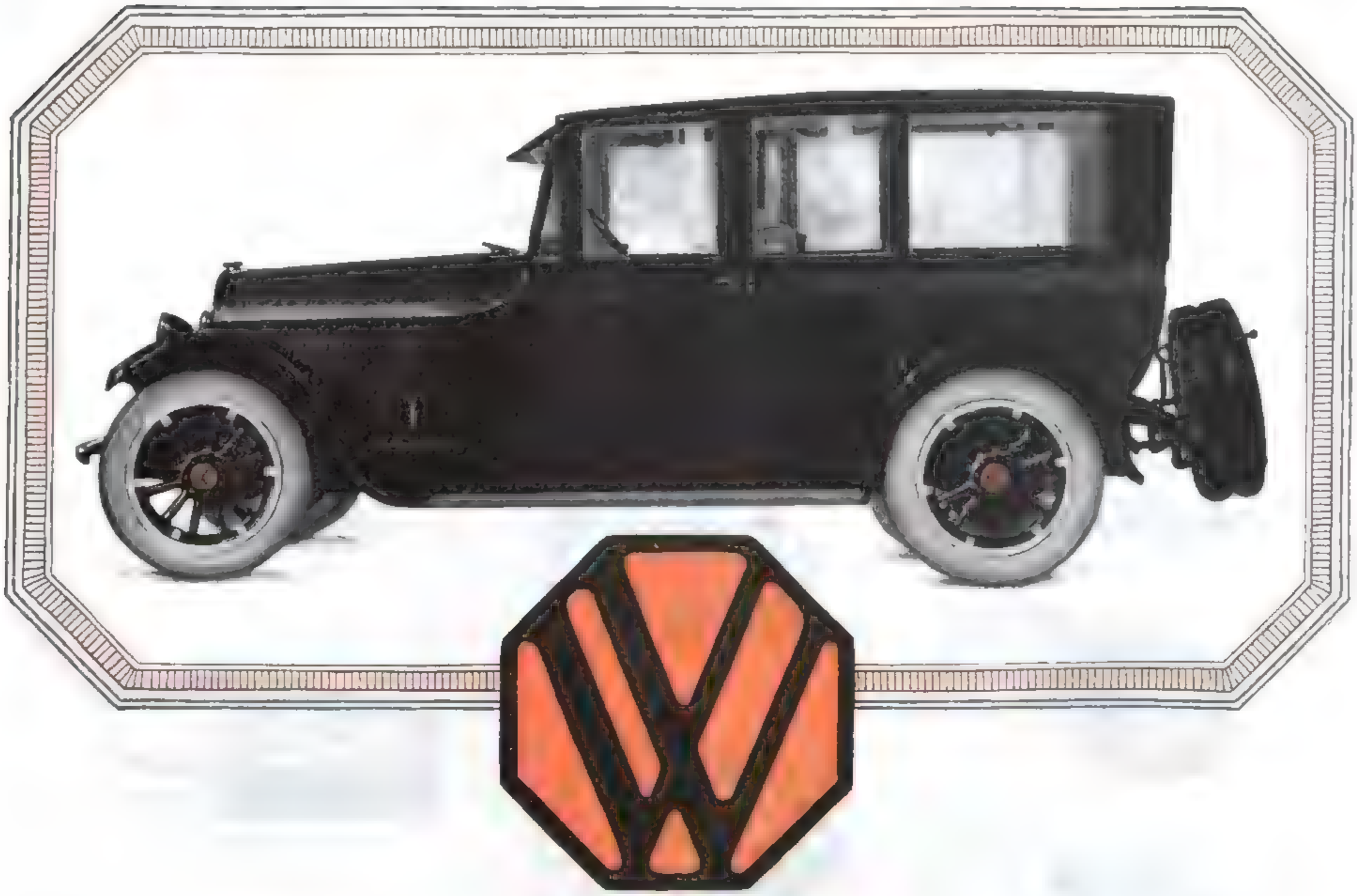
Alicante almonds in real cream caramel

ISN'T it a treat to find every chocolate in the box a chocolate that you like? No picking, no choosing—every piece a favorite! And every piece made of the things you love to eat—pure sugar, rich cream, fresh sweet butter, crisp nuts, pure comb honey, etc. This is indeed a box that contains no disappointments.

These "chocolates with the wonderful centers" come to you in a simple inexpensive package. For we have put the money into the candy itself, and not into the box. Get this orange and gold Wonder Box at the nearest Rexall Store today. Price $1.25. Sold exclusively by

The Rexall Stores

throughout the United States, Canada, and Great Britain. 10,000 progressive retail drug stores, united into one world-wide, service-giving organization.
(In Far West and Canada the price is slightly higher.)



In motor cars as in other merchandise there is a price below which you can buy only disappointments, and there is a price above which the values returned are not worth their extra cost. Judgments will vary as to these limits but the careful buyer will make an earnest effort to discover them. A growing group show by their ownership of Westcotts what *they* believe to be the ultimate of value-received-for-price-paid. Your own study must lead you to the same conclusion. For Westcott is not only the car with a longer life but the car with less trouble and more honest satisfaction during all the years of that long life. In the estimation of Westcott owners, paying less buys too little—while paying more buys but little more of genuine worth!

THE WESTCOTT MOTOR CAR COMPANY
SPRINGFIELD, OHIO, U.S.A.

WESTCOTT

The Car with a Longer Life

(Continued from Page 66)

Annie Carey looked at Starbird with awe. "I have always wanted to write something that could be printed," she faltered with a blush.

Starbird waved the implication of difficulty aside. He was a little blasé with his editorial experience, one gathered, but good-humoredly he told her quite a bit about it—newspaper technic, inside stuff. It was, he concluded, a dog's life.

"I suppose," suggested Annie Carey, "that after a while you'll leave the country paper and go to a city one. Men work up that way, don't they?"

Starbird intimated that he probably would—that is, if he cared about it. The Courier-Trumpet had been fairly prosperous in its day. His father had gotten a living from it for more than thirty years. His own college career of two years had been terminated at his father's death to take it over.

"It's not a bad thing," he said thoughtfully.

When Starbird looked thoughtful he was not unmoving to the feminine eye. He was a tall, well-shaped young man, a bit sleek, perhaps, with hands of the rather meaty variety, a bit sallow, but his eyes were good, and a scallop of rich chestnut hair touched his left eyebrow. He wore a wing collar with a black satin tie, and he reminded Annie Carey—he really did—of pictures of Lord Byron. This and the fact of his work, his writing—I am afraid a little Aspasiaesque thought flashed like a nimble mouse across her mind. He was young, good-looking—and they had this thing in common, this literary preoccupation. To inspire a man like Starbird Simcox!

Starbird took her home from the party. The August night was soft and sweet, the gardens spilling their fragrance abroad. Starbird guided her by the arm in the approved fashion—and talked. And Annie Carey clung to him and flamed and glowed and thrilled—and was pretty as only a young girl who glows and flames and thrills over nothing at all can be pretty.

Once Starbird looked at the serene sky and referred to "the same stars that had smiled down on ancient Carthage," and Annie realized the beauty, the classical quality of his thought.

She invited him to call, and when, shortly, he came to spend an evening, she had a little feast ready for him—a rather elaborate little feast of ices and cake and salads and sandwiches. He talked again, on and on. Annie Carey ran over his phrases while she cleared away. There was not much to clear. Even she was slightly shocked at the residue of her opulent feast—the few broken shards that Starbird had left. It occurred to her for a fleet moment that Starbird ate fully as well as he talked. But, after all, what could she know of such things, living in her pinched feminine fashion?

But the thought recurred. Starbird came to take her out on some little jaunts with him. They took strolls, boat rides, trips to local points. At all times Starbird looked after the inner man most competently. Annie Carey had never seen a hungry young man eat before; now she was presented the spectacle in its fine flower.

"After all, health is health," she thought sententiously; "it must be maintained." Headwork is exacting; "it took it out of one," to quote Starbird. Didn't it use her up herself?

"I ought to eat more," she would think, watching him tuck away his lunch of a half dozen fried eggs with ham, a double portion of ice cream and cake and coffee.

It occurred to her that Starbird not only ate well but rather thought about his food. It was disconcerting in the middle of a discussion of a book or a flight of aspiration or some little peroration about the scenery to have him suggest food—to refer to possible faintness or the length of time before supper. "It seems to make him think of eating," it occurred to her. Then she drove away the thought. The Aspasia complex was too strongly on her; and Starbird continued to remind her of Lord Byron.

She got a real Byronesque thrill one moonlight night. He made a direct onslaught.

"You're so pretty, Annie Carey. Will you let me call you Annie Carey?" he asked. "You're so pretty and sweet. Just sweet enough to eat."

In the end Starbird asked her to be his. The night before his return to the little upstate town he offered himself. He laid his life, his hopes, The Courier-Trumpet—at her feet. And Annie Carey, lifting them, put them on her brow like a wreath.

It is Margaret Fuller Slack, the poetess who died of a needle prick in Mr. Masters' Spoon River, who cries: "Hear me, ambitious souls, sex is the curse of life."

But you could have quoted these lines to Annie Carey, pinning on her wedding veil, until you were black in the face and she would only have scoffed.

She was going to live! She was going to love and be loved! She was going to work. To work divinely, inspiringly, with the man of her choice, of her heart. Life was to be no longer a loneliness, but a great togetherness.

III

THE house to which Starbird Simcox took Annie Carey was a two-story brick building standing midway of the main street of a town of twelve hundred souls. The first floor was occupied by The Courier-Trumpet office and the printing shop with its type and presses. The second floor was the residential part, reached by a narrow flight of inclosed side stairs. Directly opposite was a blacksmith shop; a little brown house, inhabited by a tailor; and China Hall, a three-story green frame affair whose first floor was given over to the purveying of crockery and oysters and whose upper halls were consecrated to septdiurnal mysteries conducted by the secret societies of the village.

Over the heads of these loomed a long bare-looking hill, completely timbered off except for a few straggling clumps of trees, wisplike in the distance and as conspicuous as Bismarck's three hairs.

In the parlor of the flat were a Brussels carpet, some oil-painted plaques of flowers, a set of "mission" and a rug made from the carcass of a departed pet black dog, whose head had been taxidermically finished, causing an impediment to the unwary foot. The dining room was in golden oak, with a hanging lamp of green glass. Brass beds sparkled in all the bedrooms, and the cookstove was a huge symphony of black and nickel.

"The Simcoxes are all hearty," Starbird's aunt, who received them, explained.

She was a heavy dour lady in black sateen, with a portentous eye. She was plainly of the opinion that Annie Carey was poor stuff—but it didn't bother Annie Carey.

She couldn't wait to see Starbird's office. She fluttered downstairs and sniffed the ink-and-oily smell and blacked her fingers on type and poked and investigated. The foreman and the two compositors with blacked arms and leather aprons stepped aside before her. Then she invaded Starbird's desk. It stood in a little walled-off inclosure and was littered with a débris of papers—folders, envelopes, calendars, ink pots and rusty pens.

"And this is where you write," Annie Carey said as she smoothed and straightened the welter. "I'll come down and help you—often."

There was an old carpet-covered lounge beside the desk, with whitish worn places here and there. Starbird sat down on this.

"Do you ever get things sent in that you must return?"

"Sometimes. There's a poem somebody sent from Chockville Center. I buy all mine in plate matter."

"You won't have to now, Starbird. I'll write some for you, and perhaps a story or two. And we can go over the news items."

She looked so pretty that Starbird kissed her, and a man who came in to order fifty pink handbills advertising a stock sale printed saw them plainly, but Annie Carey laughed and ran upstairs to settle her things.

The dour aunt unbent a little, gossiping severely and unfolding a little further the scroll of Simcox history.

"Sauce, now," she said; "you'll need to put up a lot of it. I'm glad your wedding was in time for peaches. Last year I put up two hundred and eighty-three cans of sauce, and Starbird ate every can."

"Every can?" Annie Carey cried, startled.

"I mean, of course, the contents. He ate two hundred and eighty-three cans of sauce, and he could have done with more. The Simcoxes are all hearty."

"We-ell ——"

"And pies. I baked twice a week for Starbird. Four pies; cakes too. He has a sweet tooth."

"Well," said Annie Carey, with an eye on the expanse of tinware, "I—I'm not a very heavy eater, and I've never cooked much. But I have some talent for it and I mean to get along."

It didn't take her long. She was remarkably successful and very shortly she was turning out sheets of edible biscuits, flaky pies, enormous roasts, vast tracts of beefsteak, loaves and cookies, which Starbird duly praised. He came up for an enormous dinner and supper, but in the evening they usually had a hot lunch down in the office. This was at Annie Carey's insistence—the location—her assumption being that Starbird would have editorial work downstairs and necessarily burn the midnight oil.

She was somewhat shocked when she found the extent of his reliance on plate matter. Such comment on current events, the political situation and the necessary criticism of the administration as was offered to the local palate did not emanate from Starbird's pen at all, but was procured from the plate cuttings, secured of a New York concern.

Except for the local items, the paper was culled practically *in toto* thus. One could range from a face lotion made from cucumber peelings under Rosalie LaRue's beauty column, through the tidings that the pedigreed hen of one Abijah Longhawk, of Rhode Island, had laid five hundred and twenty-eight eggs during the past year, to a projected Republican tariff reform, stopping on the way for a glance at a paradoxically sad column called Laugh With Us.

Starbird told his wife it was as much as he could do to attend to the make-up, handle the town news and look after the job printing. The Courier-Trumpet itself was faintly discouraging.

"With the Reaper in Our Midst and In and Around Town—they don't sound very original, Starbird."

"My father used those heads and they're good enough for me," said Starbird firmly.

"Well," said Annie Carey, "perhaps we could furbish it up a little. Something a little more original. We could use our own things—and I think we might clip stuff of our own choosing. We can take more exchanges. You could even start a special column, Starbird, and some day a big paper might notice it."

This last possibility concerned her enormously. It was the thing to be courted—the measure of their ultimate success. But here, too, she was shocked to discover that, brought up as a practical issue, Starbird was profoundly indifferent to it. He even regarded it as absurd. She was aware that he had no ambition for alteration or innovation.

He was as conservative as a Chinaman. She saw presently with him the futility, even absurdity, of her first idea, but at first she clung to it.

She looked over all the exchanges herself. She helped with cutting the boiler plate, with the make-up and headings, and even coaxed Starbird into letting her have a column or two of her own stuff. She edited the rural correspondence, and Starbird was not unwilling to accept her assistance, particularly in the mechanics of the paper, though here and there came a clash.

"I don't see why the size and weight of this Abel Peterman's Hubbard squash is news, Starbird."

"It is news in this region, Annie Carey. People are interested in squashes. Besides, we got the squash."

It was true. One of the perquisites of The Courier-Trumpet was a county-fair show of choice vegetable spoils, which found their way presently into the Simcox cook pot.

"You can't make a country newspaper literary, Annie Carey. News and literature are two things. Hubbard squashes and prize onions are news, and the reunion of the Dubbel family. When people want literature they can read—er—The Lady of the Lake or—or Thanatopsis."

She was very busy. The work she took off Starbird's shoulders together with her household duties left her no chance at writing as self-expression. In fact she had never heard of the term. She would have said her own work could wait.

But she had plenty of ideas. Sometimes she would leave a pie or a pudding in the mixing to run down and tell Starbird about them. A plot for a story, a novel—when she got round to it—or some innovation for the paper.

Starbird always found her ideas amusing. Often she found him lying down resting on the worn carpet sofa. He had been subject to fits of palpitation from early boyhood and he alarmed and agitated Annie Carey. She fluttered over him like a ruffled dove. She was very absorbed.

She scarcely noticed when autumn faded into winter. Driving snows flew over the roof of China Hall, now obliterating the hillside and Bismarck's hairs. Every Sunday Annie Carey put on her small bridal furs and sat with Starbird in a pew at church. She sang lustily, sweetly from her hymn book, and Professor Brooks, organizing a singing society, pressed her into it.

It was on a January evening at rehearsal just as the ensemble was rendering an oratorio finale:

Hail—Ha-ail—to—Naaman!
Hail—to—Naaman!
And—the—lit-tle—Syrian—ma-aid ——

that Annie Carey abruptly fainted. And thereafter Doctor Wilby told her the sweetest story ever told.

It was not unwelcome—a rapture, rather. But Annie Carey wondered how exactly she was going to make it—attend to her household and her share of the paper work and look after a little one. To say nothing of whether Starbird's meals would be nicely prepared during ——

As for any writing on her own account ——

IV

MATERNITY descended upon Annie Carey in a gray encompassing mist, a black, crushing oppression with sharp edges of unendurable agony, through which she suddenly emerged to find her world as usual—the monotonous clank-clank coming in from the smithy, the burning heat of August lying on the dusty street, the odor of victual in the rooms mingled with the pot of mignonette in her window and Starbird's black-sateen aunt moving about.

But her achievement was complete. Her son lay in Starbird's cradle.

"You're too little and insignificant to make so much trouble," she scolded at him faintly, "but, even so, you're almost as big as I am."

She thought a great deal about her son, lying there on her pillows; and about life. It occurred to her life could be so different from one's plan, so disturbing—disappointing. Well, there was the little boy. He would grow up and do the things she wanted to do, carry things farther.

"I'll help him," she thought. "He'll have some kind of chance—even if I don't get it."

She felt like a lioness or a partridge mother ready to defend her young against the world. After all, the old should help the youthful—protect them, save them from mistakes.

Starbird came up and sat by quite often. Maternity was even harder on Starbird than on Annie Carey. He was peevish and unnerved at his upset routine. He complained of it bitterly—his buttons, his socks, his neglected meals, the affairs of the paper, of money.

The Courier-Trumpet had lost some subscribers; a man had been in this week, had been indignant at a slip on the front page.

"As though I could attend to everything, as busy as I am. Another thing, the Edmonston Star has sold out to a chap from the city. He's getting in typesetting machines, and some of our people are going to subscribe there. The Bostwick Seed Company and the Flour Milling Company won't renew their ads with us; nor Brisbane's Mail-Order House. Had a letter yesterday. They're not getting the returns. They wrote me I was not progressive. They say my get-up is poor—print is old style. They said—they said"—Starbird's voice grew acid—"that the only attractive features were those second-page clippings and those five stickfuls of original stuff on the back page. Your stuff. Progressive!" he snorted. "Why, except for those things, the paper's just the same as it was in father's time. Good enough for anybody."

"Bring up this week's copy, Starbird. Perhaps I could think up something."

"Oh—think up! You can't use your imagination in a case like this."

He brought up the copy, however, and some exchanges and the local stuff for the week, and Annie Carey went over it all. There was no doubt that Starbird had a limited style, that the paper had an old-style get-up, that the hand-set type, the old press, turned out an exceedingly countrified article. It was blurred and unattractive beside the smart style of the Edmonston Star. Its matter might have saved it, for here Starbird had an advantage of being country bred and close to the psychology of his readers, but already Annie Carey evaded any analysis of Starbird and his

No nuts are like Planters Peanuts

Always ready to serve—no cracking, no trouble of any kind. In the glass jars they are a convenient confection to keep on hand for the unexpected callers or for the impromptu card game. They remain firm and fresh ALWAYS in the glass jar if the lid is on tight, regardless of how long they have been on the dealer's shelves or in your possession.

And it is a treat that you know will be welcome—a dish of golden

Planters PENNANT SALTED PEANUTS

THE NATIONAL SALTED PEANUT

Their delicious flavor makes a tempting tidbit that is irresistible. They can be eaten in any quantity without the slightest harm.

Sold everywhere in familiar 5c glassine bags with "THE RED PENNANT." Do not accept peanuts offered in any other bag—they are not PENNANTS.

10-oz. jar, 50c 6-oz. jar, 35c
Glassine bag, 5c
(In the Eastern Section)

To Dealers—If you are unable to obtain PLANTERS PENNANT PEANUTS write to us at once, giving name and address of your jobber, and we will advise you how to obtain them promptly.

PLANTERS NUT AND CHOCOLATE CO
Wilkes Barre, Pa
Suffolk, Va.

supine attitude toward life. If he wished, she declared to herself, he could do anything. It was, of course, his state of health that was so detrimental to his ambitions.

Starbird was feeling far from well. The child crying at night disturbed his rest and he complained constantly of his heart. He said he needed exercise and change, so he would not have to lie down so often, and he often went over in the afternoon to play croquet behind the bank with Lee Verners, the undertaker, and old Mr. Eggleston.

Winter afternoons he had a little go at billiards at Wayne Shanley's. In the evenings he went down to the drug store and talked. It was the best way to get news, he said. Annie Carey handled all mail, supervised the office force and interviewed callers. Her life became an unceasing rigor, a manipulation for just sheer time to accomplish her routine. She had sewed a lot of blue bows on the clothes she had made for little Robert's coming, but motherhood, she found, was not a matter of blue bows. It was a mortgaged motherhood at best—so little time she found to worship this tiny marvel of manhood that had come to her.

It was because they were so very scant of money. She had had to learn this gradually. Starbird had been very vague. But the building carried a mortgage since the elder Simcox's time, and Starbird had saved nothing to begin married life on. Their necessities were chiefly provided for by due bills furnished through advertisers. There was every need of economy. The Edmonston Star was widening a steady and effective puncture in their small circulation, and there was need of improvements in equipment. Old machinery was falling to disrepair; there were payments and interest on debts outstanding against the paper.

Quite suddenly Starbird waxed bitter, indicting family life as the chief American folly—a man's millstone.

"A man's a fool to saddle himself with a wife and child. It's a question of economics, of common sense, with these prices always going higher."

"It would take—it would take a lot of money, wouldn't it, Starbird, to outfit us in modern ways—machines, improvements?"

"My Lord, why do you talk about it? We'll go to the wall, that's all. With three mouths to feed—and my printing orders falling off. How can hand-set type compete with machines?"

Annie Carey racked her brain. There seemed no way for her to augment their finances. She was spending the last ounce of her energy. She no longer went to church or cantatas concerning Naaman and the little Syrian maid. She was too tired and she had no clothes. Once, passing her mirror, she took an unwonted inventory and was shocked.

"I'm so thin you could see through me, and I'm hardly pretty at all. Not pretty any," she corrected bravely.

But if it was a hard year, the second was harder. Another son was born at its close, and for three months Annie Carey lay unable to rise. They must have a hired girl of sorts, and life became unbelievably hideous.

Starbird, sitting by her, talked more passionately, complainingly, than ever. He had grown very much stouter and quite yellow and pasty. Even Doctor Wilby protested:

"Starbird Simcox is digging his grave with his teeth."

But Starbird had a different idea.

"It's worry," he said bitterly; "I don't know where to turn. Old man Polk wouldn't give me his printed matter this summer, and I've lost Atwell Brothers. There's no use of a correspondent in Roseburg Center—we haven't got a subscriber left over there."

Annie Carey thought agonizedly. Lying here so helpless, thinking was all she could do, and for the first time in more than three years of constant activity she knew mental leisure. A flood of interrupted concepts, of fancies, vagaries, poured through her mind.

Early one morning, when the night was going gray and sparrows were beginning a restless twittering, Annie Carey, waking to her squirrel's wheel of anxieties, was seized with an overpowering desire, not for solution, but escape. To lift herself mentally, bodily, out of it! To fly to some unknown, unheard of place, in some new rôle, to some far spot with new, strange customs, palm-fringed islands—to blue water—as different as possible. She let her fancy play a little, creating a mental escape, but suddenly there came like a blinding flash a sudden idea—an inspiration. Her escape from reality—her wish might serve her practically. Her imagination had always been her curse. It had transmuted everything in her life into colorings quite alien to fact. It should serve her now, be her genie, her familiar—not rule her, but obey.

When morning came she got pencils and paper from the hired girl and for a period of days worked surreptitiously. The outrageousness of the thing she attempted pleased her. More, it rested her like a delightful opiate. She was no longer herself—someone quite different. So different it was inconceivably Annie Carey who had done the thing.

"I shall be a man, a man with a nice dashing, careless name. A man who would pick up his hat as soon as not any evening and say, 'Well, I believe I'll take a little run to Afghanistan to-night.' A free, adventurous man."

She thought Warburton—Hal T. Warburton—sounded just like the sort of man she meant. So she signed the name, and a young stenographer friend, impressed to secrecy, duly typed and mailed the stuff to one of the syndicates who brought out the plate stories. Thereafter Annie Carey turned her face to the wall and waited.

"I'll never hear of it again," she said. "Never. And if I don't—well, I'll give up and say die."

But in time she had tidings.

Starbird, coming up from the office with a tale of woe one afternoon, found her sitting up among her pillows, talking excitedly, with hectic spots in her cheeks. She waved a blue slip at him.

"It's a hundred dollars, Starbird—a whole hundred. Think of it! You can pay an installment on a typesetting machine now."

"Where'd you get it?"

"I wrote a story and they bought it. The East Coast Syndicate. It's a serial story. About—about oyster pirates—pearl smuggling and the South Sea Islands."

"What do you know about the South Sea Islands?"

"Nothing—but here's the check, Starbird."

"Well, a hundred dollars. How far would that go on the paper?"

"I'll get more!" cried Annie Carey passionately. "I've got so many ideas, Starbird—you wouldn't believe. I'll get plenty more."

She did. Not opulence, but enough to stop the wolf's maw whenever he sniffed at the door. With a little boning out of the encyclopedia she wrote of pearl smuggling and diamond fields, of pirate luggers and dark deeds in Chinese hop dens, of the Malay creese and the demoniacal laughter of Cuban vampires foiled of their attempts to filch the Great Ruby. It was cheap enough stuff—but written in a sprightly vein, and it was sure pay. It enabled Starbird to pay his interest regularly, do some repairs, to have an extra man.

In the long summer afternoons Annie Carey would pack her babies into a little cart and draw them to a little wooded glen on the hillside, where, in the intervals of motherly solicitude as to the swallowing of dirt and pebbles, she created these flowers of her fancy.

Her stuff went big with the syndicate. In the fourth year they wrote her a letter:

"*My dear Warburton:* A representative of our syndicate, Mr. Kellner Peck, will call on you personally on Wednesday, the fourteenth, with regard to some new serials planned for the coming winter."

Annie Carey wrote back hospitably that she would meet him at Wellsburg Junction. She signed her *nom de guerre.* She had never revealed herself to them; now, though an opportunity was forced upon her, she was so flurried and busy she entirely forgot.

On the appointed day, having swept and dusted her flat and prepared a sumptuous supper, she bathed and dressed her little sons in the ruffled Oliver Twists she had made for them and all three went over to Wellsburg.

When the syndicate man stepped off the train at the little rural junction he saw a decrepit old farmer with an ear trumpet, a young yokel lad with a gray telescope and a string bag full of crook-neck squashes, and a young mother with her hat on one side and a tired, rather sweet face, a brace of rosy little boys beside her.

He observed the young mother approaching him, and hesitated.

(Continued on Page 72)

Makers of 8 out of 10 Cars Agree on

Gilmer
WOVEN ENDLESS
FAN BELTS

An Ounce of Prevention—

Let your fan belt cease functioning properly for even a few minutes, and serious engine trouble and swiftly mounting repair bills are the result.

Yet unless the fan belt's basic construction is right, it cannot long stand up under the savage attacks of the baking, steamy, oil-soaked atmosphere under the hood of the car.

Gilmer basic construction of specially treated fabric really resists heat, steam, oil. Gilmer Belts contain no rubber, no leather. They are woven endless to exactly fit each model and will not slip or stretch in service.

Gilmer superiority is acknowledged by automotive engineers—so nearly unanimously that today more than 80% of American made cars are factory equipped with Gilmer.

When you ask for "Gilmer", you are profiting by the experiments and experience of the most astute judges of motor performances in the world.

—that is Worth a Pound of Cure

"Carry a Spare"
A spare fan belt is as necessary as a spare tire—and when it is needed, it's needed even more than a spare tire.

L. H. GILMER CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

Manufacturers of Solid Woven Power and Conveyor Belting

Ain't Science Wonderful?

WE have some pretty good chemists and they use test tubes and look profound and everything, and I guess if I asked them to they could prove by laboratory experiments that Mennen lather softens a beard and they could give me a lot of scientific dope that would make very convincing copy.

Personally, I am something of a rough-neck when it comes to highbrow science, especially the pseudo sort that is fed to the public.

The best shaving cream laboratory I know is my own plain but honest countenance.

I don't need any test tubes or microscopes to tell me whether my beard comes off gently and graciously or whether the razor jumps and pulls and acts generally like a dull wood saw biting through a rusty nail.

It was that kind of test that has convinced over two million men that life would be a drab and painful episode if they couldn't start the day with a three minute Mennen lather, followed by that gorgeously efficient razor play which only Mennen users have experienced.

I know it's awfully hard to take advertising enthusiasm seriously, but isn't it barely possible that I am approximating the truth when I say that one trial of Mennen's will positively startle you with its amazing beard-taming magic? Isn't it worth fifteen cents to find out why it is that over two million men think so highly of Mennen's?

15 cents will bring my demonstrator tube. I'll go this far—if that one tube doesn't convince I'll give you back the 15 cents, plus your outlay for postage.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.

(Continued from Page 70)

"I wonder," he said, "if you can tell me where I can secure a conveyance for East Denton. I expected a party to meet me—a Mr. Hal T. Warburton."

Annie Carey looked him squarely in the eye.

"I am Hal T. Warburton," she said proudly, advancing with her jewels.

V

I COME now to that part of her married life which I shall designate as "Annie Carey's affair." Of friends she had very few; of intimacies, none. Still it is not the less deplorable and inexcusable to confess that at the age of twenty-eight, on a day in September when the boys were in school, Annie Carey, sitting in a nest of yellow beech leaves in her pet glen, with a rubbish of books and papers round, scraped a perfectly unashamed acquaintance with a perfectly strange man. He had stopped in, coming down the hillside, and stood for some time observing the busy track of her wavering pencil. Presently Annie Carey, looking up, saw him and colored a vivid pink, and made an instinctive movement to cover her writing with her old tweed coat.

"I believe I've stumbled on a fellow craftsman," he said pleasantly, informally taking off his hat. "I'm sorry if I disturbed you."

"N-no—I—that is—you don't expect to see people on this hill. Nobody ever comes here, so I bring my work here."

"I noticed this little patch of beech up on the hill and thought I'd borrow it for myself. Had no idea it was preëmpted. Had no idea anybody followed my trade round here."

He stood looking at Annie Carey silently; at the slim tree boles behind, with the lacing of sapphire sky; at the mounds of golden leaves; the partridge tones of her coat; the russet and purple of her hair. Annie Carey returned his glance.

He was at least ten or twelve years her senior and looked rather tired. A gentleman going a little gray at the temples, and outlandishly dressed—for her town—in golf stockings and Norfolk suit. She saw the little leather pad thrusting up from a pocket—the fountain pen protruding; that he had little crow's feet about his eyes and that his eyes were gray-brown, like water on brook stones. He looked kind and dependable, with a wide whimsical mouth and finely shaped head.

Annie Carey held to a passionate belief in general phrenology. Besides, he was not young, and she herself—no man would ever!

"I don't see why the glen isn't big enough for two," she said. And she added impetuously: "I've never known anyone who wrote in all my life."

He gave her his name—David Hammond. It was a reasonably well-known name in a special branch of letters, but Annie Carey had never heard of it. She tried to make a polite pretense, and said, "Oh, David Hammond!" but at the look he gave her, the little quiet amusement in his kindly eyes, the name limped on her tongue in confusion.

"No," he said, "don't pretend. Besides, it doesn't matter. A lot of people have never heard of me and, sad to say, never will."

He sat down on a flat stone and told her he was rusticating for a few weeks—was staying over at Edgeham near the home of an old nurse, who had been a mother to him and who was now slowly dying. He had brought some work with him and was threshing it into shape on his daily walks—and would she tell him, please, just what iniquitous matter it was she was hiding there under her coat.

"It's—it's a story," Annie Carey faltered. "A—a horrible story. It's a shipwreck story of Borneo."

"Borneo," said Hammond, but he smiled at her with a comprehending eye—the first comprehending eye she had ever met.

The sensation was like that of suddenly finding a path out into a sunny garden when one has followed a dark and tortuous labyrinth.

She looked at him from the corner of her own eye with a sly little gleam of complete self-confession and drew out the manuscript and offered it to him.

"You've done it too, I believe," she said.

"A hundred times," he laughed; "only I found in the end it's best to take the things one really knows."

"Well," said Annie Carey, "I'd like to try that, but this pays me ——"

Quite suddenly she found herself telling him about her work and the East Coast Syndicate and The Courier-Trumpet and its problems. And about Starbird and the little boys and the fruit sauce and the flat and China Hall and the professor and her childhood and the dreams she had never fulfilled and the travels she had never taken and the books she had never read and what she meant—would like—to do—sometime.

It was as though some floodgate went down before Hammond's sympathy. When she finished he spun a tale himself. He had traveled a lot and read widely—things that were Aladdinesque splendors to her. He told something of his own work—of his friends. He rolled back the doors to an enchanted land for her—so much so that the slanting shadows on the beech leaves warned her and she sprang up, startled.

"I must go—I must. Why, it's getting late."

But she held him with her eyes, entreated him desperately, impersonally, compellingly.

"Perhaps," said Hammond, "I'll walk this way again. If I do and I find you at work in your glen, I'll stop by and we'll chat some more about our cabbages and kings, if you will let me."

"Oh, yes—please do," Annie Carey breathed.

She fled home breathlessly. She must tell Starbird all about it of course. Yet this troubled her too. If only it weren't necessary. It was like finding something peculiarly one's own and having to share it. It belonged to herself, to a little glen full of golden leaves and lazy thoughtful hours, not to China Hall and The Courier-Trumpet and Starbird.

But loyally she went to tell him. She found him lying on the office sofa and faced him, moved, flushed, with sparkling eyes.

"Starbird," she said, "the strangest thing happened. I met a man over in Duell's Woods this afternoon. He stopped and spoke to me."

Starbird was in pain and raised a forbidding hand.

"Don't come to me," he said. "I've warned you before about going off there to the woods. If you are annoyed by a tramp or a bum, don't come to me."

"A tramp or a bum!"

The red of anger poured into Annie Carey's face. She turned silently and left the room.

On four casual and unappointed afternoons David Hammond sat and talked with Annie Carey in the leafy hollow.

From the distaff of these hours was spun a delicate thread weaving into the pattern of her life an entirely new color. This color was not consciously a personal thing. Her talks with Hammond in the glen were rather like drinking thirstily from an inexhaustible and delightful fountain. She knew, in short, the experience of finding a kindred mind. Though she sat on a hillside fronting bald opposite slopes and the ungainly contours of an ugly village, her whole domestic *milieu*, her mind ranged in free, uncharted spaces. She caught a luster of happiness that brought sunlight into the coldest corner of her life.

She was not impersonal to Hammond. His first meeting had been an affair of accidental diversion, but at the second meeting with her she took on for him a quality compound of both amusement and compassion. Her ardors, her naïveté, her unthinkable lack of sophistication, her latent wistfulness, her problems of creation, her motherhood, the limitations of her life—set her in a unique region of his mind, kindled a sudden overpowering wish to help her. His own need of help or sympathy had passed long before. He had found his way, had conquered. He wished now he might pause on his carefree bachelor way and put out a helping hand. Of these considerations Annie Carey was entirely unaware. In her talks with him Hammond was, for her, scarcely a man—rather a detached personality.

But when she was homeward bound and faced a return to The Courier-Trumpet, there would come upon her a guilty sense of iniquity totally incompatible with her soul's comfort. If only she could tell Starbird so that he would understand—if only she had told him in the first place. She had tried to speak of it after the second meeting; being the second meeting made it even harder than the first. She took refuge in the eternal hypothetical question, crumbing her bread at supper.

"Starbird," she asked, "I—I wish you would tell me something. Do you think if a woman—a man's wife, I mean—if the wife of someone became acquainted in an unconventional way with—with another person—very unconventionally—but it was all about conventional things ——"

"I don't know what you're talking about and I don't think you do."

"I mean—if I became acquainted with a writer—a man writer, that is—and we talked, oh, about things of the mind—books and literature—and our work; and if I didn't mention it—in particular—and, well, it was all perfectly proper, would you—would you consider it improper?"

"How could it be improper if it was perfectly proper?" asked Starbird. "All writers are nuts," he added scornfully. "Nobody holds anything against a nut."

She found it impossible to say anything then.

After all, as I say, it ended on the fourth afternoon.

Even so, it was slightly shocking. They had talked at some length about Annie Carey's own work—the paths her mind was to follow. How she was patiently to commence her apprenticeship, her service of reality—begin her quest for her own truth, her own expression.

"Your work is yourself—your own truth. You must find yours. You have the tools—your medium and your amazing fancy to clothe it. Write the things you know—yourself. After all," Hammond broke off, "there's no need to tell you. You would discover it for yourself. And even if you've had a lot of denial, been starved a bit—it will really help you. The good work comes out of just that—denial, starvation. Do you know," he added abruptly, "you haven't found yourself at all—even in other things? Do you know, for example, that you are a really beautiful woman?"

Annie Carey turned pale.

"Beautiful?" she faltered. "You must be joking."

"Never less in my life."

She turned paler still. She knew now she ought to have told Starbird.

"Well, you mustn't say a thing like that to me."

"Why not, pray?"

"Because—I'm married," she said.

"I see," he said gravely. "Marriage is the insuperable bar. It places a woman beyond the pale in the provinces. Nevertheless, it is a fact. You are beautiful. You will be more so some day. If I offend you, forgive me. I shall not offend again. I am going away to-morrow."

A curious flatness, a fatigue came over Annie Carey. She remembered reading somewhere that life is all good-bys.

She said, a little primly, "I'm sorry you're going. I'll miss you."

"I'll miss you, Annie Carey Simcox. But I'll watch for you. I've a feeling you'll win out and come along right gallantly."

Going home after her farewell, it seemed to Annie Carey the world was strangely dead. She felt profoundly lonely and discouraged, but as she approached The Courier-Trumpet she saw a man enter.

It was the newspaper mortgagee. His presence was like a flare of trumpets, a passionate call to duty.

"I've got to do better and better," she told herself fiercely.

There had lain in the back of her mind for a long time a nebulous idea, a delicate half-formed framework that offered intriguing suggestions for the interplay of certain ideas and philosophies. It was a fabric of her own weaving—the nucleus of a veritable book, if she chose to write it. She took out and examined her idea anew, and it seemed to her both authentic and victorious in quality, made of herself and her repressions. Suddenly she was on fire with it. She could scarcely wait for the day to end that she might be free to try it, to release herself of the new surcharged energy that oppressed her.

It is a pity that it could not have come sooner.

In the next few months The Courier-Trumpet and the family fortunes collapsed together. Starbird fell ill, never to be well again. The paper was sold out to the Edmonston Star. The flag of auction fluttered from the second floor. Under the hammer went the floral plaques and the dog-headed rug. With what *lares* were left Annie Carey took her sick husband and her little sons to a tiny cottage on the skirts of town. Here now, gallantly, she entered the lists with Death. She rode at him, lance down, with all her heart. By day she

(Concluded on Page 75)

A Prize Contest for Valspar Users—

The famous Valspar boiling water test

OF course there are many uses for Valspar that everybody knows about—

On floors and furniture, on all varnished surfaces, indoors and out, in homes, hotels, theatres, schools and offices, the superiority of Valspar is being demonstrated every day.

On airplanes rushing at terrific speed through mist and clouds, biting cold and blazing heat of the sun, Valspar has impressively proved its wonderful flexibility and waterproof qualities.

On speed boats, sailing yachts and craft of all kinds, Valspar, being waterproof, is recognized as the most satisfactory varnish for marine use.

Other Uses for Valspar

But there are many other practical uses—more unusual ones perhaps, that lots of people might never think of—where Valspar saves money, improves appearance, and greatly increases serviceability.

A Valspar test in the clouds! The cars of the Pike's Peak Railway are exposed to rain, snow, hail and mist, and to extreme temperature changes. Valspar has proved superior to any other varnish used.

The Railroads are Big Valspar Users—Exposed to every shift and change of weather—standing up under rain, snow, fog, wind and sun—Valspar Varnish has made good on a 100% basis as a railroad varnish on cars, engines and tenders. Valspar is weatherproof, waterproof and almost wear-proof.

Floor Coverings—Valspar preserves new Linoleum, Congoleum and Oil Cloth, and renews the life and appearance of these materials after many months of hard wear. It brightens the colors and makes the floor covering last longer.

Baby Carriages—A Valsparred baby carriage is easily kept fresh and clean, as it can be washed freely.

Fireless Cookers—Hot steam has no effect on Valspar.

Draining Boards—Hot, soapy water cannot make the wood rough and splintery if it's Valsparred.

Shoes—An occasional coat of Valspar makes shoe soles wear twice as long and absolutely keeps the dampness out.

Window and Door Screens—Valspar keeps the wire from rusting and the frames like new.

Trunks—Valspar will keep your trunk from looking shabby, and also waterproof it.

Wicker Furniture—Porch and garden furniture that is Valsparred is not affected by sun or rain.

Golf Clubs—Valsparring keeps the shafts springy and moisture-proof and prevents the thread windings from raveling.

Refrigerators—Valspar is exceptionally effective for refrigerators and iceboxes because it is proof against moisture and temperature changes.

Canoes, etc.—Valspar preserves and protects canoes, paddles, oars, baseball bats, bowling alleys, balls and pins, croquet sets, skis and snow shoes.

Fishing Rods—A coat of Valspar will double the life of bamboo, wood or metal rods. Creels also.

Tennis Rackets—Valspar makes the strings moisture-proof; protects the frame.

Oilskins—Especially when they begin to dry and crack, can be made better than new and absolutely waterproof with Valspar.

Gun Stocks—The smooth finish of gun stocks is preserved by Valspar.

But we want to learn still more ways in which Valspar has been used successfully. There must be lots of them. If you know of any, here's your chance.

88 Cash Prizes

Have you ever used Valspar for an unusual purpose? Did you ever Valspar anything other than the articles listed above? Do you know from experience of any use for Valspar not mentioned in this advertisement? If so, tell us about it and try for a prize.

We offer cash for new Valspar uses. The 88 suggestions which in the judgment of the Prize Award Committee are most interesting and best suited for advertising Valspar will be awarded the prizes as follows:—

One Prize of	$100	
Two Prizes of	50	each
Five Prizes of	20	"
Ten Prizes of	10	"
Twenty Prizes of	5	"
Fifty Prizes of	2	"

Conditions of the Contest

The only conditions of the contest are:—

1. Valspar must actually have been used, prior to September 15th, 1920, under the circumstances and with the results you describe.
2. You must give the name and address of your local paint dealer.

Just write us a letter setting forth the facts in your own words.

Today is the best time to do it. All replies must be in by December 1st, 1920.

VALENTINE & COMPANY
Largest Manufacturers of High-grade Varnishes in the World
ESTABLISHED 1832
456 Fourth Avenue New York City

VALENTINE'S
VALSPAR
The Varnish That Won't Turn White

Westinghouse

SMALL [illegible] HOUSEHOLD PURPOSES

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC

"If there had only been Motors in my day"

Those who look back upon a past filled with the toil of housework as it was done a generation ago perhaps best appreciate how lucky is the housewife of today.

True, there were washing machines and sweepers before the era of the modern woman, but it was only after the invention and development of the electric motor that real progress began in lightening the labor of the home.

In this work Westinghouse has had a principal part. The motor of today represents to a great extent the ideas and efforts of Westinghouse men, and Westinghouse has co-operated to the fullest with the manufacturers of motor-driven appliances.

That is one reason why you will find Westinghouse Motors on leading makes of washing-machines, vacuum cleaners, ironing machines, dish-washers and various other labor-saving appliances for the home.

When you find a Westinghouse trademark on the motor of your electric appliance, you will know that the manufacturer was willing to pay a little more for this important part to insure your satisfaction.

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING COMPANY

(Concluded from Page 72)

scribbled melodrama and nursed Starbird and fed and dressed her little lads. At night, what time she could spare, she wrote at her heart's own desire—pushing to a close the thing that meant herself, her mind's integrity.

It was a year of feverish striving, a species of warfare—offensives, retreats, maneuvers, deployings, profoundstrategy—with Starbird clinging to her generalship. She was hardly conscious of the passage of time, so busy her hours—her nights so filled with material service or drowned hours of writing that broke off with the lark's first sweet cry outside.

When the book was done and sent away there was a queer hiatus in her mind, but not for long.

The battle was suddenly on, more desperate than ever. She signed a publisher's contract absent-mindedly on the day a great specialist sat at Starbird's side. She corrected her proofs in intervals of snatched distracted anxiety. Thereafter fell a blank of many months when time failed entirely—when all life was tuned to the struggle of one man simply to live.

It ended on a mild day in summer, a day hyacinthine with garden fragrance and gentle summer airs. Annie Carey drew down the shades to the sills in her husband's room and sent the little boys out-of-doors. The world seemed so hushed, so stilled, so abruptly ended, that she was conscious only of a queer light-headedness. She stepped into the shabby little porch and saw the green and gold of morning-glory leaves, the white palings with the phlox and sweet William—beyond, the dusty, narrow road.

"Rural delivery" was moving slowly away from her box—the gray wagon tipping along behind a loppety old horse. There was mail; the little red flag was up. Annie Carey went to get it mechanically. She opened the single letter and read automatically the strip of paper it contained.

It was her first royalty check, and as she read the size of the figures the world about her seemed moving up and in gray irregular waves.

Blindly she faltered back to that quiet room she had left. She knelt beside her husband and laid her cheek against his hand.

"Oh, Starbird—Starbird," she wept, "I did the best I could."

VI

IN SEVEN years a man may accomplish much. A Jacob may win a Rachel—a Hohenzollern may topple from the heights of a visionary Olympus to the depths of practical Avernus.

A mind seeking its own meaning may establish contact and generate after many mishaps the particular energy to which it is predestined.

On a late February afternoon at one of Mrs. Bodley's tea fights the crowd, thinning a little, revealed to a certain masculine late comer a little nucleus of choral spirits clustered at one end of the room about what appeared to be an animated bouquet, but which resolved itself into a face—a small, pointed, warm-colored face inwreathed in a mist of thick purplish-auburn hair surmounted by a floral toque of Burbankian pretensions. He heard the murmured comment.

"Annie Carey Simcox—who wrote An Intimate Document and Mayflower. She's going to be one of the real ones."

He didn't need the comment. Through a break in the crowd two pairs of eyes exchanged glances of perfect cognizance. Annie Carey fluttered across to meet his extended hand.

"After all this time!" she cried. "But I knew you instantly."

"And I knew you, Annie Carey—though you look younger than ever and are dressed like Cinderella."

"Think of it! Me in a two-hundred-dollar frock and this hat—these shoes—but I'm old really, quite changed. An old lady. I've shaken the dust of thirty-five. And think of the boys—two great big beautiful dolls—nearly men—off to school at St. Clements."

She lifted a tortoise-shell locket she wore on a gold chain and offered him two young masculine faces. Hammond examined them with the perfunctory ardor one man accords the offspring of another.

"Beautiful," he said; "and you look like big sister, that's all. Tell me what you are doing. Talk about you."

"Not here."

She told him she was going home—she had an apartment near the university. They would walk up there if he pleased—and she hoped he would please, because he was really her fairy godfather if she was Cinderella, and she wanted to thank him for ever so many things.

A little later she fluttered along beside him with a quite consciously feminine pleasure in her fashionable appearance, in the city environment, the passing crowd. But she forgot these shortly. For she went back to pick up the thread of her narrative at the point where it had stopped for him.

They turned presently into Morningside Park, and Annie Carey finished it all, sitting on one of the benches, carried back to the sorrows and difficulties of herself and Starbird. She cried a little into one of the expensive small handkerchiefs, and Hammond gave her time, abstractedly feeding the bold squirrels that raced about his feet. Then he diverted her presently with tidings of himself. He had been living abroad—France and Italy. He was going back to Italy presently. He drew her out of herself.

Kinder than ever, she thought afterward. The same nice leaf-brown eyes, the tiny wrinkles about them a little deeper, but his whole gesture, kindliness and chivalry, overlaid with a certain pleasantly youthful quality, perennially his own. He was really, she thought, like someone stepped out of a novel, human, yet a little mysterious, touched with advantages of worldly contact and cosmopolitanism. She hoped she would see him often.

She did. He came every afternoon to her apartment for a fortnight. They did not stay for tea, but walked out together or sat in quite simple fashion on the bench in the little park, with only squirrels for audience.

I am afraid Annie Carey presently divined a certain significance in this, but, ostrichlike, evaded it with a splendid show of innocence. But there came a time when she could evade no more. They had talked of everything they knew—of their craft, of the books they loved, of city and country, of the problems of boyhood and boy schools, boy athletics, boy dietary, boy nurture and admonition, to the limit; of the past, of the future a little; of hopes, of despairs. Indeed, there seemed to be nothing left. Hammond's sailing was three days off.

Then he covered her hand with his one afternoon.

"Annie Carey," he said, "there's something I want to tell you. All these years, since I last saw you, I've loved remembering you, the memory of you. But now—well, I love you."

"You mustn't say that," Annie Carey sighed dutifully, though her heart quickened a little.

"Why not?"

"Because I'm an old woman."

"I see. Well, my venerable darling, it's quite true, notwithstanding. I love you." He said it two or three times, taking quite an inane pleasure in the repetition. "I want you to marry me. All kinds of pals and lovers together. Old ones—best kind. We'll look after the boys. All they need. But we'll sail away to Italy and work and play. Italy in the spring—a little place in the hills. I know where the olives will be white with blossom ——"

"But our work ——"

"Better than ever. We'll each of us go into our different house and live there all we please. When we emerge it will be all the nicer—good comrades together. Now, what do you say, Annie Carey?"

She made a small incoherent sound and Hammond leaned closer.

"What does that mean? Say it louder—but don't dare to say anything that will displease me."

"I wasn't going to," said Annie Carey in a thread of voice.

He teased her a little after a minute.

"I don't see just why you do it, after all. Out of the frying pan into the fire. Here you are, a woman of independent position, of enormous possibilities. I've watched your press. You could go it all alone beautifully, and you thrust your head into the lion's mouth—just to please a selfish old idiot. Why do you do it, Annie Carey?"

She looked up at him, her eyes very soft—there was no question of their implication, something as hackneyed and old as Eve. But suddenly this was deflected in a little impulse to mischief.

"I expect because I'm a fool," she dimpled.

This, you will remember, is exactly what I called her at the beginning of her story.

"DRAWN BY P. M. SWISHER"

LONDON DUPLEX

PELTERS

Reversible Leather Coats

When you come to a vote

On the kind of a coat
You want for appearance and shelter,
Of all you'll inspect
You will wisely elect
The durable, versatile Pelter.

For the Gabardine stout
Keeps the wetness all out,
And the other side's fashioned of leather,
Which will chuckle at dust
Or the winter's chill gust—
In a Pelter you'll grin at the weather.

It's the coat for the chap
Who likes tingle and snap
In the clothes that he wears—for it's nifty.
It's a coat you can use
For what purpose you choose
And the Pelter wins out with the Thrifty.

So the Pelter, we'll state,
Is our own candidate
For the job of affording you shelter.
It's a wiz of a coat!
We solicit your vote
For the durable, versatile Pelter!

It's time to think of a winter coat—get a real one this winter. Get a Pelter—cold-proof, wind-proof, rain-proof—keeps you warm as toast on the coldest day—yet is light and comfortable. Three times the wear and three times the use of a cloth coat and costs about the same. *That's economy!*

For men, women and children. Look for the name on every "Pelter."

A store near you sells Pelters. Do you know which one? If not, write us.

International Duplex Coat Co.

Pioneer Makers of Leather Coats

114–116 Fifth Avenue New York City

DISTEEL WHEELS

Count the Wheels that Run True

YOU will find that they are Disteel Wheels, inevitably Disteel Wheels. The United States Tire Company has issued this warning to motorists: "A displacement of only *one degree*" in a wheel "has the same effect on a tire as if it were dragged 92½ feet in every mile."

Wobbly wheels destroy tires, and waste power and gasoline. Disteel Wheels are all steel—no uneven shrinking or expanding. They keep in perfect alignment, run true, stay round and hold the tire straight and firm. Therefore, wheels that run true are Disteel Wheels, the Inwardly Curved Wheels.

Exclusive Manufacturers: Detroit Pressed Steel Company, Detroit, U. S. A.

New York Boston DISTEEL WHEEL CORPORATION Chicago San Francisco

THE WHEELS THAT COMPLETE THE CAR

THE PAGAN MADONNA

(Continued from Page 27)

"Why don't you write a book about these adventures?" she asked.

"A book? No time," said Cunningham. "Besides the moment one of these trips is over it ends; I can recount it only sketchily."

"But even sketchily it would be tremendously interesting. It is as if you were playing a game with death for the mere sport of it."

"Maybe that hits it, though I've never stopped to analyze. I never think of death; it is a waste of gray matter. I should be no nearer death in Tibet than I should be asleep in a cradle. Why bother about the absolute, the inevitable? Humanity wears itself out building bridges for imaginary torrents. I am an exception; that is why I shall be young and handsome up to the moment the grim stalker puts his claw on my shoulder."

He smiled whimsically.

"But you, have you never caught some of the passion for possessing rare paintings, rugs, manuscripts?"

"You miss the point. What does the sense of possession amount to beside the sense of seeking and finding? Cleigh here thinks he is having a thrill when he signs a check. It is to laugh!"

"Have you ever killed a man?" It was one of those questions that leap forth irresistibly. Jane was a bit frightened at her temerity.

Cunningham drank his coffee deliberately.

"Yes."

"Oh!"

Jane shrank back a little.

"But never willfully," Cunningham added—"always in self-defense, and never a white man."

There was a peculiar phase about the man's singular beauty. Animated, it was youthful; in grim repose, it was sad and old.

"Death!" said Jane in a kind of awed whisper. "I have watched many die, and I cannot get over the terror of it. Here is a man with all the faculties, physical and mental; a human being, loving, hating, working, sleeping; and in an instant he is nothing!"

"A Chinaman once said that the thought of death is as futile as water in the hand. By the way, Cleigh—and you too, captain—give the wireless a wide berth. There's death there."

Jane saw the fire opals leap into the dark eyes.

XIII

THE third day out they were well below Formosa, which had been turned on a wide arc. The sea was blue now, quiescent, waveless; there was only the eternal roll. Still Jane could not help comparing the sea with the situation—the devil was slumbering. What if he waked?

Time after time she tried to force her thoughts into the reality of this remarkable cruise, but it was impossible. Romance was always smothering her, edging her off, when she approached the sinister. Perhaps if she had heard ribald songs, seen evidence of drunkenness; if the crew had loitered about and been lacking in respect, she would have been able to grasp the actuality; but so far the idea persisted that this could not be anything more than a pleasure cruise. Piracy? Where was it?

So she measured her actions accordingly, read, played the phonograph, went here and there over the yacht, often taking her stand in the bow and peering down the cutwater to watch the antics of some humorous porpoise or to follow the smother of spray where the flying fish broke. In fact she conducted herself exactly as she would have done on board a passenger ship. There were moments when she was honestly bored.

Piracy! This was an established fact. Cunningham and his men had stepped outside the pale of law in running off with the Wanderer. But piracy without drunken disorder, piracy that wiped its feet on the doormat and hung its hat on the rack! There was a touch of the true farce in it. Hadn't Cunningham himself confessed that the whole affair was a joke?

Round two o'clock on the afternoon of the third day Jane, for the moment alone in her chair, heard the phonograph—the sextet from Lucia. She left her chair, looked down through the open transom and discovered Dennison cranking the machine. He must have seen her shadow, for he glanced up quickly.

He crooked a finger which said, "Come on down!" She made a negative sign and withdrew her head.

Here she was again, on the verge of wild laughter. Donizetti! Pirates! Glass beads for which Cleigh had voyaged sixteen thousand miles! A father and son who ignored each other! She choked down this desire to laugh, because she was afraid it might end suddenly in hysteria and tears. She returned to her chair, and there was the father arranging himself comfortably. He had a book.

"Would you like me to read a while to you?" she offered.

"Will you? You see," he confessed, "I'm troubled with insomnia. If I read by myself I only become interested in the book, but if someone reads aloud it makes me drowsy."

"As a nurse I've done that hundreds of times. But frankly, I can't read poetry; I begin to singsong it at once; it becomes rime without reason. What is the book?"

Cleigh extended it to her. The moment her hands touched the volume she saw that she was holding something immeasurably precious. The form was unlike the familiar shapes of modern books. The covers consisted of exquisitely hand-tooled calf, bound by thongs; there was a subtle perfume as she opened them. Illuminated vellum. She uttered a pleasurable little gasp.

"The Song of Songs, which is Solomon's," she read.

"Fifteenth century—the vellum. The Florentine covers were probably added in the seventeenth. I have four more downstairs. They are museum pieces, as we say."

"That is to say, priceless?"

"After a fashion."

"'Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it; if a man would give all the substance of his house for love, it would utterly be contemned!'"

"Why did you select that?'"

"I didn't select it; I remembered it—because it is true."

"You have a very pleasant voice. Go on—read."

Thus for an hour she read to him, and by the time she grew tired Cleigh was sound asleep. The look of granite was gone from his face, and she saw that he, too, had been handsome in his youth. Why had he struck Denny on the mouth? What had the son done, so to enrage the father? Some woman! And where had she met the man? Oh, she was certain that she had encountered him before! But for the present the gate to recollection refused to swing outward. Gently she laid the beautiful book on his knees and stole over to the rail. For a while she watched the flying fish.

Then came one of those impulses which keep human beings from becoming half gods—a wrong impulse, surrendered to immediately, unweighed, unanalyzed, unchallenged. The father asleep, the son amusing himself with the phonograph, she was now unobserved by her guardians; and so she put into execution the thought that had been urging and intriguing her since the strange voyage began—a visit to the chart house. She wanted to ask Cunningham some questions. He would know something about the Cleighs.

The port door to the chart house was open, latched back against the side. She hesitated for a moment outside the high-beamed threshold—hesitated because Captain Newton was not visible. The wheelman was alone. Obliquely she saw Cunningham, Cleve and a third man seated round a table which was littered. This third man sat facing the port door, and sensing her presence he looked up. Rather attractive until one noted the thin hard lips, the brilliant blue eyes. At the sight of Jane something flitted over his face, and Jane knew that he was bad.

"What's the matter, Flint?" asked Cunningham, observing the other's abstraction.

"We have a visitor," answered Flint.

Cunningham spun his chair round and jumped to his feet.

"Miss Norman? Come in, come in! Anything you need?" he asked with lively interest.

"I should like to ask you some questions, Mr. Cunningham."

"Oh! Well, if I can answer them, I will."

He looked significantly at his companions, who rose and left the house by the starboard door.

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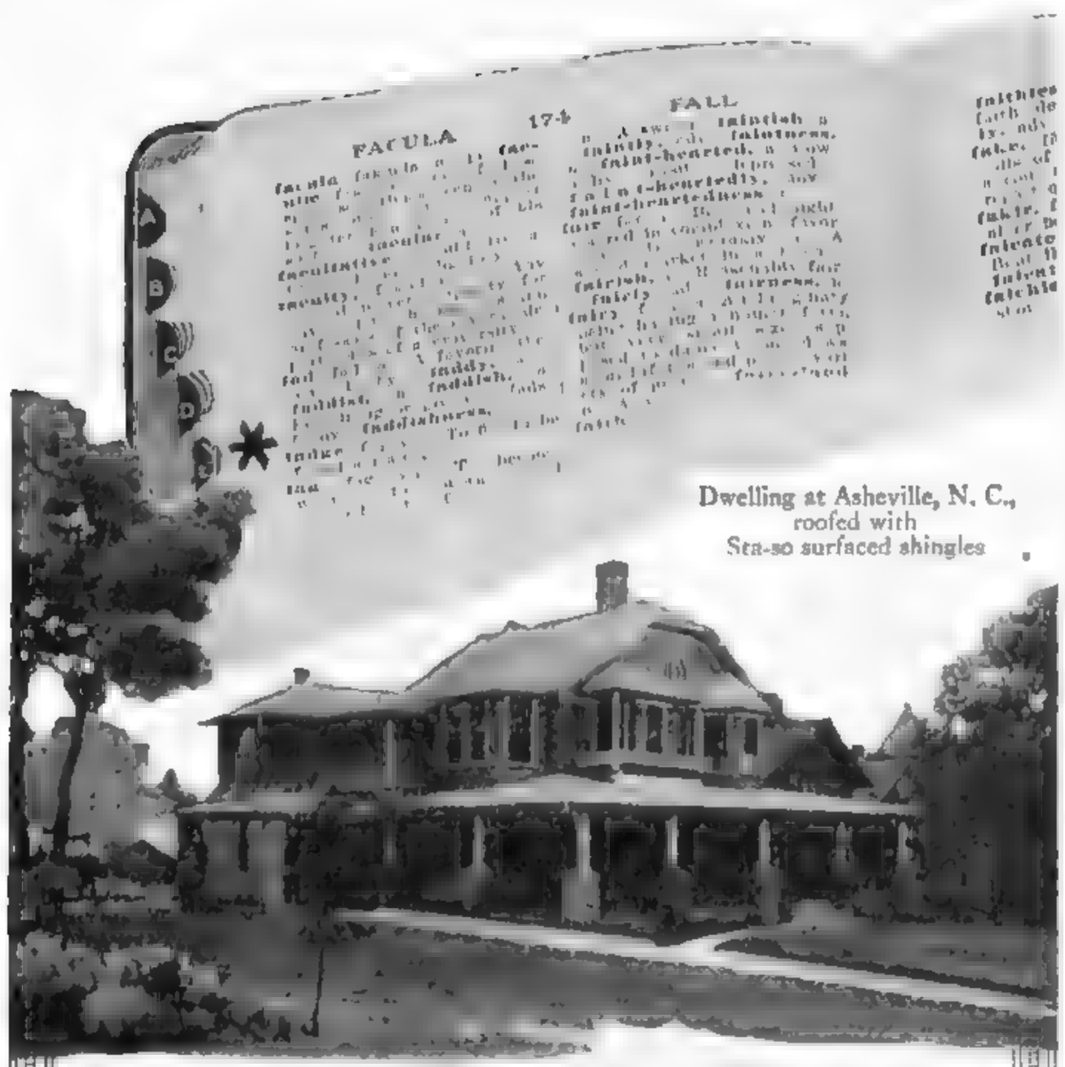

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You would find in it such words as "beauty" and "charm," descriptive of Sta-so's appearance.

—such words as "distinctive" to describe Sta-so's unique granular texture.

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The Sta-so label on slate-surfaced roofing is your protection against slates that fade or imitation slates that trade on the reputation of genuine fade-proof Sta-so laminated slate. That's why you should insist on finding the label on the rolls or on the bundles of shingles when you purchase the slate-surfaced roofing of the manufacturers listed below:

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Photographic reproduction, Sta-so Surfaced Roofing. Sta-so's granular texture lends itself to every style of architectural treatment.

"They can't keep away from him, can they?" said Flint cynically. "Slue-Foot has the come-hither, sure enough. I had an idea she'd be hiking this way the first chance she got."

"You haven't the right dope this trip," replied Cleve. "The contract reads: Hands off women and booze."

"Psalm-singing pirates! We'll be having prayers Sunday. But that woman is my style."

"Better begin digging up a prayer if you've got that bug in your head. If you make any fool play in that direction Cunningham will break you. I saw you last night staring through the transom. Watch your step, Flint. I'm telling you."

"But if she should happen to take a fancy to me, who shall say no?"

"Hate yourself, eh? There was liquor on your breath last night. Did you bring some aboard?"

"What's that to you?"

"It's a whole lot to me, my bucko—to me and to the rest of the boys. Cleigh will not prosecute us for piracy if we play a decent game until we raise the Catwick. On old Van Dorn's tub we can drink and sing if we want to. If Cunningham gets a whiff of your breath, when you've had it, you'll get yours. Most of the boys have never done anything worse than apple stealing. It was the adventure. All keyed up for war and no place to go, and this was a kind of safety valve. Already half of them are beginning to knock in the knees. Game, understand, but now worried about the future."

"A peg or two before turning in won't hurt anybody. I'm not touching it in the daytime."

"Keep away from him when you do—that's all. We're depending on you and Cunningham to pull through. If you two get to scrapping the whole business will go blooey. If we play the game according to contract there's a big chance of getting back to the States without having the sheriff on the dock to meet us. But if you mess it up because an unexpected stroke put a woman on board, you'll end up as shark bait."

"Maybe I will and maybe I won't," was the truculent rejoinder.

"Lord!" said Cleve, a vast discouragement in his tone. "You lay a course as true and fine as a hair, and run afoul a rotting derelict in the night!"

Flint laughed.

"Oh, I shan't make any trouble. I'll say my prayers regular until we make shore finally. The agreement was to lay off the Cleigh booze. I brought on board only a couple of quarts, and they'll be gone before we raise the Catwick. But if I feel like talking to the woman I'll do it."

"It's your funeral, not mine," was the ominous comment. "You've been on the beach once too often, Flint, to play a game like this straight. But Cunningham had to have you, because you know the Malay lingo. Remember, he isn't afraid of anything that walks on two feet or four."

"Neither am I—when I want anything. But glass beads!"

"That was only a lure for Cleigh, who'd go round the world for any curio he was interested in."

"That's what I mean. If it were diamonds or pearls or rubies, all well and good. But a string of glass beads! The old duffer is a nut!"

"Maybe he is. But if you had ten or twelve millions, what would you do?"

"Jump for Prome and foot it to the silk bazaar, where there are three or four of the prettiest Burmese girls you ever laid your eyes on. Then I'd buy the Galle Face Hotel in Colombo and close it to the public."

"And in five years—the old beach again!"

Flint scowled at the oily heaving rolls, brassy and dazzling. He was bored. For twelve weeks he had circled the dull round of ship routine, with never shore leave that was long enough for an ordinary drinking bout. He was bored stiff. Suddenly his thin lips broke into a smile. Cleve, noting the smile, divined something of the impellent thought behind that smile, and he grew uneasy. He recalled his own expression of a few moments gone—the unreckoned derelict.

"Thank you for coming up," said Cunningham. "It makes me feel that you trust me."

"I want to," admitted Jane.

A disturbing phenomenon. Always there was a quickening of her heart beats at the beginning of each encounter with this unusual gentleman rover. It was no longer fear. What was it? Was it the face of him, too strong and vital for a woman's, too handsome for a man's? Was it his dark, fiery eye which was always reversing what his glib tongue said? Some hidden magnetism? Alone, the thought of him was recurrent, no matter how resolutely she cast it forth. Even now she could not honestly say whether she was here to ask questions of Cunningham or of herself. Perhaps it was because he was the unknown, whereas Denny was for the most part as readable as an open book. The one like the forest stream, sometimes turbulent but always clear; the other like the sea through which they plowed, smooth, secret, ominous.

"Do your guardians know where you are?"—raillery in his voice.

"No. I came to ask some questions."

"Curiosity. Sit down. What is it you wish to know?"

"All this—and what will be the end."

"Well, doubtless there will be an end, but I'm not seer enough to foretell it."

"Then you have some doubts?"

"Only those that beset all of us."

"But somehow—well, you don't seem to belong to this sort of game."

"Why not?"

Unexpectedly he had set a wall between. She had no answer, and her embarrassment was visible on her cheeks.

"Here and there across the world rough men call me Slue-Foot. Perhaps my deformity has reacted upon my soul and twisted that. Perhaps if my countenance had been homely and rugged I would have walked the beaten paths of respectability. But the two together!"

"I'm sorry!"

"A woman such as you are would be. You are a true daughter of the great mother—Pity. But I have never asked pity of any. I have asked only that a man shall keep his word to me as I will keep mine to him."

"But you are risking your liberty, perhaps your life!"

"I've been risking that for more than twenty years. The habit has become normal. All my life I've wanted a real adventure."

She gazed at him in utter astonishment.

"An adventure? Why, you yourself told me that you had risked your life a hundred times!"

"That?"—with a smile and a shrug. "That was business, the day's work. I mean an adventure in which I am accountable to no man."

"Only to God?"

"Well, of course, if you want it that way. For myself, I'm something of a pagan. I have dreamed of this day. When you were a little girl didn't you dream of a wonderful doll that could walk and make almost human noises? Well, I'm realizing my doll. I am going pearl hunting in the South Seas—the thing I dreamed of when I was a boy."

"But why commit piracy? Why didn't you hire a steamer?"

"Oh, I must have my joke too. But I hadn't counted on you. In every campaign there is the hollow road of Ohain. Napoleon lost Waterloo because of it. Your presence here has forced me to use a hand without velvet. These men expected a little fun—cards and drink; and some of them are grumbling with discontent. But don't worry. In five days we'll be off on our own."

"What is the joke?"

"That will have to wait. For a few minutes I heard you reading to-day. Your voice is like a bell at sea in the evening. 'Many waters cannot quench love,'" he quoted, the flash of opals in his eyes, though his lips were smiling gently. "The Bible is a wonderful book. Its authors were poets who were not spoiled by the curse of rime. Does it amuse you to hear me talk of the Bible?—an unregenerate scalawag? Well, it is like this: I am something of an authority on illuminated manuscripts. I've had to wade through hundreds of them. That is the method by which I became acquainted with the Scriptures. The Song of Songs! Lord love you, if that isn't pure pagan, what is? I prefer the Proverbs. Ask Cleigh if he has that manuscript with him. It's in a remarkable state of preservation. Remember? 'There be three things which are too wonderful for me, yea, four which I know not: The way of an eagle in the air; the way of a serpent upon a rock; the way of a ship in the midst

(Continued on Page 81)

Announcing Packard "Single Six"

The 10-Year Car

WE have always made large cars designed for maximum speed, great power, and all the roominess that goes with a long wheelbase. The ultimate development has been the Twin Six, which has firmly established itself in the regard of the public, and which we have been producing and marketing for a number of years.

Packard reputation for motor cars rests solidly upon the *Twin Six*, and it always will!

Packard

But there has for years been an insistent demand for another car to supplement the Twin Six: a car of shorter wheelbase and lighter weight, a general-purpose car of great maneuverability in traffic, one that would park in a short space at the curb.

And the demand was that this light car should give unusual gasoline mileage and tire mileage, and finally, that it should be designed and built Packard-wise, and therefore be able to keep out of the repair shop longest and to require least attention from its owner or driver.

We thought it over and studied the problem for a good many years, during all of which we were accumulating experience in the design and production of the highest possible grade of car.

We have at various times during the past ten years designed a light-weight companion to our larger cars, but were never entirely satisfied with our efforts.

Then the war broke out, in 1914, and believing that America would inevitably become involved, we turned our attention to designing airplane engines, and from then to the close of the war had a thoroughly successful experience in designing and manufacturing airplane motors, which, as you know, must give the greatest power with the least possible weight.

* * *

We learned a great deal through this experience that was applicable to the automobile, and towards the close of the war we felt we were finally well equipped by experience to design the light-weight car.

Meanwhile, with a constantly growing talk of congestion in traffic, and increasing cost of gasoline, tires and other supplies, the demand for the light car became more and more insistent.

* * *

We have taken several years for the development and perfection of this new Packard, but we believe we have accomplished what we set out to do, and take now a pride in announcing that the Packard Single Six will soon be ready. It will be manufactured alongside the Twin Six and by the same matured and experienced organization.

The new car is of five-passenger capacity and will be offered in Touring, Runabout, Coupé and Brougham or Sedan.

The motor has six cylinders, 3⅜" bore by 4½" stroke. It is therefore of medium size, and despite its light weight is very sturdily built.

It is equipped with the Fuelizer.

The *Single Six* motor is new throughout but it is not experimental.

It includes every principle of good engineering that our experience has shown to make for maximum power, coupled with silent operation and freedom from annoying troubles. We have failed of our intentions if we have not produced a motor that will run longer and require less attention than any other.

Our chassis design is very simple and clean. Its light weight, together with its unusually efficient motor, result in a very economical car.

As an instance of this, in our test driving in cross-country runs we have made over twenty miles to the gallon of gasoline. Of course, in congested city driving the mileage will not be so high.

Average tire mileage can be expected to exceed 15,000 miles. In our extensive experimental driving of this new car we have had some tires in fair condition at the end of 25,000 miles.

It is an agreeable car to operate, having the easiest possible steering, the lightest clutch action, the shortest turning radius, and, we believe, all those qualities that you would like to have in a light-weight car for general purposes.

The workmanship and finish are Packard throughout.

Packard

The greatest obtainable luxury, the maximum power, and the ultimate in road-ability must always be found in the large car. That is the field in which the Packard Twin Six will always be dominant.

In this new car we have not attempted to compete in that field, but rather to produce an active, easily operated, high-grade, light car, with all the elements of efficiency, economy of operation and, above all, long life.

There are Packard cars today, designed years ago, that are nearing the half-million mark in miles traveled.

The new Single Six is also, we confidently believe, a TEN-YEAR CAR.

The price of the Touring Car is $3640 at Detroit.

PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY, *Detroit*

Douglas Fir
Northern White Pine
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Washington Red Cedar
Red Fir and Larch
Norway Pine

AN INDUSTRY IS NO STRONGER THAN ITS SERVICE TO THE PEOPLE

YOU have heard men say that good lumber is scarce. They say that lumber isn't what it used to be, and that we must soon come to use substitute materials.

Do you know how much good lumber there is in this country today? With the possible exception of the hardwoods, there is as much good lumber available for construction purposes as there ever was at any time since America became a nation.

There is more standing timber today in the United States than ever was made into lumber since the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock.

An industry is no stronger than its service to the people.

As substantial factors in the lumber business the Weyerhaeuser people wish to render real service to you and to everyone who uses lumber.

Whether you are a home-builder planning a beautiful residence; a workman who wants a couple of boards or a bunch of lath; a farmer building a cow-barn or a corn-crib; or a great industrial corporation specifying 10,000,000 feet in one order—we want you to know the facts about lumber.

To this end we will supply to lumber dealers and to the public any desired information as to the qualities of different species and the best wood for a given purpose.

This service will be as broad and impartial as we know how to make it. We are not partisans of any particular species of wood. We advise the best lumber for the purpose, whether it is a kind we handle or not.

What we advocate is conservation and economy through the use of the right wood in its proper place.

If we could insure your getting the wood you ought to have, it might mean a difference of years in the life and service of the lumber—fifty years perhaps as against a few months. So important is the selection of the right wood or grade of wood for a given use.

From now on the Weyerhaeuser Forest Products trade-mark will be plainly stamped on their product. You can see it for yourself at the lumber yard or on the job after it is delivered.

When you buy lumber for any purpose, no matter how much or how little, you can look at the mark and know that you are getting a standard article of known merit.

WEYERHAEUSER FOREST PRODUCTS
SAINT PAUL · MINNESOTA

Producers of Douglas Fir, Western Hemlock, Washington Red Cedar and Cedar Shingles on the Pacific Coast; Idaho White Pine, Western Soft Pine, Red Fir and Larch in the Inland Empire; Northern White Pine and Norway Pine in the Lake States.

(Continued from Page 78)

of the sea; and the way of a man with a maid.' Ask Cleigh to show you that."

Cleigh! The name swung her back to the original purpose of this visit.

"Do you know the Cleighs well?"

"I know the father. He has the gift of strong men—unforgetting and unforgiving. I know little or nothing about the son, except that he is a chip of the old block. Queer twist in events, eh?"

"Have you any idea what estranged them?"

"Didn't know they were at outs until the night before we sailed. They don't speak?"

"No. And it seems so utterly foolish!"

"*Cherchez la femme!*"

"You believe that was it?"

"It is always so, always and eternally the woman. I don't mean that she is always to blame; I mean that she is always there—in the background. But you! I say now, here's the job for you! Bring them together. That's your style. For weeks now you three will be together. Within that time you'll be able to twist both of them round your finger. I wonder if you realize it? You're not beautiful, but you are something better—splendid. Strong men will always be gravitating toward you, wanting comfort, peace. You're not the kind that sets men's hearts on fire, that makes absconders, fills the divorce courts, and all that. You're like a cool hand on a hot forehead. And you have a voice as sweet as a bell."

Instinct—the female fear of the trap—warned Jane to be off, but curiosity held her to the chair. She was human; and this flattery, free of any suggestion of lovemaking, gave her a warming, pleasurable thrill. Still there was a fly in the amber. Every woman wishes to be credited with hidden fires, to possess equally the power to damn men as well as to save them.

"Has there never been ——"

"A woman? Have I not just said there is always a woman?" He was sardonic now. "Mine, seeing me walk, laughed."

"She wasn't worth it!"

"No, she wasn't. But when we are twenty the heart is blind. So Cleigh and the boy don't speak?"

"Cleigh hasn't injured you in any way, has he?"

"Injured me? Of course not! I am only forced by circumstance—and an oblique sense of the comic—to make a convenience of him. And by the Lord Harry, it's up to you to help me out!"

"I?"—bewildered.

XIV

JANE gazed through the doorway at the sea. There was apparently no horizon, no telling where the sea ended and the faded blue of the sky began. There was something about this sea she did not like. She was North-born. It seemed to her that there was really less to fear from the Atlantic fury than from these oily, ingratiating, rolling mounds. They were the Uriah Heep of waters. She knew how terrible they could be, far more terrible than the fiercest nor'easter down the Atlantic. Typhoon! How could a yacht live through a hurricane? She turned again toward Cunningham.

"You are like that," she said irrelevantly.

"Like what?"

"Like this sea."

Cunningham rose and peered under the half-drawn blind.

"That may be complimentary, but hanged if I know! Smooth? is that what you mean?"

"Kind of terrible."

He sat down again.

"That rather cuts. I might be terrible. I don't know—never met the occasion; but I do know that I'm not treacherous. You certainly are not afraid of me."

"I don't exactly know. It's—it's too peaceful."

"To last? I see. But it isn't as though I were forcing you to go through with the real voyage. Only a few days more, and you'll have seen the last of me."

"I hope so."

He chuckled.

"What I meant was," she corrected, "that nothing might happen, nobody get hurt. Human beings can plan only so far."

"That's true enough. Every program is subject to immediate change. But Lord, what a lot of programs go through per schedule! Still you are right. It all depends upon chance. We say a thing is cut and dried, but we can't prove it. But so far as I can see into the future, nothing is going to happen, nobody is going to walk the plank. Piracy on a basis of 2.75 per cent—the kick gone out of it! But if you can bring about the reconciliation of the Cleighs the old boy will not be so keen for chasing me all over the map when this job is done."

"Will you tell me what those beads are?"

"To be sure I will—all in due time. What does Cleigh call them?"

"Love beads!" scornfully.

"On my solemn word, that's exactly what they are."

"Very well. But remember, you promise to tell me when the time comes."

"That and other surprising things."

"I'll be going."

"Come up as often as you like."

Cunningham accompanied her to the bridge ladder and remained until she was speeding along the deck; then he returned to his chart. But the chart was no longer able to hold his attention. So he leveled his gaze upon the swinging horizon and kept it there for a long time. Odd fancy, picturing the girl on the bridge in a hurricane, her hair streaming out behind her, her fine body leaning on the wind. A shadow in the doorway broke in upon this musing. Cleigh.

"Come in and sit down," invited Cunningham.

But Cleigh ignored the invitation and stepped over to the steersman.

"Has Miss Norman been in here?"

"Yes, sir."

"How long was she here?"

"I don't know, sir; perhaps half an hour."

Cleigh stalked to the door, but there he turned, and for the first time since Cunningham had taken the yacht Cleigh looked directly, with grim intentness, into his enemy's eyes.

"Battle, murder and sudden death!" Cunningham laughed. "You don't have to tell me, Cleigh! I can see it in your eyes. If Miss Norman wants to come here and ask questions I'm the last man to prevent her."

Cleigh thumped down the ladder. Cunningham was right—there was murder in his heart. He hurried into the main salon, and there he found Jane and Dennison conversing.

"Miss Norman, despite my warning you went up to the chart house."

"I had some questions to ask."

"I forbid you emphatically. I am responsible for you."

"I am no longer your prisoner, Mr. Cleigh; I am Mr. Cunningham's."

"You went up there alone?" demanded Dennison.

"Why not? I'm not afraid. He will not break his word to me."

"Damn him!" roared Dennison.

"Where are you going?" she cried, seizing him by the sleeve.

"To have it out with him! I can't stand this any longer!"

"And what will become of me—if anything happens to you, or anything happens to him? What about the crew if he isn't on hand to hold them?"

The muscular tenseness of the arm she held relaxed. But the look he gave his father was on a par with that which Cleigh had so recently spent upon Cunningham. Cleigh could not support it, and turned his head aside.

"All right. But mind you keep in sight! If you will insist upon talking with the scoundrel, at least permit me to be within call. What do you want to talk to him for anyhow?"

"Neither of you will stoop to ask him questions, so I had to. And I have learned one thing. He is going pearl hunting."

"What? Off the Catwick? There's no pearl oyster in that region," Dennison declared. "Either he is lying or the Catwick is a blind. The only chance he'd have would be somewhere in the Sulu Archipelago; and this time of year the pearl fleets will be as thick as flies in molasses. Of course if he is aware of some deserted atoll, why, there might be something in it."

"Have you ever hunted pearls?"

"In a secondhand sort of way. But if pearls are his game, why commit piracy when he could have chartered a tramp to carry his crew? There's more than one old bucket hereabouts ready to his hand for coal and stores. He'll need a shoe spoon to get inside or by the Sulu fleets, since the oyster has been pretty well neglected these

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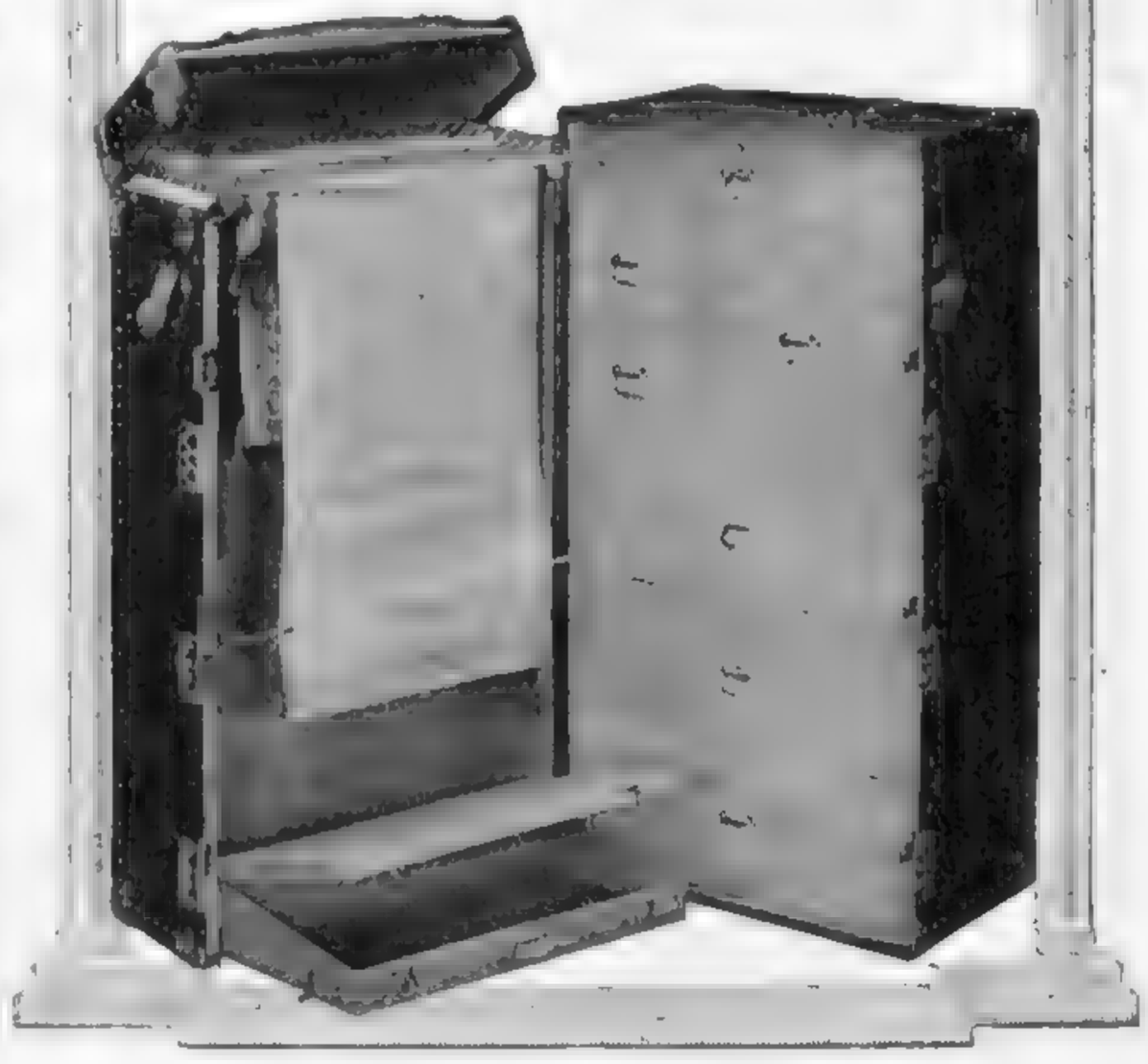

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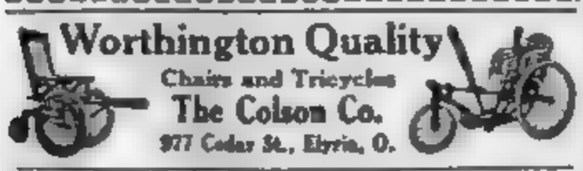

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five years, and every official pearler will be hiking down there. But it requires a certain amount of capital and a stack of officially stamped paper, and I don't fancy Cunningham has either."

Cleigh smiled dryly, but offered no comment. He knew all about Cunningham's capital.

"Did he say anything about being picked up by another boat?" asked Dennison.

"No," answered Jane. "But I don't believe it will be hard for me to make him tell me that. I believe that he will keep his word too."

"Jane, he has broken the law of the sea. I don't know what the penalty is these days, but it used to be hanging to the yardarm. He won't be particular about his word if by breaking it he can save his skin. He's been blarneying you. You've let his plausible tongue and handsome face befog you."

"That is not true!" she flared. Afterward she wondered what caused the flash of perversity. "And I resent your inference!" she added with uplifted chin.

Dennison whirled her about savagely, stared into her eyes, then walked to the companion, up which he disappeared. This rudeness astonished her profoundly. She appealed silently to the father.

"We are riding a volcano," said Cleigh. "I'm not sure but he's setting some trap for you. He may need you as a witness for the defense. Of course I can't control your actions, but it would relieve me immensely if you'd give him a wide berth."

"He was not the one who brought me aboard."

"No. And the more I look at it, the more I am convinced that you came on board of your own volition. You had two or three good opportunities to call for assistance."

"You believe that?"

"I've as much right to believe that as you have that Cunningham will keep his word."

"Oh!" she cried, but it was an outburst of anger. And it had a peculiar twist too. She was furious because both father and son were partly correct; and yet there was no diminution of that trust she was putting in Cunningham. "Next you'll be hinting that I'm in collusion with him!"

"No. Only he is an extraordinarily fascinating rogue, and you are wearing the tinted goggles of romance."

Fearing that she might utter something regrettable, she flew down the port passage and entered her cabin, where she remained until dinner. She spent the intervening hours endeavoring to analyze the cause of her temper, but the cause was as elusive as quicksilver. Why should she trust Cunningham? What was the basis of this trust? He had, as Denny said, broken the law of the sea. Was there a bit of black sheep in her, and was the man calling to it? And this perversity of hers might create an estrangement between her and Denny; she must not let that happen. The singular beauty of the man's face, his amazing career and his pathetic deformity—was that it?

"Where's the captain?" asked Cunningham curiously as he noted the vacant chair at the table that night.

"On deck, I suppose."

"Isn't he dining to-night?"—an accent of suspicion creeping into his voice. "He isn't contemplating making a fool of himself, is he? He'll get hurt if he approaches the wireless."

"Togo," broke in Cleigh, "bring the avocats and the pineapple."

Cunningham turned upon him with a laugh.

"Cleigh, when I spin this yarn some day I'll carry you through it as the man who never batted an eye. I can see now how you must have bluffed Wall Street out of its boots."

When Cunningham saw that Jane was distrait he made no attempt to pull her out of it. He ate his dinner, commenting only occasionally. Still he bade her a cheery good night as he returned to the chart house, where he stayed continually, never quite certain what old Captain Newton might do to the wheel and the compass if left alone too long.

Dennison came in immediately after Cunningham's departure and contritely apologized to Jane for his rudeness.

"I suppose I'm on the rack; nerves all raw; tearing me to pieces to sit down and twiddle my thumbs. Will you forgive me?"

"Of course I will! I understand. You are all anxious about me. Theoretically this yacht is a volcano, and you're trying to keep me from kicking off the lid. But I've an idea that the lid will stay on tightly if we make believe we are Mr. Cunningham's guests. But it is almost impossible to suspect that anything is wrong. Whenever a member of the crew comes in sight he is properly polite, just as he would be on a liner. If I do go to the bridge again I'll give you warning. Good night, Mr. Cleigh. I'll read to you in the morning. Good night—Denny."

Cleigh, sighing contentedly, dipped his fingers into the finger bowl and brushed his lips.

The son drank a cup of coffee hastily, lit his pipe and went on deck. He proceeded directly to the chart house.

"Cunningham, I'll swallow my pride and ask a favor of you."

"Ah!"—in a neutral tone.

"The cook tells me that all the wine and liquor are in the dry-stores compartment. Will you open it and let me chuck the stuff overboard?"

"No," said Cunningham promptly. "When I turn this yacht back to your father not a single guy rope will be out of order. It would be a fine piece of work to throw all those rare vintages over the rail simply to appease an unsubstantial fear on your part! No!"

"But if the men should break in? And it would be easy, because it is nearer them than us."

"Thank your father for building the deck like a city flat. But if the boys should break in there's the answer," said Cunningham, laying his regulation revolver on the chart table. "And every mother's son of them knows it."

"You refuse?"

"Yes."

"All right. But if anything happens I'll be on top of you, and all the bullets in that clip won't stop me."

"Captain, you bore me. Your father and the girl are good sports. You ought to be one. I've given you the freedom of the yacht for the girl's sake, when caution bids me dump you into the brig. I begin to suspect that your misfortunes are due to a violent temper. Run along with your thunder; I don't want you hurt."

"If I come through this alive ——"

"You'll join your dad peeling off my hide—if you can catch me!"

It was with the greatest effort that Dennison crushed down the desire to leap upon his tormentor. He stood tense for a moment, then stepped out upon the bridge. His fury was suffocating him, and he realized that he was utterly helpless.

Ten minutes later the crew in their quarters were astonished to see the old man's son enter. None of them stirred.

"I say, any you chaps got an extra suit of twill? This uniform is getting too thick for this latitude. I'm fair melting down to the bone."

"Sure!" bellowed a young giant, swinging out of his bunk. He rummaged round for a space and brought forth a lightweight khaki shirt and a pair of ducks. "Guess these'll fit you, sir."

"Thanks. Navy stores?"

"Yes, sir. You're welcome."

Dennison's glance traveled from face to face, and he had to admit that there was none of the criminal type here. They might carry through decently. Nevertheless hereafter he would sleep on the lounge in the main salon. If any tried to force the dry-stores door he would be likely to hear it.

At eleven o'clock the following morning there occurred an episode which considerably dampened Jane's romantical point of view regarding this remarkable voyage. Cleigh had gone below for some illuminated manuscripts and Dennison was out of sight for the moment. She leaned over the rail and watched the flying fish. Suddenly out of nowhere came the odor of whisky.

"You ought to take a trip up to the cutwater at night and see the flying fish in the phosphorescence."

She did not stir. Instinctively she knew who the owner of this voice would be—the man Cunningham called Flint. A minute—an unbearable minute—passed.

"Oh! Too haughty to be a good fellow, huh?"

Footsteps, a rush of wind, a scuffling and an oath brought her head about. She saw Flint go balancing and stumbling backward, finally to sprawl on his hands and knees, and following him, in an unmistakable attitude, was Dennison. Jane was beginning to understand these Cleighs; their rage was terrible because it was always cold.

"Denny!" she called.

But Dennison continued on toward Flint.

XV

FLINT was a powerful man, or had been. The surprise of the attack over, he jumped to his feet, and blazing with murderous fury rushed Dennison. Jane saw a tangle of arms, and out of this tangle came a picture that would always remain vivid—Flint practically dangling at the end of Dennison's right arm. The rogue tore and heaved and kicked and struck, but futilely, because his reach was shorter. Dennison let go unexpectedly.

"Listen to me, you filthy beach comber! If you ever dare speak to Miss Norman again or come within ten feet of her I'll kill you with bare hands! There are no guns on board this yacht—bare hands. Now go back to your master and say that I'd like to do the same to him."

Flint, his hands touching his throat with inquiring solicitude—Flint eyed Dennison with that mixture of pain and astonishment that marks the face of a man who has been grossly deceived. Slowly he revolved on his shaking legs and staggered forward, shortly to disappear round the deck house.

"Oh, Denny, you've done a foolish thing! You've shamed that man before me and put murder in his heart. It isn't as if we were running the yacht. We are prisoners of that man and his fellows. It would have been enough for you to have stepped in between."

"I haven't any parlor varnish left, Jane. His shoulder was almost touching yours. It was an intentional insult, and that was enough for me. The dog! Still looking at the business romantically?"

His tone was bitter. Her reproach, no doubt justified, cut deeply.

"No, I'm beginning to become a little afraid—afraid that the men may get out of hand. I don't care what you and your father think, but I believe Cunningham honestly wishes us to reach the Catwick without any conflict."

"Ah, Cunningham!"

"There you go again—angry and bitter! Why can't you take it sensibly, like your father?"

"My father doesn't happen to be ——" He stopped with mystifying abruptness.

"Doesn't happen to be what?"

"The sort of fool I am!"

"You're not so good a comrade as you were."

"Can't you understand? I've been stood upon my head. The worry about you on one side and the contact with my father on the other would be sufficient. But Cunningham and this pirate crew as a tail to the kite! But thank God, I had the wit to come in search of you!"

"I thank God every minute, Denny! You are very strong," she added shyly.

"Glad of that too. But I repeat, I've lost the parlor varnish and the art of parlor talk. For seven years I've been wandering in strange places, most of them hard; so I say what I think and act on the spur. That dog had liquor on his breath. Is Cunningham secretly letting them into the dry stores?"

"The man may have brought it aboard at Shanghai. What a horrible thing a great war is! In a week it knocks aside all the bars of restraint it took years to erect. Could a venture like this have happened in 1913? I doubt it. There comes your father. But who is the man with him? He's been hurt."

"Father's watchdog. They had to beat him up to get his gun away from him. That was the racket we heard. Evidently father expects you to read to him, so I'll take a constitutional."

"Why, where's your uniform?" she cried.

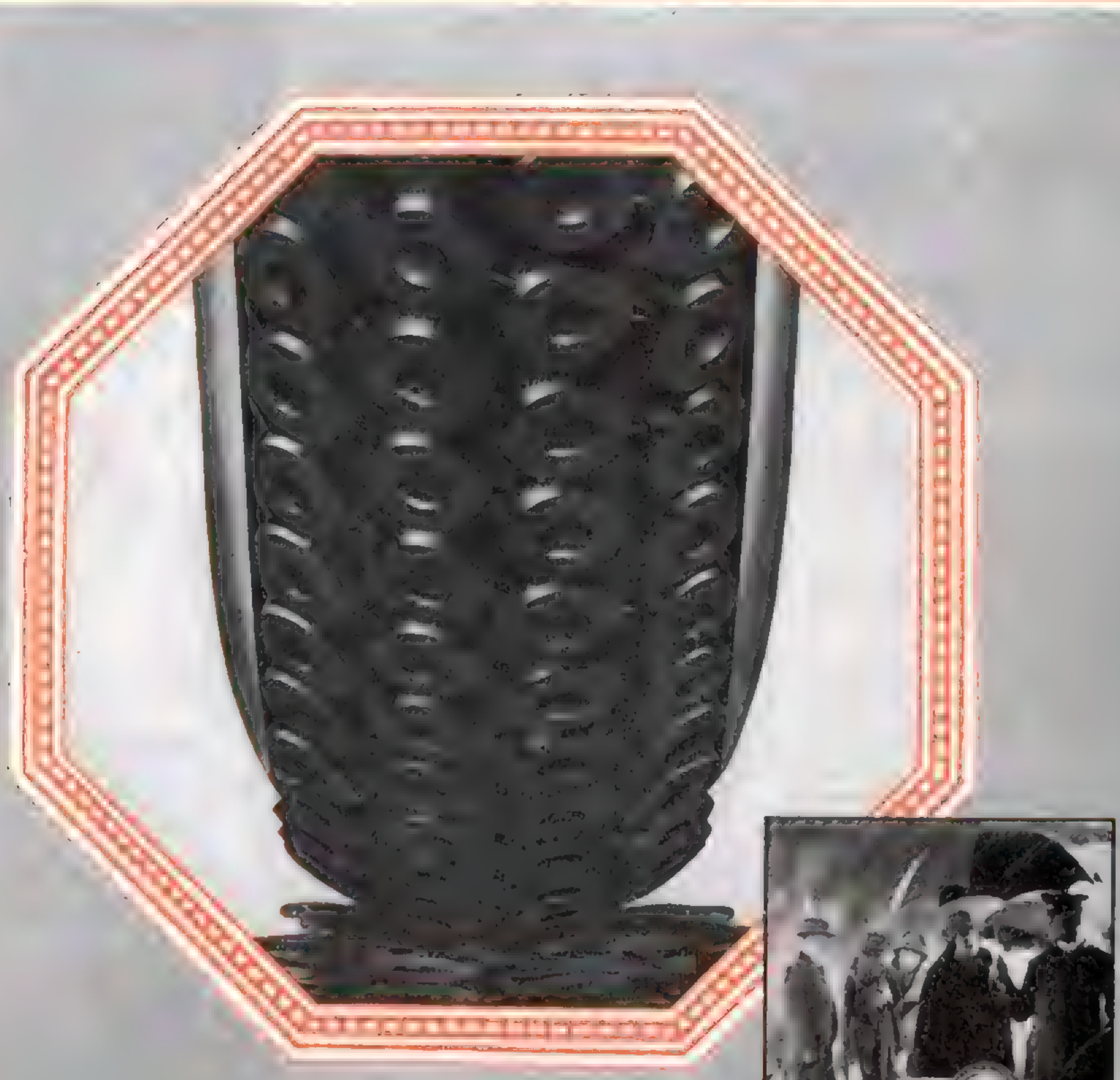
"Laid it aside. From now on it will be stuffy. Those military boots were killing me. I borrowed the rig from one of the pirates, but I'll have to go barefoot."

"Will you come to your chair soon? I shall worry otherwise. You might run into that man again."

"I shan't go below," he promised, starting off.

Twenty thousand at compound interest for seven years, he thought as he made the first turn. A tidy sum to start life with. Could he swallow his pride? And yet what hope was there of making a real living? He had never specialized in anything, and the world was calling for specialists and discarding the others. Another point to consider: Foot-loose for seven years, could he

(Continued on Page 85)



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The Proper Care of Childrens Hair

How to Keep It Beautiful, Healthy and Luxuriant

THE care you give your child's hair makes all the difference in the world in its appearance. Proper shampooing is the most important factor. It brings out all the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes it soft, fresh and luxuriant.

Children's hair needs frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful; but fine, young hair and tender scalps cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soap. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

When the hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it's because the hair has not been shampooed properly.

When the hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, fresh looking, soft and silky.

It is a very easy matter to keep your child's hair looking beautiful when you use Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often it is used.

Just Follow This Simple Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water.

Then, apply a little Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

When you have done this, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly, using clear, fresh water. Then use another application of Mulsified.

Two waters are usually sufficient for washing the hair; but sometimes the third is necessary. You can easily tell, for when the hair is perfectly clean it will be soft and silky in the water, the strands will fall apart easily, each separate hair floating alone in the water and the entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water. When you have rinsed the hair thoroughly, wring it as dry as you can; and finish by rubbing it with a turkish towel, shaking it and fluffing it until it is dry. Then, give it a good brushing.

After a Mulsified Shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want your child to always be remembered for its beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. This regular, weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage, and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Teach Your Boy to Shampoo His Hair Regularly

IT may be hard to get a boy to shampoo his hair regularly, but it's mighty important that he does so.

His hair and scalp should be kept perfectly clean to insure a healthy, vigorous scalp and a fine, thick, heavy head of hair.

Get your boy in the habit of shampooing his hair regularly once each week. A boy's hair being short, it will only take a few minutes' time. Simply moisten the hair with warm water, pour on a little Mulsified and rub it vigorously with the tips of the fingers. This will stimulate the scalp, make an abundance of rich, creamy lather and cleanse the hair thoroughly. It takes only a few seconds to rinse it all out when he is through.

You will be surprised how this regular weekly shampooing with Mulsified will improve the appearance of his hair, and you will be teaching your boy a habit he will appreciate in after life, for a luxuriant head of hair is something every man feels mighty proud of.

WATKINS
MULSIFIED
COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

(Continued from Page 52)

stand the shackles of office work, routine, sameness day in and day out? He was returning to the States without the least idea what he wanted to do; that was the disturbing phase of it. If only he were keen for something! A typical son of the rich man. The only point in his favor was that he had not spent his allowances up and down Broadway. No, he would never touch a dollar of that money. That was final.

What lay back of this sudden desire to make good in the world? Love! There wasn't the slightest use in lying to himself. He wanted Jane Norman with all the blood in his body, with all the marrow in his bones; and he had nothing to offer her but empty hands.

He shot a glance toward the bridge. And because he had no right to speak—obligated to silence by two reasons—that easy-speaking scoundrel might trap her fancy. It could not be denied that he was handsome, but he was nevertheless a rogue. The two reasons why he must not speak were potent. In the first place, he had nothing to offer; in the second place, the terror she was no doubt hiding bravely would serve only to confuse her—that is, she might confuse a natural desire for protection with something deeper and tenderer, and then discover her mistake when it was too late.

What was she going to ask of his father when the time came for reparation? That puzzled him.

He made the rounds steadily for an hour, and during this time Jane frequently looked over the top of the manuscript she was reading aloud. At length she laid the manuscript upon her knees.

"Mr. Cleigh, what is it that makes art treasures so priceless?"

"Generally the depth of the buyer's purse. That is what they say of me in the great auction rooms."

"But you don't buy them just because you are rich enough to outbid somebody else?"

"No, I am actually fond of all the treasures I possess. Aside from this, it is the most fascinating game there is. The original! A painting that Holbein laid his own brushes on, mixed his own paint for! I have then something of the man, tangible, visible; something of his beautiful dreams, his poverty, his success. There before me is the authentic labor of his hand, which was guided by the genius of his brain—before machinery spoiled mankind. Oh, yes, machinery has made me rich! It has given the proletariat the privilege of wearing yellow diamonds and riding about in flivvers. That must be admitted. But to have lived in those days when ambition thought only in beauty! To have been the boon companions of men like Da Vinci, Cellini, Michelangelo! Then there are the adventures of this concrete dream of the artist. I can trace it back to the bare studio in which it was conceived, follow its journeys, its abiding places, down to the hour it comes to me."

Jane stared at him astonishedly. All that had been crampedly hidden in his soul flowed into his face, warming and mellowing it, even beautifying it. Cleigh went on:

"Where will it go when I have done my little span? What new adventures lie in store for it? Across the Ponte Vecchio in Florence runs a gallery of portraits; at the south end of this gallery there is or was a corner given over to a copyist. He strikes you dumb with the cleverness of his work, but he has only an eye and a hand—he hasn't a soul. A copy is to the original what a dummy is to a live man, no matter how amazingly well done the copy is. The original, the dream; nothing else satisfies the true collector."

"I didn't know," said Jane, "that you had so much romance in you."

"Romance?" It was almost a bark.

"Why, certainly. No human being could love beauty the way you do and not be romantic."

"Romantic!" Cleigh leaned back in his chair. "That's a new point of view for Tungsten Cleigh. That's what my enemies call me—the hardest metal on earth. Romantic!" He chuckled. "To hear a woman call me romantic!"

"It does not follow that to be romantic one must be sentimental. Romance is something heroic, imaginative, big; it isn't a young man and a girl spooning on a park bench. I myself am romantic, but nobody could possibly call me sentimental."

"No?"

"Why, if I knew that we'd come through this without anybody getting hurt I'd be gloriously happy. All my life I've been cooped up. For a little while to be free! But I don't like that."

She indicated Dodge, who sat in Dennison's chair, his head bandaged, his arm in a sling, thousands of miles from his native plains, at odds with his environment. His lean brown jaws were set and the pupils of his blue eyes were mere pin points. During the discussion of art, during the reading, he had not stirred.

"You mean," said Cleigh gravely, "that Dodge may be only the beginning?"

"Yes. Your—Captain Dennison had an encounter with the man Flint before you came up. He is very strong and—and a bit intolerant."

"Ah!" Cleigh rubbed his jaw and smiled ruminatively. "He was always rather handy with his fists. Did he kill the ruffian?"

"No, held him at arm's length and threatened to kill him. I'm afraid Flint will not accept the situation with good grace."

"Flint? I never liked that rogue's face."

"He has found liquor somewhere, and I saw murder in his eyes. Denny isn't afraid, and that's why I am—afraid he'll run amuck uselessly. His very strength will react against him."

"I was like that thirty years ago." So she called him Denny? Cleigh laid his hand over hers. "Keep your chin up. There's a revolver handy should we need it. I dare not carry it for fear Cunningham might discover and confiscate it. Six bullets."

"And if worse comes to worse, will—will you save one for me? Please don't let Denny do it! You are old, and if you lived after it wouldn't be in your thoughts so long as it would be in his—if he killed me. Will you promise?"

"Yes—if worse comes to worse. Will you forgive me?"

"I do. But still I'm going to hold you to your word."

"I'll pay the score, whatever it is. Now suppose you come below with me and take a look at the paintings? You haven't seen my cabin yet."

What was this unusual young woman going to ask of him? He wondered. The more he thought over it the more convinced he was that she had assisted in the abduction.

■■■

AFTER they had gone below Dennison dropped into Jane's chair. Immediately Dodge began to talk: "So you nearly throttled that ornery coyote, huh? Whata you know about this round-up? The three o' 'em came in, and I never smelt nothin' until they were on top o' me. How should I smell anythin'? Hobnobbing together for days, how was I to know they were a bunch of pirates? Is your old man sore?"

"Naturally."

"I mean appertainin' to me?"

"I don't see how he could be. Who took care of you—bound you up?"

"That nice-lookin' greaser with the slue foot. Soft speakin' like a woman and an eye like a timber wolf. Some *hombre!* Where we bound for?"

"God knows!"—dejectedly.

"Bad as that, huh? Your girl?"

"No."

"No place for a girl. If they hadn't busted my arm I wouldn't care so much! If it comes to a show-down I won't be no good to anybody. Gimme my guns and we'd be headin' home in five minutes. These *hombres* know somethin' o' my gun play. Gee, it's lonesome here!" Dodge mused for a moment. "Say, what's your old man's idea hog-tyin' you that-a-way?"

"He'll tell you perhaps."

"Uh-huh. Say, what did the Lord make all that stuff for?" with a gesture toward the brazen sea. "What's it good for anyhow?"

"But for the sea we wouldn't have any oysters or codfish," said Dennison soberly.

Dodge chuckled.

"Oysters and codfish! Say, you're all right! Never knew the old man had a son until you blew in. Back in New York nobody ever said nothin' about you. Where you been?"

"Lots of places."

"Any ridin'?"

"Some."

"Can you shoot?"

"A little."

"Kill any o' them Bolsheviks?"

"That would be guesswork. Did you ever kill a man?"

"Nope. Didn't have to. I'm pretty good on the draw, and where I come from they knew it and didn't bother me."

"I see."

"Shootin' these days is all in the movies. I was ridin' for a film company when your old man lassoed me for this job. Never know when you're well off—huh? I thought there wouldn't be nothin' to do but grub pile three times a day and the old man's cheroots in between. And here I be now, ridin' along with a bunch of pirates! Whata you know about that? And some of them nice boys too. If they were riff-raff, barroom bums, I could get a line on it. But I'll have to pass the buck."

"You haven't got an extra gun anywhere, have you?"

"We'd be headin' east if I had"—grimly. "I'd have pared down the odds this mornin'. That *hombre* with the hop-a-long didn't leave me a quill toothpick. Was you thinkin' of startin' somethin'?"—hopefully.

"No, but I'd feel more comfortable if Miss Norman could carry a gun."

"Uh-huh. Say, she's all right. No hysterics. Ain't many of 'em that wouldn't 'a' been snivelin' all day and night in her bunk. Been listenin' to her readin'. Gee, you'd think we were floatin' round this codfish lake just for the fun of it! She won't run to cover if a bust-up comes. None whatever! And I bet she can cook too. Them kind can always cook."

Conversation lapsed.

Below, Jane was passing through an unusual experience.

Said Cleigh at the start: "I'm going to show you the paintings—there are fourteen in all. I will tell you the history of each. And above all, please bear in mind the price of each picture."

"I'll remember."

But she thought the request an odd one, coming from the man as she knew him.

Most of the treasures were in his own spacious cabin. There was a Napoleonic corner—a Meissonier on one side and a Detaille on the other. In a stationary cabinet there were a pair of stirrups, a riding crop, a book on artillery tactics, a pair of slippers beaded with seed pearls and a buckle studded with sapphires.

"What are those?" she asked, attracted.

"They belonged to the Emperor and his first Empress."

"Napoleon?"

"The Corsican. Next to the masters, I've a passion for things genuinely Napoleonic. The hussar is by Meissonier and the skirmish by Detaille."

"How much is this corner worth?"

"I can't say, except that I would not part with those objects for a hundred thousand; and there are friends of mine who would pay half that sum for them—behind my back. This is a Da Vinci."

Half an hour passed. Jane honestly tried to be thrilled by the splendor of the names she heard, but her eye was always traveling back toward the slippers and the buckle. The Empress Josephine! Romance and gallantry in the old, old days!

"The painting in your cabin is by Holbein. It cost me sixteen thousand. Now let us go out and look at the rug. That is the apple of my eye. It is the second finest example of the animal rug in the world. A sheet of pure gold, half an inch thick, covering the rug from end to end, would not equal its worth."

Jane admired the rug, but she would have preferred the gold. Her sense of the beautiful was alive, but there was always in her mind the genteel poverty of the past. She was beginning to understand. To go in quest of the beautiful required an unlimited purse and an endless leisure; and she would have never the one nor the other, let alone both.

"How much gold would that be?" she inquired naïvely.

"Nearly eighty thousand. Have you kept in mind the sums I have given you?"

"Yes. Let me see—good heavens, a quarter of a million! But why do you carry them about like this?"

"Because I'm something of a rogue myself. I could not enjoy the rug and the paintings except on board. The French, the Italian and the Spanish governments could confiscate every solitary painting except the Meissonier and the Detaille, for the simple reason that they were stolen. Oh, I did not steal them myself; I merely purchased them with one eye shut. If I hadn't bought them they would have gone to some other collector. Do you get a glimmer of the truth now?"

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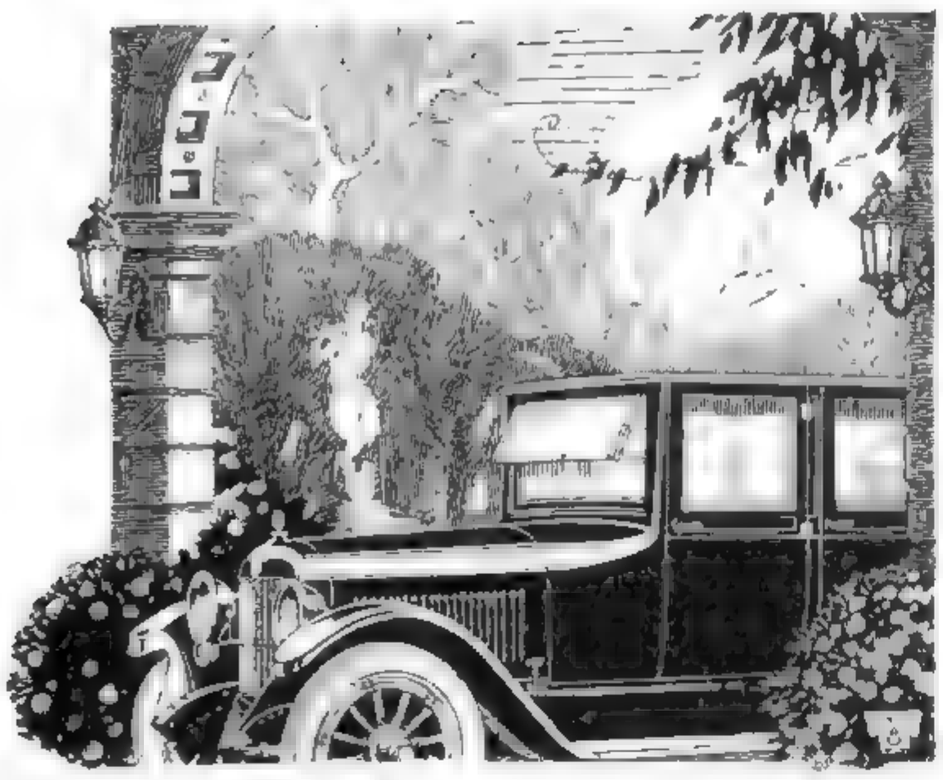

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"The truth?"—perplexedly.

"Yes—where Cunningham will get his pearls?"—bitterly.

"Oh!"

"And I could not touch him. A quarter of a million! And with his knowledge of the secret marts he could easily dispose of them. Worth a bold stroke, eh?"

"But how will he get them off the yacht—transship them?"

Her faith in Cunningham began to waver. A quarter of a million! The thought was as bells in her ears.

"Of the outside issues I have no inkling. But I have shown you his pearls."

"But the crew! Certainly they will not return to any port with us. And why should he lie to me? There is no reason in the world why he shouldn't have told me, if he had committed piracy to obtain your paintings. And he was poring over maps."

"Some tramp is probably going to pick him up. He's ordered us away from the wireless. Cunningham must have his joke, so he is beguiling you with twaddle about hunting pearls. He is robbing me of my treasures, and I can't strike back on that count. But I can land him in prison on the count of piracy; and by the Lord Harry, I'll do it if it takes my last dollar! He'll rue this adventure, or they call me Tungsten for nothing!"

"I wanted so to believe in him!"

"Not difficult to understand why. He has a silver tongue and a face like John the Baptist—del Sarto's—and you are romantic. The picture of him has enlisted your sympathies. You are filled with pity that he should be so richly endowed, facially and mentally, and to be a cripple such as children laugh over."

"Have you never considered what mental anguish must be the portion of a man whose body is twisted as his is? I know. So I pity him profoundly, even if he is a rogue. That's all I was born for—to pity and to bind up. And I pity you, Mr. Cleigh, you who have walled your heart in granite."

"You're plain-spoken, young lady."

"Yes, certain sick minds need plain speaking."

"Then my mind is sick?"

"Yes."

"And only a little while gone it was romantic!"

"Two hundred million hands begging for bread, and you crossing the world for a string of glass beads whose value is only sentimental!"

"I can't let that pass, Miss Norman. I have trusted lieutenants who attend to my charities. I'm not a miser."

"You are, with the greatest thing in the world—human love."

"Shall a man give it where it is not wanted? But enough of this talk. I have shown you Cunningham's pearls."

"Perhaps."

Night and wheeling stars. It was stuffy in the crew's quarters. Half naked, the men lolled about, some in their bunks, some on the floor. The orders were that none should sleep on deck during the voyage to the Catwick.

"All because the old man brings a skirt on board, we have to sweat blood in the forepeak!" growled Flint. "We've got a right to a little sport."

"Sure we have!"

The speaker was sitting on the edge of his bunk. He was a fine specimen of young manhood, with a pleasant, rollicking Irish countenance. He looked as if he had been brought up clean and had carried his cleanliness into the world. The blue anchor and love birds on his formidable forearms proclaimed him a deep-sea man. It was he who had given Dennison the shirt and the ducks.

"Sure, we have a right to a little sport! But why call in the undertaker to help us out? You poor fish, all the way from San Francisco you've been grousing because shore leaves weren't long enough for you to get prime soused in. What's two months in our young lives?"

"I've always been free to do as I liked."

"You look it! I'll say so! The chief laid down the rules of this game, and we all took oath to follow those rules. The trouble with you is, you've been reading dime novels. Where do you think you are—raiding the Spanish Main? There's every chance of our coming out top hole, as those lime-juicers say, with oodles of dough and a whole skin."

"Say, don't I know this Sulu game? I tell you, if he does find his atoll there won't be any shell. Not a chance in a hundred! Somebody's been giving him a song and dance. As I get the dope, some pearl-hunting friend of his croaks and leaves him this chart. Old stuff! I bet a million boobs have croaked trying to locate the red cross on a chart."

"Why the devil did you sign on then?"

"I wanted a little fun, and I'm going to have it. There's champagne and Napoleon brandy in the dry stores. Wouldn't hurt us to have a little of it. If we've got to go to jail we might as well go lit up."

"Flint, you talk too much," said a voice from the doorway. It was Cunningham's. He leaned carelessly against the jamb. The crew fell silent and motionless. "Boys, you've heard Hennessy. Play it my way and you'll wear diamonds; mess it up and you'll all wear hemp. The world will forgive us when it finds out we've only made it laugh." Cunningham strolled over to Flint, who rose to his feet. "Flint, I want that crimp-house whisky you've been swigging on the sly. No back talk! Hand it over!"

"And if I don't?" said Flint, his jaw jutting.

XVII

CUNNINGHAM did not answer immediately. From Flint his glance went roving from man to man, as if trying to read what they expected of him.

"Flint, you were recommended to me for your knowledge of the Sulu lingo. We'll need a crew of divers, and we'll have to pick them up secretly. That's your job. It's your only job outside doing your watch with the shovel below. Somehow you've got the wrong idea. You think this is a junket of the oil-lamp period. All wrong! You don't know me, and that's a pity; because if you did know something about me you'd walk carefully. When we're off this yacht, I don't say. If you want what old-timers used to call their pannikin of rum you'll be welcome to it. But on board the Wanderer, nothing doing. Get your duffel out. I'll have a look at it."

"Get it yourself," said Flint.

Cunningham appeared small and boyish beside the ex-beach comber.

"I'm speaking to you decently, Flint, when I ought to bash in your head."

The tone was gentle and level.

"Why don't you try it?"

The expectant men thereupon witnessed a feat that was not only deadly in its precision but oddly grotesque. Cunningham's right hand flew out with the sinister quickness of a cobra's strike, and he had Flint's brawny wrist in grip. He danced about, twisted and lurched until he came to an abrupt stop behind Flint's back. Flint's mouth began to bend at the corners—a grimace.

"You'll break it yourself, Flint, if you move another inch," said Cunningham nonchalantly. "This is the gentlest trick I have in the bag. Cut out the booze until we're off this yacht. Be a good sport and play the game according to contract. I don't like these side shows. But you wanted me to show you. Want to call it off?"

Sweat began to bead Flint's forehead. He was straining every muscle in his body to minimize that inexorable turning of his elbow and shoulder.

"The stuff is in Number Two bunker," he said with a ghastly grin. "I'll chuck it over."

"There now!" Cunningham stepped back. "I might have made it your neck. But I'm patient, because I want this part of the game to go through according to schedule. When I turn back this yacht I want nothing missing but the meals I've had."

Flint rubbed his arm, scowling, and walked over to his bunk.

"Boys," said Cunningham, "so far you've been bricks. Shortly we'll be heading southeast on our own. Wherever I am known, men will tell you that I never break my word. I promised you that we'd come through with clean heels. Something has happened which we could not forestall. There is a woman on board. It is not necessary to say that she is under my protection."

He clumped out into the passage.

"Well, say!" burst out the young sailor named Hennessy. "I'm a tough guy, but I couldn't have turned that trick. Hey, you! If you've got any hooch in the coal bunkers, heave it over. I'm telling you! These soft-spoken guys are the kind I lay off, believe you me! I've seen all kinds and I know."

"Did they kick you out of the Navy?" snarled Flint.

(Continued on Page 88)

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Look for Columbia *under the car*

(Continued from Page 86)

"Say, are you asking me to do it?" flared the Irishman. "You poor boob, you'd be in the sick bay if there hadn't been a lady on board."

"A lady?"

"I said a lady! Stand up, you scut!"

But Flint rolled into his bunk and turned his face to the partition.

Cunningham leaned against the port rail. These bursts of fury always left him depressed. He was not a fighting man at all, and fate was always flinging him into physical contests. He might have killed the fool; he had been in a killing mood. He was tired. Somehow the punch was gone from the affair, the thrill. Why should that be?

For years he had been planning something like this, and then to have it taste like stale wine! Vaguely he knew that he had made a discovery. The girl! If he were poring over his chart, his glance would drift away; if he were reading, the printed page had a peculiar way of vanishing. Of course it was all nonsense. But that night in Shanghai something had drawn him irresistibly to young Cleigh's table. It might have been the color of her hair. At any rate, he hadn't noticed the beads until he had spoken to Cleigh.

Glass beads! Queer twist. A little trinket, worthless except for sentimental reasons, throwing these lives together. Of course an oil would have lured the elder Cleigh across the Pacific quite as successfully. The old chap had been particularly keen for a sea voyage after having been cooped up for four years. But in the event of baiting the trap with a painting neither the girl nor the son would have been on board. And Flint could have had his noggin without anybody disturbing him, even if the contract read otherwise.

Law-abiding pirates! How the world would chuckle if the yarn ever reached the newspapers! He had Cleigh in the hollow of his hand. In fancy he saw Cleigh placing his grievance with the British Admiralty. He could imagine the conversation too.

"They returned the yacht in perfect condition?"

"Yes."

"Did they steal anything?"

Cunningham could positively see Cleigh's jowls redden as he shook his head to the query.

"Sorry. You can't expect us to waste coal hunting for a scoundrel who only borrowed your yacht."

But what was the row between Cleigh and his son? That was a puzzler. Not a word! They ignored each other absolutely. These dinners were queer games, to be sure. All three men spoke to the girl, but neither of the Cleighs spoke to him or to each other. A string of glass beads!

What about himself? What had caused his exuberance to die away, his enthusiasm to grow dim? Why, a month gone he would burst into such gales of laughter that his eyes would fill with tears at the thought of this hour! And the wine tasted flat. The greatest sea joke of the age, and he couldn't boil up over it any more!

Love? He had burnt himself out long ago. But had it been love? Rather had it not been a series of false dawns? To a weepy-waily woman he would have offered the same courtesies, but she would not have drawn his thoughts in any manner. And this one kept entering his thoughts at all times. That would be a joke, wouldn't it? At this day to feel the scorch of genuine passion!

To dig a pit for Cleigh and to stumble into another himself! In setting this petard he hadn't got out of range quickly enough. His sense of humor was so keen that he laughed aloud, with a gesture which invited the gods to join him.

Jane, who had been watching the solitary figure from the corner of the deck house and wondering who it was, recognized the voice. The cabin had been stuffy, her own mental confusion had driven sleep away, so she had stolen on deck for the purpose of viewing the splendors of the Oriental night. The stars that seemed so near, so soft; the sea that tossed their reflections hither and yon, or spun a star magically into a silver thread and immediately rolled it up again; the brilliant electric blue of the phosphorescence and the flash of flying fish or a porpoise that ought to have been home and in bed.

She hesitated. She was puzzled. She was not afraid of him—the puzzle lay somewhere else. She was a little afraid of herself. She was afraid of anything that could not immediately be translated into ordinary terms of expression. The man frankly wakened her pity. He seemed as lonely as the sea itself. Slue-Foot! And somewhere a woman had laughed at him. Perhaps that had changed everything, made him what he was.

She wondered if she would ever be able to return to the shell out of which the ironic humor of chance had thrust her. Wondered if she could pick up again philosophically the threads of dull routine. Jane Norman, gliding over this mysterious southern sea, a lone woman among strong and reckless men! Piracy! Pearls! Rugs and paintings worth a quarter of a million! Romance!

Did she want it to last? Did she want romance all the rest of her days? What was this thing within her that was striving for expression? For what was she hunting? What worried her and put fear into her heart was the knowledge that she did not know what she wanted. From all directions came questions she could not answer.

Was she in love? If so, where was the fire that should attend? Was it Denny—or yonder riddle? She felt contented with Denny, but Cunningham's presence seemed to tear into unexplored corners of her heart and brain. If she were in love with Denny, why didn't she thrill when he approached? There was only a sense of security, contentment.

The idea of racing round the world romantically with Denny struck her as absurd. Equally contrary to reason was the picture of herself and Cunningham sitting before a wood fire. What was the matter with Jane Norman?

There was one bar of light piercing the fog. She knew now why she had permitted Cleigh to abduct her. To bring about a reconciliation between father and son. And apparently there was as much chance as of east meeting west. She walked over to the rail and joined Cunningham.

"You?" he said.

"The cabin was stuffy. I couldn't sleep."

"I wonder."

"About what?"

"If there isn't a wild streak in you that corresponds with mine. You fall into the picture naturally—curious and unafraid."

"Why should I be afraid, and why shouldn't I be curious?"

"The greatest honor a woman ever paid me. I mean that you shouldn't be afraid of me when everything should warn you to give me plenty of sea room."

"I know more about men than I do about women."

"And I know too much about both."

"There have been other women—besides the one who laughed?"

"Yes. Perhaps I was cruel enough to make them pay for that.

"'Funny an' yellow an' faithful—
Doll in a teacup she were,
But we lived on the square, like a true-married pair,
An' I learned about women from 'er!'

"But I wonder what would have happened if it had been a woman like you instead of the one who laughed."

"I shouldn't have laughed."

"This confounded face of mine!"

"You mustn't say that! Why not try to make over your soul to match it?"

"How is that done?"

The irony was so gentle that she fell silent for a space.

"Are you going to take Mr. Cleigh's paintings when you leave us?"

"My dear young lady, all I have left to be proud of is my word. I give it to you that I am going after pearls. It may sound crazy, but I can't help that. I am realizing a dream. I'm something of a fatalist—I've had to be. I've always reasoned that if I could make the dream come true—this dream of pearls—I'd have a chance to turn over a new leaf. I've had to commit acts at times that were against my nature, my instincts. I've had to be cruel and terrible, because men would not believe a pretty man could be a strong one. Do you understand? I have been forced to cruel deeds because men would not credit a man's heart behind a woman's face. I possess tremendous nervous energy. That's the principal curse. I can't sit still; I can't remain long anywhere; I must go, go, go! Like the Wandering Jew, Ishmael."

"Do you know what Ishmael means?"

"No. What?"

"'God heareth.' Have you ever asked Him for anything?"

"No. Why should I, since He gave me this withered leg? Please don't preach to me."

"I won't then. But I'm terribly sorry."

"Of course you are. But—don't become too sorry. I might want to carry you off to my atoll."

"If you took me away with you by force I'd hate you, and you'd hate yourself. But you won't do anything like that."

"What makes you believe so?"

"I don't know why, but I do believe it."

"To be trusted by a woman, a good woman! I'll tell that to the stars. Tell me about yourself—what you did and how you lived before you came this side."

It was not a long story, and he nodded from time to time understandingly. Genteel poverty, a life of scrimp and pare—the cage. Romance—a flash of it—and she would return to the old life quite satisfied. Peace, a stormy interlude; then peace again indefinitely. It came to him that he wanted the respect of this young woman for always. But the malice that was ever bubbling up to his tongue and finding speech awoke.

"Suppose I find my pearls—and then come back for you? Romance and adventure! These warm stars always above us at night; the brilliant days; the voyages from isle to isle; palms and gay parrakeets, cocoanuts and mangosteens—and let the world go hang!"

She did not reply, but she moved a little away. He waited for a minute, then laughed softly.

"My dear young lady, this is the interlude you've always been longing for. Fate has popped you out of the normal for a few days, and presently she'll pop you back into it. Some day you'll marry and have children; you'll sink into the rut of monotony again and not be conscious of it. On winter nights, before the fire, when the children have been put to bed, your man buried behind his evening paper, you will recall Slue-Foot and the interlude and be happy over it. You'll hug and cuddle it to your heart secretly. A poignant craving in your life had been satisfied. Kidnaped by pirates, under Oriental stars! Fifteen men on a dead man's chest—yo-ho, and a bottle of rum! A glorious adventure, with three meals the day and grand opera on the phonograph. Shades of Gilbert and Sullivan! And you will always be wondering whether the pirate made love to you in jest or in earnest—and he'll always be wondering too!"

Cunningham turned away abruptly and clumped toward the bridge ladder, which he mounted.

For some inexplicable reason her heart became filled with wild resentment against him. Mocking her, when she had only offered him kindness! She clung to the idea of mockery because it was the only tangible thing she could pluck from her confusion. Thus when she began the descent of the companionway and ran into Dennison coming up her mood was not receptive to reproaches.

"Where have you been?" he demanded.

"Watching the stars and the phosphorescence. I could not sleep."

"Alone?"

"No, Mr. Cunningham was with me."

"I warned you to keep away from that scoundrel!"

"How dare you use that tone to me? Have you any right to tell me what I shall and shall not do?" she stormed at him. "I've got to talk to someone. You go about in one perpetual gloom. I purpose to see and talk to Cunningham as often as I please. At least he amuses me."

With this she rushed past him and on to her cabin, the door of which she closed with such emphasis that it was heard all over the yacht—so sharp was the report that both Cleigh and Dodge awoke and sat up, half convinced that they had heard a pistol shot!

Jane sat down on her bed, still furious. After a while she was able to understand something of this fury. The world was upside down, wrong end to. Dennison, not Cunningham, should have acted the debonair, the nonchalant. Before this adventure began he had been witty, amusing, companionable; now he was as interesting as a bump on a log. At table he was only a poor counterfeit of his father, whose silence was maintained admirably, at all times impressively dignified. Whereas at each encounter Dennison played directly into Cunningham's hands, and the latter was too much the banterer not to make the most of these episodes.

What if he was worried? Hadn't she more cause to worry than anyone else? For all that, she did not purpose to hide behind the barricaded door of her cabin. If there was a tragedy in the offing it would not fall less heavily because one approached it with melancholy countenance.

Heaven knew that she was no infant as regarded men! In the six years of hospital work she had come into contact with all sorts and conditions of men. Cunningham might be the greatest scoundrel unhung, but so far as she was concerned she need have no fear. This knowledge was instinctive.

But when her cheek touched the pillow she began to cry softly. She was so terribly lonely!

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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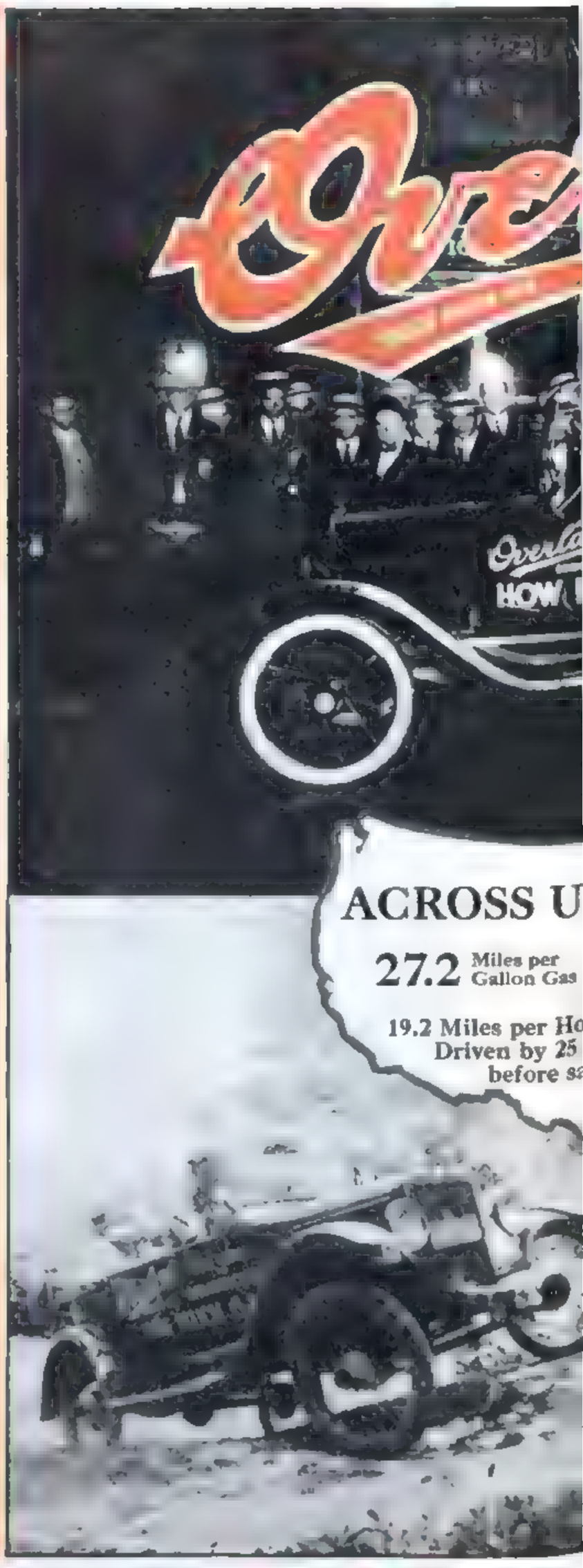

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Recently a stock Overland established the remarkable new Transcontinental Economy Record of 27.2 miles per gallon over every kind of road in every variety of weather on the 3442 miles from New York to San Francisco.

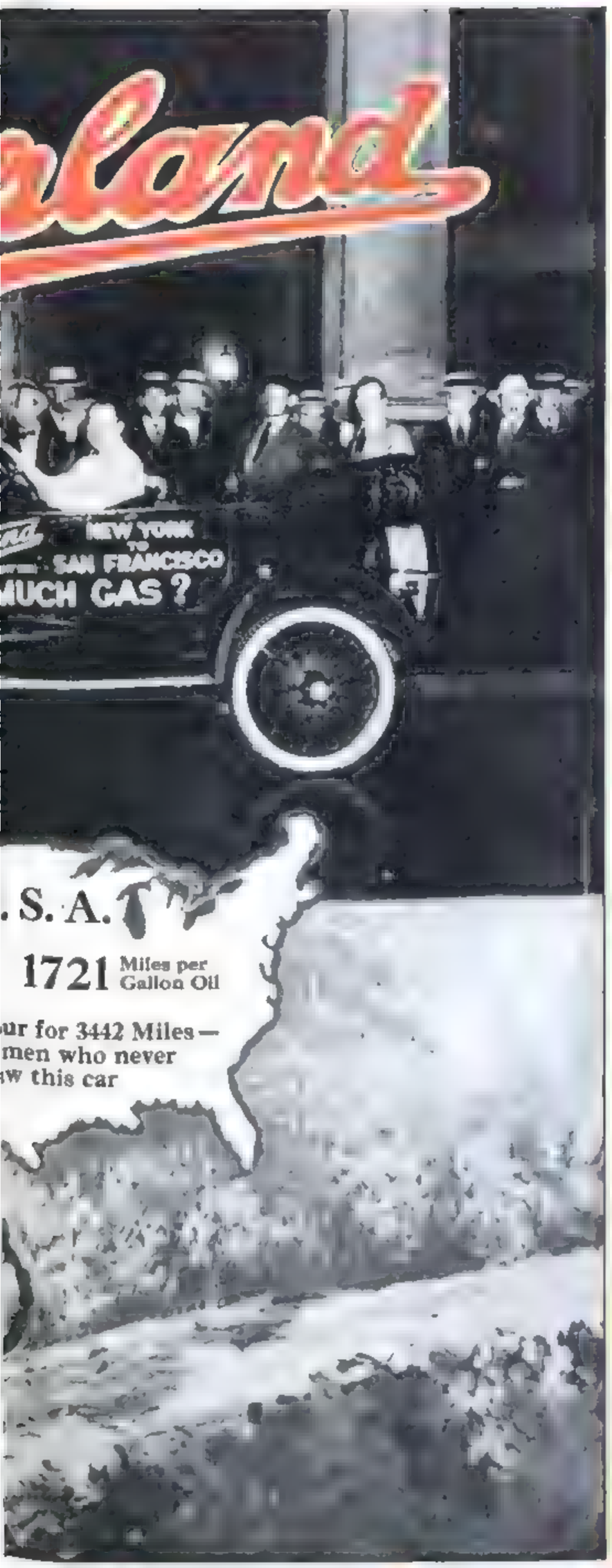
For 179 continuous hours night and day the car averaged 19.2 miles per hour in the hands of 25 different drivers who had never before seen this car! It was a dramatic demonstration of the astonishing ability of Overland under *adverse* conditions.

As in every one of hundreds of other grueling tests—

Willys-Overland Limited, Toronto, Canada

WILLYS-OVERLAND,

Sedans, Coupés, To



To Peak of Mt. Washington
Highest point by any car on this, the tallest eastern mountain
Climax of 513 mile run
22 Miles Per Gallon Gasoline

mina Across U.S.A.

including the record 10,000 Mile Non-Stop Economy Run at Philadelphia averaging 27.8 miles per gallon of gasoline, and the unprecedented Mt. Washington climb to the highest point so far reached by a motor car on this, the tallest eastern mountain top—Overland mechanical action was as satisfying as its remarkable fuel economy.

Triplex Springs protected the fine alloy steels of Overland from the racking and wrenching of these thousands of miles of transcontinental highways. They in a large measure make possible *Economy* and *Stamina* in Overland.

Any Overland in every-day use delivers a maximum of Mileage, Comfort, Utility for every cent of operating cost—and *continues to do it* at upkeep cost well within convenient reach of the average income!

INC., TOLEDO, OHIO The John N. Willys Export Corporation, New York

ing Cars and Roadsters

Isn't any game that can trim P. A. and a pet pipe!

You're playing all corners of the sporting range when you come across to a jimmy pipe that's been tickled with a joy'us load of Prince Albert! Regular old he-game, this pal-partner-stuff—it sets you stepping such swell smoke stunts!

Why—with P. A. and a jimmy you've got a mortgage on about 100 per cent. of the pipe smoke sunshine supply! Just clamps the dimmers on a shock absorber when it comes to taking the "ough" out of the day's rough sledding! And, you'll say it does!

And, man, how you'll fuss a pipe that's toned with Prince Albert! And, how you'll blow your bugle when you know that Prince Albert's patented process cuts out bite and parch!

Can you sit tight on smokes when the listen of little old P. A. purrs pleasure into a pipe like that—and with a supply around the corner right ready to hand you a howdy-do?

Prince Albert awaits your say-so wherever tobacco is sold. Toppy red bags, tidy red tins, handsome pound and half pound tin humidors—and—that clever, practical pound crystal-glass humidor with sponge moistener top that keeps the tobacco in such perfect condition.

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

Copyright 1920 by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

SEED OF THE SUN

(Continued from Page 25)

upper tray. The one he handed Matsu was done in the stereotyped manner of the cheap gallery, but the face it showed was young and wistful. The little maid in the picture looked to be about sixteen. Her mouth was small and soft as a baby's. A modest kimono was folded sweetly across her breast.

"You have done well, Mr. Shimba!" exclaimed Matsu. "And the other picture, I suppose, is of yourself?"

"Eh!" grunted Shimba, handing over the photograph he had been holding back.

It was small wonder that Matsu puzzled a while over the hard-glazed surface which bore the imprint of the Rising Sun Photo Parlor. Could the perfect young Japanese in a dinner jacket and white dress tie be any kin to the hard-faced Shimba before him? A younger brother perhaps—the resemblance was unmistakable.

"A splendid portrait!" declared the polite Matsu.

"A little fashionable perhaps," admitted Shimba. "But this is like the one I sent the lady. The photographer, who is a wise man, cautioned me that a bridegroom should appear especially stylish when he has never met his bride and is forced to be absent from the ceremony. Therefore he was very artistic. From a photograph I had taken in youth he cut the head and joined it nicely to this American dress suit which he had in stock. It costs me twenty yen—very reasonable in these times. In this bargain he included a few touches to beautify my features."

"What lady could resist so beautiful a thing?" sighed Matsu. "And your honorable wife will arrive here soon?"

"In about a month," said Shimba. "The ceremony took place between our families in Kobe early in February—before the new law went into effect, you understand."

"I hope you will recognize her by this portrait," said Matsu. "Sometimes they are older than they wish to appear."

"I will recognize her," grunted the farmer.

"One would think she were coming to-day by all your preparations."

"Ah," smiled Shimba, "it is to the city I am going to arrange some business and to buy bridal garments for myself. It may be long before we have another day off. So it is that I am asking you to come and give advice."

Matsu was only too quick to take the hint and to disappear into the family bedchamber beyond. Fifteen minutes later the males of the household sat at table arrayed in the best they had. Somewhat nervously they plied their chopsticks, scooping rice from bowl to mouth, dipping bits of fish in shoyu sauce, sipping clear yellow tea with that sibilant noise regarded as good form among the people of the sun. Mrs. Matsu fetched and carried from stove to table, having no place at the banquet of her lord.

Shimba took occasion, when Matsu had gone to the garage for their jointly owned car, to reënter his bedroom stealthily. He closed the door behind him, went to his trunk and lifted the top tray. Out of one corner he took a paper packet and opened one end to see that the bank notes were undisturbed. Nine hundred dollars—practically all that remained to him from last year's profits after his gambling debts were paid, for Shimba's prosperity had been handicapped by his love of gambling. This small bale of money represented a sacred pledge to him. Before a Buddhist bonze in the city he had sworn that he would gamble no more.

He slipped the bills into his pocket, determined to visit the city and invest his money just as he had promised Mr. Akagashi he would do.

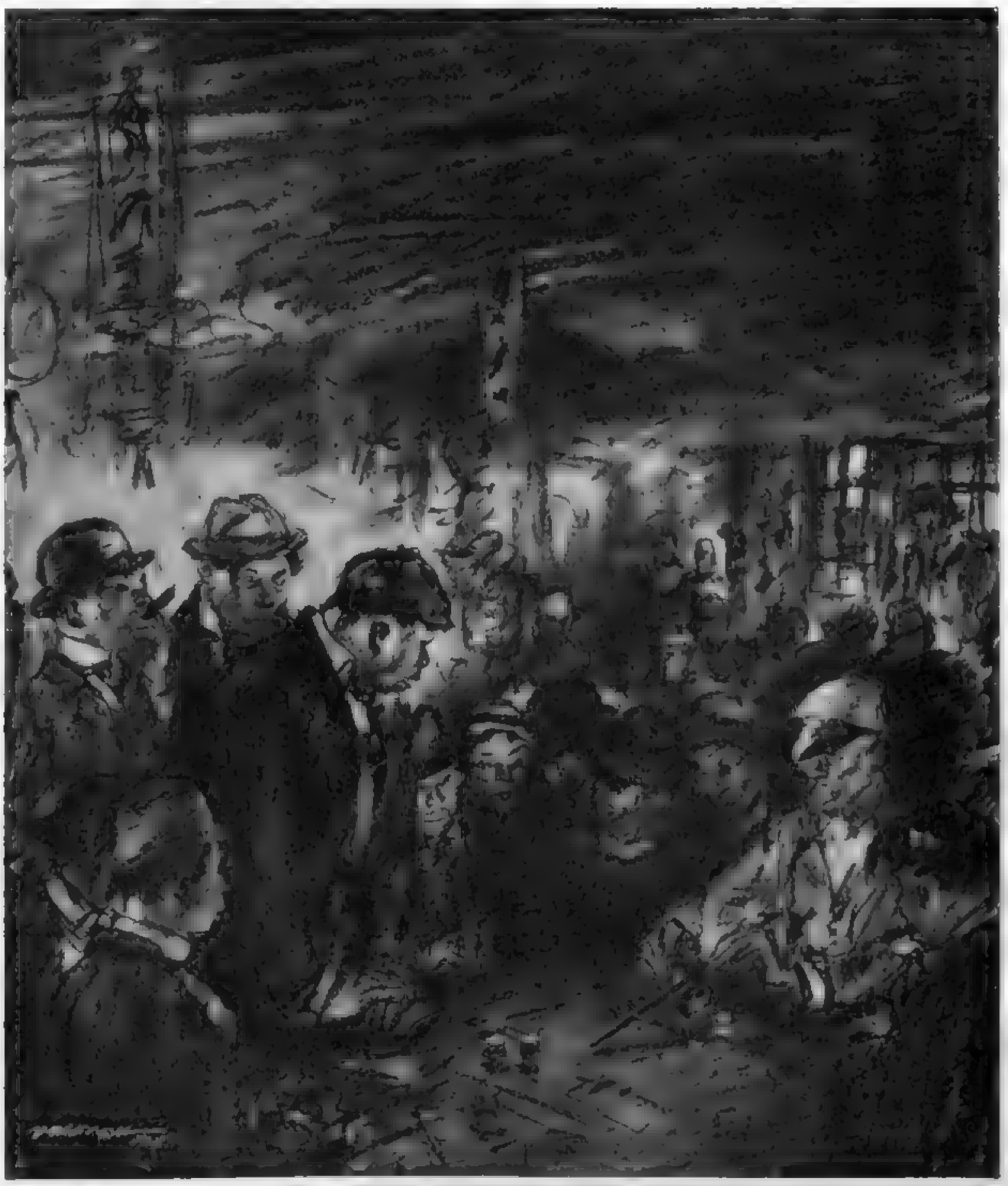
VI

MR. MATSU drove his car with a certain brilliant technic in keeping with his handsome and adventurous personality, but the knotty little man beside him held his peace. Only his eyes were alive, winking, winking in the broad sunlight. Shimba was not a communicative man, even for a Japanese, and this morning he uttered not a word until Matsu had driven out of the orchard road and into the main street of Bly. "Stop at Sago-san's general store," he commanded rudely.

Matsu, being used to his partner's ways, merely nodded and guided his car carefully through the teeming street. It was Saturday afternoon, and an off day on the fruit farms; therefore the yellow people had come thronging into the settlement to buy their week's supplies, to consult the pastor of the Japanese church, to admire the foreign comedy of Charlie Chaplin at the tiny motion-picture theater beyond the packing house.

The handsome new building, now nearing completion on the lot just opposite the Methodist church, had attracted a crowd. Otherwise as severe in outline as a New England church, it was adorned at the roof peak with an ornamental Eastern emblem which an Oriental house painter, swinging aloft from block and tackle, was touching up with a coat of gilt. A motor truck had backed up against the door and from its tailboard a troupe of gigantic Americans were hauling big crates marked with Japanese labels as well as the English address, "Oriental Buddhist Church, Bly, Cal."

"Honorably tell me, Osaki-san," said Matsu politely, stopping his car beside a little old man in a red sweater, "has the altar arrived now?"



Once He Had Been on the Verge of Breaking the Bank, But the Ancient Gods of China Had Entered in to Do Battle With the Upstarts of Nippon

"The honorable altar of Buddha, Matsu-san," replied the farmer, bowing and raising his straw hat. "Bought with the money so piously collected by Mrs. Shimba."

Shimba's face was stony at this compliment for his divorced wife.

"The temple will be opened with ceremonies three weeks from to-morrow," Osaki-san explained.

"And what does the Reverend Professor Awaga think?" grinned Matsu.

"Ah"—Mr. Osaki never smiled—"what will all the people say when they see this remarkable shrine entirely covered with golden prayers? It cost six thousand yen in the best factory in Tokio."

Matsu looked slyly across the street toward the small, shabby Methodist church. On the doorstep a tiny man in a frock coat stood bleakly watching. The Reverend Professor Awaga had indeed reasons for alarm.

Shimba left Matsu in the car and entered the general store. The enterprising head clerk was much in evidence, but Shimba suspected that Mr. Akagashi, the druggist, would be conferring in the office where he most often repaired for privacy. It was a busy afternoon. Behind every counter yellow boys were climbing ladders from shelf to shelf to bring down favorite brands of canned clams or bamboo sprouts. There were children everywhere, playing peep-bo behind rice sacks, sucking taffy in parental arms, peering sharp eyed round every angle of the establishment. James Furioki, only son of S. Furioki, the local barber, had just purchased a kite out of the store's large supply. It was a demoniacal kite with a ferociously painted face. It carried a fan, and across the fan were printed three bold Japanese characters.

"Mr. Akagashi is here, but very busy now," reported the head clerk, emerging from the rear with a can of kerosene.

Shimba, quite undiscouraged, passed through the jumble until he arrived at the dim recess where the important druggist sat crouched over a desk, another head close to his. A modish young Japanese, whose pin-check suit, light-topped shoes and burnt-orange tie quite outshone anything else in Bly, leaned close to his side and talked rapidly in the language which, however spoken, is always beautiful.

Minejiro Akagashi, druggist, land speculator and local political boss, was a skinny little man with a drooping gray mustache and red-rimmed eyes which peered with scholarly minuteness through his gold-bowed spectacles.

"Ah, how do you do, Shimba-san!"

He rose and bobbed. Shimba removed his hat and bobbed. The elegant young man, standing apart, shed benevolent smiles.

"Meet Mr. Oki, Mr. Shimba," commanded the druggist in English.

"Ah, Mr. Shimba!" cried the young worldling in the same language as he shook hands heartily.

"How are you do?" asked Shimba, struggling with his words.

"You are on the Bly tract, are you not?" inquired the elegant one.

"Yes, sair. I take job of share-it with that lady."

"Oki-san is the representative of our Society," explained Akagashi, shifting to Japanese. "He represents us here at Bly since the departure of Mr. Nichi."

"Most honorable local secretary."

Shimba bowed again, and made a great hissing through his prominent teeth. The mention of the Society filled him with confidence. Therefore he went fumbling into an inside pocket and brought forth a soiled envelope.

"Though I am an English scholar," he explained defensively, "I am sometimes confused by their legal phrases. So I brought it to you, Akagashi-san, thinking that you would honorably deign——"

Akagashi took the document in his nervous little hands and spread it under the eyes of Mr. Oki.

"Agreement," he mumbled, hurrying over the phrases, "share and share alike—three years. Ah!"

His moving finger paused at a vital paragraph.

He pondered over this, then nodded sagely.

"That is businesslike," he concluded. "Party of the first part to supply all tools

TIFFANY & Co.

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PROMPT ATTENTION GIVEN TO MAIL INQUIRIES

FIFTH AVENUE & 37TH STREET
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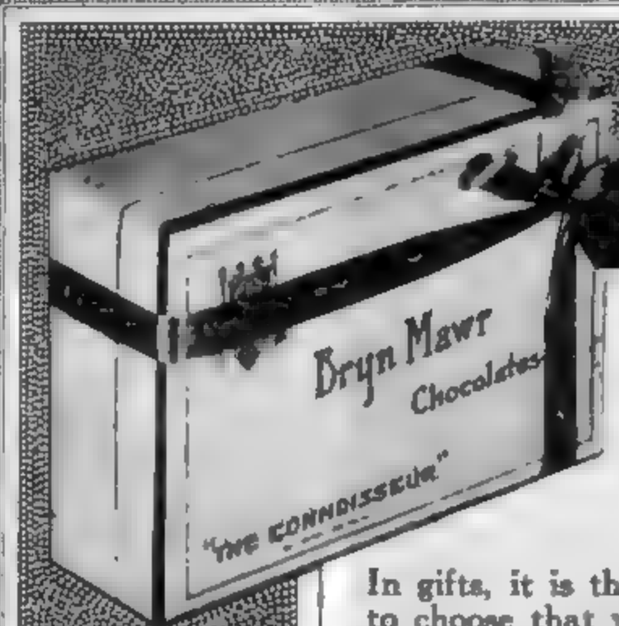

Good Taste—

In gifts, it is the happy ability to choose that which will most surely please the recipient.

"Good Taste" in candy is obtained by blending rich chocolate coatings with delicious nut and crème centers—an art mastered to the fullest by only a few master-confectioners.

Bryn Mawr Chocolates, within both meanings, are indeed *good taste*.

Bryn Mawr Chocolates

In "The Connoisseur" package shown above—Chocolate Covered Cream Walnuts, Pineapple Fruit Cream, Apricots, Walnuts, Cherries and many other choice pieces.

At retail stores, or send $2.25 direct.
F M PAIST COMPANY
Dept H. Philadelphia, Pa.
"The home of better confections"

and implements, to make all necessary repairs."

He stopped again at a clause on the second page, while Mr. Oki's head dropped lower and lower toward the document.

"This, I think, is very good," he declared.

"Agreement to be null and void in case of disposal of property."

"Would this not leave me high and dry, Most Honorable?" asked the farmer.

"That is provided for also," replied his adviser, but not entirely to Shimba's satisfaction.

"Who drew up this paper?" asked Mr. Oki, losing his pretty manners for the moment.

"Some lawyer in Mr. Helmholtz's office," said Shimba.

"H'm!" Again Oki's sharp eyes analyzed the typewritten pages. "You are protected, I see, in case of sale."

Then he folded the paper, looked at the typewritten words on the cover and handed it back to Shimba.

"Very water-tight, I say so!" he pronounced in English.

"I thought, Shimba-san," said Mr. Akagashi, looking rather severely through his spectacles, "that you were intending to invest your money in the Natural Energy Fruit and Land Company."

"I—I am on my way to buy," temporized Shimba.

"Remember this is important. The time will soon be over for stock companies if the state legislature has its way. Shimba-san, how much money will you invest in stock?"

"I am rather hard up, Akagashi-san. I have a matter of nine hundred dollars."

"Been gambling again, I see." The eyes behind the glasses became hard as lacquer.

"I have promised a good bonze that I would sin no more. I am now on my way to buy."

"Saturday is a very poor afternoon," Mr. Akagashi reminded him sharply. "You will probably find the offices closed."

Shimba had no argument against this.

"To tell you the truth," he mumbled, "I had another errand. I have married a lady of Kobe, whom I am to meet for the first time upon her arrival next month."

Akagashi smiled his sparse smile. Obviously this pleased him, since he had strongly urged the farmer to get a woman who would honor the family with children.

"Take care, Mr. Shimba," the affable Mr. Oki cautioned with a worldly wink. "The imperial government will be very severe about these long-distance marriages."

"I have been careful," Shimba assured him. "But thank you, Mr. Oki. My family settled that affair last month before the law was made."

"You should be very happy then," declared Mr. Oki, and Shimba was flattered at his interest.

Mr. Akagashi merely grunted. He was too busy a man to bother with old-fashioned courtesies. Bowing stiffly to signal his caller to be gone, he resumed work on the papers on his desk. Shimba lingered just an instant. He had wished to ask his superior just what had been done about the fox woman's reappearance in Bly. But Akagashi's air was forbidding. Shimba was bowing himself out of the store when he was aware that the handsome Mr. Oki was following him.

"Ah, Mr. Shimba," he was beseeching gracefully, "just one moment's advice. You spoke about buying clothes suitable to a bridegroom."

"Yes, that was my errand," admitted Shimba.

"Have you chosen a shop?" inquired the affable one casually.

"There is the Long Wisdom Cash Store ——"

"Do not think of it, I entreat you. Mr. Semine, its proprietor, has been proven to be a very wicked man. Could I recommend an honest place?"

"Honorably deign to do so," asked Shimba, delighted at the distinguished attention.

"Here is the card," said Mr. Oki, suiting action to word. "The Bushido Department Store. There you will find all the fruits of honesty and justice. Moreover, the prices are quite reasonable."

"I was intending to see the Natural Products Company about investment," Shimba faltered, when Mr. Oki cut in.

"Remember how Honorable Akagashi told you that their offices would be closed this afternoon. Forgive my humble suggestion, however."

"You grace me with favors," declared Shimba, "and I shall go at once for my suit of clothes."

Shimba bobbed. Mr. Oki bobbed.

"I am here to give my friends the boost whenever possible," said the latter, proud of his American slang. "And I hope I can aid you to a square deal."

Along the levee road by the broad-bosomed river the little car whirled through the pleasant air of spring. Here the rich river, spreading into backwaters and bayous, swings sleepily round a hundred little islands, some sandy, some loamy, yet others surfaced deep with peat beds.

This low-lying stretch of the delta is dyked like Holland. Cherry trees show their tender pink bloom; pear orchards stretch their acres of blossoming candelabra. Along the muddy waters small steam craft chug and churn. Down in the willow groves on the banks people of many nationalities live in stranded house boats, and along the roads enormous orange-colored motor busses, owned and operated by Japanese, roll rapidly along.

Driving along the levee road one scarcely realizes the extent of the town. One row of Chinese shops peeps over the embankment. A joss house, too, is visible, marked out from its more worldly neighbors by its gaudy red-and-yellow porch, with a fringe of brilliant green running round the edge of a barrel-shaped roof. Under the porch are flyspecked windows, through which the wanderer may peer to behold a gilded shrine standing on an oilcloth-covered table. Bold Chinese characters over the door announce this to be the Eastern Hall of Learning. Like the Chinese themselves, this place is frankly pagan, having no pretensions to Occidental ways.

The town, as Shimba and his companion bumped noisily into it, was electric with business energy. The grass season was coming on with a rush. Tons of fresh asparagus were being poured into the local packing house to be tied into inviting bundles by Chinese and Japanese labor and poured out again toward Eastern markets. Over on the islands carloads of long white spears traveled in an almost continuous stream toward the canneries.

Without penetrating the American section, distinguished by Mr. Alec Brown's bank and Mr. Alec Brown's Tudor Hotel, the men from Bly plunged recklessly down from the levee road into the narrow, crooked streets and balconied lanes of the section miscalled Chinatown—miscalled because the Chinese sit aloof, an ever-shrinking minority. Japanese restaurants, Japanese cinema theaters, Japanese dry-goods, hardware, confectionery and grocery stores, Japanese bath houses, Japanese billiard parlors line the streets in every direction.

Young blood seemed to sing in Shimba's veins as he drove into the town. The place, somewhat toned down by police regulations in recent years, still charmed him with thoughts of sumptuous dissipation. Had he not come to buy his wedding garments, in which he would soon make himself presentable to a lady whom he knew only by photograph? Was he not to be young again? And renewed by marriage, would he not find new luck?

His gait became almost dapper as he swung through the tangled lanes in search of the well-recommended Bushido Department Store. The signs stimulated him pleasantly like banners at a fair. The Hotel-of-Two-Stories he recognized, and not far away the equally elegant Hotel-on-a-Wooden-Foundation. He had drunk saké at many places here and rejoiced in the days before the white man's drought. On a shingle by a little wooden door he saw the advertisement of a learned *anma* who had once pricked his skin with a medicated needle—red-hot in that particular case—to cure him of rheumatism.

There were many signs in *kana*—the popular shorthand of Japan, by which simple brush strokes express syllables. In many cases the sign painters had attempted to spell out English words. On the window of a soft-drink shop the compounded word "ah-u-su-ku-een" could be pronounced rapidly to sound a little like "ice cream." Upon the same system "so-o-da" and "be-e-ru" could be tortured into "soda" and "beer." The more progressive establishments bore English signs, and two doors beyond the announcement "B. Honda, Shirt-Tailor" appeared the fashionable lettered board of the Bushido Department Store.

(Continued on Page 96)

Faultless servants in countless homes are Domestic Electric Motors. Rare is the day they do not shorten by their waiting willingness. Quickly and capably they accomplish their varied household tasks. They are built to serve; unfailingly they do it.

THE DOMESTIC ELECTRIC CO., CLEVELAND, O.
FACTORIES AT CLEVELAND, O., AND NORWALK, O.

The Domestic plants at Cleveland and Norwalk contain over [illegible] square feet of floor space and are devoted to the manufacture of fractional horsepower electric motors exclusively

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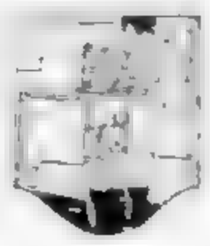
Motors



(Continued from Page 94)

Superficially the place compared but poorly with some of the Japanese shops which Shimba had patronized in the city. But the Bushido was overpowering in its own way. A new wax dummy, feminine in sex, displayed a plaid skirt, ruffled waist and electric blue tam-o'-shanter, with the placard pinned daintily to her bosom, "We Bargain All Goods." A wide sheet of paper which had been pasted in the window was lettered in Japanese with an announcement of a hundred items which the Bushido was willing to sell at less cost than elsewhere. The advertisement gave prominence to men's clothing, cut to the latest fashion among the rice country's people.

A neat, rather handsome young Japanese came forward to wait on Bushido's new customers. He seemed to be an old acquaintance of Matsu's, and was introduced to Shimba as Mr. Furo.

"We came together on the same boat from Nippon," explained Matsu. "That seems a long time ago, does it not, Furo-san?"

"An age of ages," replied Mr. Furo, and showed as much emotion as is allowable among a people schooled to show none. "And now shall I show you suits of clothes, Mr. Shimba, of very latest New York style?"

While Mr. Furo was spreading out specimens of blue-jay blue, Highland plaid and tobacco brown he talked amiably on.

"Things, I hear, are looking well in the region of Bly," he volunteered.

Shimba explained that things at Bly were so-so. Never an optimist, Shimba would not permit himself to be intrigued into bright predictions.

The rainfall was still several inches short of normal. Prunes seemed to be budding fairly well. Of course the strawberry bed on the Bly tract was merely a minor investment. People shouldn't raise strawberries on that land, which was not sandy like the Florin district.

"Are the white agitators troubling our people there?" asked Mr. Furo, shaking out the blue-jay coat preparatory to a try-on.

"A trifle," admitted Shimba. "The wind will always blow, you understand."

The parley over clothing was protracted into midafternoon. Shimba fancied the suit of tobacco brown, Matsu stuck to the Highland plaid, explaining that it slightly resembled Mr. Oki's style; but Furo was a partisan of blue-jay blue from the first. The fat Hiroshima man who owned Bushido was about to bring his own weight into the conference when a selection was finally made, blue jay having won. Its price was forty dollars—reasonable, as we will all agree, in a day like ours.

When Mr. Furo was folding the purchase neatly into a pasteboard box he looked first at Shimba, then at the suit, and gave vent to something very like a sigh.

"When will you meet your wife, Shimba-san?" he asked.

"Soon," the farmer permitted himself to explain. "I am expecting word any time."

"I, too, am expecting word," said Mr. Furo, and the mask of Asia dropped sufficiently to show a look of expectancy.

"Ah, then you, too, have been married?"

"In February," he smiled, and his expression seemed to warm the whole establishment. "I am impatient for her to come, you may believe."

"So?"

Both Shimba and Matsu set their faces against this last remark. The man had almost confessed fondness for his wife—a serious breach of manly deportment among the Japanese.

"Then you have in reality met the lady?" Matsu relented to ask.

He himself had taken a picture bride and never regretted the bargain.

"I have known her for a long time," persisted the shameless Furo. "We played together as children—no need for photographs to identify us, you see!"

His beaming smile found no reflection in the faces before him. Matsu shuffled toward the door, as one intent upon avoiding an unseemly sight. Shimba reached for his bundle and clasped it under his arm.

"We can send it to Bly for you, if you wish, Shimba-san," declared the unmanly one, but the farmer was already moving toward the door.

What degenerate days were these, thought Shimba. Furo must be mad. How else could he be shouting in public to tell all the world that he was in love with the woman he had married?

The men from Bly went forth into the streets of Chinatown. Their atmosphere of dissipation again affected Shimba with a mild madness. This town had levied more than once upon Shimba's resources. Matsu, always a better business man than Shimba, also loved his game, but he played it with caution, as he did all things.

They strolled into the local pool parlor and found the tables already busy with the game which, in America, seems to have become the Japanese national sport. They found many friends in the room and were sitting enviously among the onlookers, when Mr. Tanosuke put in an appearance. He was as short as any man can be without becoming classed among dwarfs. But Tanosuke wore his brown derby at an angle popular at the race track, and there was a horseshoe of imitation diamonds in his necktie. No one looked over his hard, square head, for Mr. Tanosuke represented sophistication and contact with the world of sport.

It came as a crushing compliment then when he waddled across to where Shimba and Matsu sat, and after greeting them in the voice of a friend suggested a game of Kelly pool.

Tanosuke's invitations were commands. Almost without requesting the favor he got himself a table ahead of the entire roomful. Shimba strove to conceal his pride as he chalked his cue and attempted the first shot with the eyes of all the room upon him. He waxed skillful with very little practice; indeed from the very beginning he seemed destined to pocket the lucky ball.

"What a day for you, Shimba-san!" the great little man congratulated him as again the farmer shot at random and brought down the desired number.

Shimba glowed. He never failed to expand in the atmosphere of chance, and it had been a long time since his last visit to town. The game lasted until well after sunset. When the shadows of evening were cast over the levee and lights began to twinkle in the pool room Shimba was a dollar and eighty cents ahead of the game. Mr. Tanosuke pocketed his losses with the ease of a man who can win or lose and take it as a matter of course.

Emboldened by his success, Shimba had the temerity to suggest that the great and worldly Mr. Tanosuke should dine with him at the restaurant round the corner. The great one was pleased, but exercised the prerogative of greatness when he insisted that he be host.

Therefore they were inclosed together, the three of them, in a little room of the establishment whose drum-shaped white lantern bore the familiar rice sign. In the full light of the place the two farmers gazed bashfully at the striped silk collar and American manners of Mr. Tanosuke. He had a square face, a perfectly bald head and diamond rings on his smooth brown fingers. A dish-faced maiden, the skin of her soft, plump arms showing through her shoddy lace shirt waist, placed a tray before each of Tanosuke's guests and set thereon saucers of sliced raw fish, daintily cooked seaweed, thin soup which swam with vegetables cut in flower patterns, shoyu sauce, egg noodles and geometric squares of bean curd.

But what next appeared caused Shimba's eyes to glitter with a sportive light. Beside each plate the dish-faced maiden had set a little cup, and into each she was pouring warmish yellow liquid from a long-nosed teapot.

Saké! Mr. Tanosuke grinned and, lifting his cup, pronounced in English what so many American drunkards have said before, "To Amendment Eighteen, gentlemen!"

With innumerable bowings and bobbings his guests drained their little cups. The warm rice wine brought quick visions to Shimba's mind. A fat share of stock in the Natural Energy Fruit and Land Company, then another three years' saving, and he, too, would drink saké every night and give fine dinners to his friends. Soon he would have a young wife and many children—mostly sons.

Mr. Tanosuke had no sooner pulled his chopsticks from their paper envelope, split them apart and arranged them pincers fashion between the thumb and fingers of his right hand, than he reverted to Shimba's darling weakness.

"Some are born with a lucky day," he said. "For me it is Wednesday. For you apparently it is Saturday. See how you made all the numbers at the Kelly game!"

"Three times," responded Shimba, saké having filled his cup again—"three times I held the Number Three marble and won by it."

"For me the lucky number is two and two multiplied—provided I play on Wednesday. Here's to your luck, Shimba-san!"

"I have promised to gamble no more," declared Shimba.

"It is a bad habit," agreed Mr. Tanosuke with a serious face. "It is a vice which I never encourage in my friends, and yet I have lost nothing by it."

He raised a bediamonded hand up to his square jaw, a silent gesture indicating prosperity.

From somewhere in the distance there floated in a thin, teasing note. Some little reed instrument at the mouth of a Chinese musician was sending forth that tantalizing call. A gong sounded—bang, bang, bang! And then the elusive, silver thread of melody floated above the low-lying streets.

"Mr. Fong Duck, a Chinese, conducts a great business here," declared Mr. Tanosuke, sipping daintily at his saké cup.

"They are dogs, these Chinese," responded Shimba.

"There is a choice, even among dogs," said Tanosuke. "There is a saying, 'Feed a dog three days and he will remember you three years.' And this Fong Duck is less to be avoided than other Chinese. It is said to be a privilege to enter his establishment."

Mr. Tanosuke shot his striped silk cuffs and sat up straight, presenting a picture of majesty in miniature.

Again the thin note of music, poppy laden, suggestive, sinister, floated into the small, hot room.

At the hour of ten Mr. Tanosuke and his guests walked cautiously down a darkened street under balconies from which dim lanterns swung. Shimba's worldly guide was so short of stature that it was no trouble at all to look over the top of his brown derby. But Tanosuke was a man of will, and he took the party in hand without more ado.

Distantly glared an electric-lighted front, with an entrance set like an open box facing the street. As they neared the spot Shimba could see on its white panels many bold Chinese characters which announced that here was installed the Brotherhood Mutual Recreation Club. High in a small door at one side appeared a grated window.

An elderly Chinese slouched against one of the posts. His feet were crossed, his looks were far away as he puffed daintily at his long-stemmed tobacco pipe. Anybody but an Eastern tourist would have recognized him as a lookout and have known that behind his padded back there was an electric button and that the hand he held so gracefully concealed rested upon that button, acute to warn of approaching danger—to wit, the sheriff—at a fractional second's notice.

Mr. Tanosuke, leading his party, approached the languid loiterer.

"You sabe me?" he asked in pidgin.

"I sabe you," responded the lookout with an unfriendly glare as he gazed down upon Mr. Tanosuke. "I no sabe those two man come by you."

"My friend, you sabe. They like come see Fong Duck."

The lookout eyed them narrowly for an instant, then turned stoudly and tapped his long nails upon the grated window. A panel slid back and a face appeared behind the bars. There were two short words in singsong, then the door was opened narrowly from behind. Tanosuke and his friends slid in through the crack.

In the smoke-laden room upstairs several tables were clattering busily. A consumptive Chinaman, his cheeks sunken, his eyes staring from his head, was throwing chuck-a-luck. A fat Chinaman presided at a roulette wheel. A group in the corner was playing faro. A yellow lad of eighteen sat cross-legged on a long bench, bare ankles showing above boat-shaped shoes as he dealt out Chinese dominoes. The fan-tan table at another end of the room was the busiest of all. The men in the room were mostly Japanese, though there were a few Chinamen and several black-bearded, black-turbaned Sikhs gazing on the games with their mysterious eyes.

Poor Shimba, as though drawn by invisible cords, was already roving toward the fan-tan table.

"Remember how you swore to keep away," his partner cautioned him. But Matsu himself was a little affected by saké and the heady atmosphere.

"After all, would it not be well to look on?" asked the little fellow who had brought them there. "Gambling is a curse to those whose hands have lost their grip."

"A fool mourns over a lost sen," grunted Shimba.

"You have said a wise thing," agreed Mr. Tanosuke, tossing a silver dollar on the fan-tan table. "I would try just once. Nothing reckless. Saturday, you remember, and the lucky three!"

Shimba edged close to the table and leaned over the black oilcloth with the Chinese numerals one, two, three and four marked in gold at the sides. The dealer, confronted by a pile of buttons he had just spilled from the cup, was counting them off with his wand; four at a time they fell clattering into the box. He was a bald Chinaman with a green shade over his eyes, and his wand brushed away the buttons with the skill of a magician. The black slant eyes round the table were focused, immovable as stone, on the play as the buttons fell away from the pile.

The wand gave its final fateful sweep. Two buttons lay before the dealer.

"Numba Two win!" he singsonged in pidgin as he swept away the silver and currency from the three unlucky numbers and proceeded to pay the winner two to one.

"Place yo' bets, gel'men!" he challenged again as his cup went into the box for another load of buttons.

Shimba's work-worn hand stole slyly into his inner pocket, where he could feel the bale of paper money which he had not disturbed, even for his extravagances at the Bushido. Blindly his fingers clasped the first rough edge they came against. As he extracted his hand from his pocket a hundred-dollar note came with it. He thought for an instant of making change, but the madness was on him. He placed the bill on Number Three, while many pairs of sharp black eyes snapped round to catch sight of this sporting millionaire.

Again the wand went clicking buttons off into the box. The stuffy room, smelling vilely of ancient China, became a well of silence. Four, four, four—the mound of white buttons diminished to a tiny scattering. Again the wand fell. Three buttons lay before the dealer!

"Numba Thlee win!" singsonged the magician.

Scarcely taking the trouble to look up, he counted out two hundred-dollar bills and handed them across to Shimba.

"Place yo' bets, gel'men!" he singsonged.

Shimba laid three hundred-dollar bills on Number Three. Again the wand went clicking among the buttons.

For some two hours Shimba stood in a golden trance. Luck had turned against him in midstream. Once he had been on the verge of breaking the bank—which stands at a thousand dollars—but the ancient gods of China had entered in to do battle with the upstarts of Nippon. His fortune blew up in an untidy crumple of hundred-dollar bills. He had doubled his losses once too often. Number Four won again. Then, remorse and hatred bitter in his heart, he had gone into his shabby pocket for his last hundred-dollar bill, when the expected happened in Chinatown.

Into the tensely silent atmosphere a bell thrilled twice—a horrid sound. The sheriff warning from the lookout below! Then it was that the most backward of nations demonstrated efficiency. Working with the speed of fire laddies, the Chinese crew flew to their places. The roulette wheel was kicked behind a panel in the wall, the fan-tan cloth was jerked away with all its freight of wealth. Into a trap door in the rear a corps of Chinese gamblers, bearing the guilty evidence, stole away with the rapidity of serpents. With equal speed a dozen of their confederates took places round a table and assumed theatrical poses expressive of innocence as they settled themselves to a friendly game of dominoes. The stage was set for the sheriff.

In the midst of alarms Shimba found himself being pulled through a rear window by his capable partner, Matsu. Little Mr. Tanosuke had disappeared—down a drain pipe possibly. For the visitor from Bly there was a drop in the darkness. It wasn't far, and poor Shimba, then in a suicidal mood, cared nothing for life or limb.

At last, limping and unnerved, the refugees reached their little car as it lurked in the shadow of a dike.

"Carry me away from this village of demons!" snarled Shimba.

(Continued on Page 100)

PUMPS

TRIPLEX · CENTRIFUGAL · ROTARY · DEEP WELL · HAND

"That he who runs may read"

IN the days when men made paper by hand as laboriously as a wasp constructs its nest, books were written by monks and read by kings.

Today the printed word is the civilizing influence for millions. Enlightenment of all the people has been brought about by perfection of the printing and paper making arts. And at the heart of paper making—in many of the greatest mills in the United States and Canada—stand Goulds Pumps.

From spruce forests, from textile mills, chemical plants come fibre and bleaching, digesting and coloring agents—which pumps unite with rivers of water to make paper.

Go into any paper mill and look around. How few men you see—and how many pumps! Powerful triplex and centrifugal pumps that move the stock through grinders, digesters, beaters, and refiners; minutely gauged acid pumps that feed in the chemical agents; vacuum pumps on paper machines that turn liquid pulp into dry paper in ten seconds.

Without pumps the paper industry could not exist. Books—as of old—would cost a small fortune. Magazines with circulations in the millions and 132-page newspapers could not be published. Education could not be maintained. The printed word would lose its power.

Two million tons of newsprint alone are used yearly in the United States. Mills that supply the demand for paper run 24 hours a day—144 hours a week. Pumps must keep them running—"that he who runs may read." A million gallons of water a day is no unusual load for Goulds Pumps. Twenty years' continuous service is no unusual performance.

In the paper industry—as in all industry—Goulds Pumps are bearing strains and carrying loads without faltering—because their design is the product of over seventy years' experience in building pumps for every duty required by industry, agriculture, and commerce.

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GOULDS

Un-retouched photographs showing Goodyear Cord Tires in truck-and-trailer service for Jackson & Higgins, Lumbermen, De Land, Florida

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GOODYEAR

Increased Hauling on Pneumatics and Increased Production

"Our trucking on Goodyear Cord Tires means more output because of more volume hauled with the same number of hands—at less cost per mile. Teams can't make our distances and we save time by using difficult sand trails. Further, the pneumatics save repairs, gasoline and oil. The Goodyear Cord Tires stand up well in hard day and night usage."—Carroll E. Jackson, Jackson & Higgins, Lumber, De Land, Florida

EXTENSIVE and varied manufacturing experience indicates, as in this instance, the strategic aid to increased production afforded by motor trucks on Goodyear Cord Tires.

A valuable result of the traction, cushioning and activity of these pneumatics often is noted in an appreciably larger volume of hauling done at a lower rate of cost.

In the strength of their Goodyear Cord construction, developed with the manufacturing care that protects our good name, is the foundation of their entire serviceability.

This vital strength is a product of years of pioneering, during which Goodyear has operated motor trucks on pneumatic tires and checked their performances under differing conditions.

Such work also has assisted Goodyear's production of pneumatic truck tire tubes, rims and repair materials and others' production of engine air pumps, air gauges, wheels and vulcanizing equipment.

Today all these factors in the successful use of Goodyear Cord Tires on trucks are conveniently available through the nation-wide system of Goodyear Truck Tire Service Stations.

The actual records of many users of pneumatic truck tires can be obtained by writing to The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio, or Los Angeles, California.

Haul on Pneumatics

CORD TIRES

(Continued from Page 96)

Matsu at the wheel was doing his best, but the ancient self-starter, against which his heel was pressed, gave forth an empty grinding noise, proclaiming a mechanical breakdown. Round the corner the sheriff's deep voice could be heard in tones of command. Footsteps sounded stealthily along the dirt-surfaced street just behind them. Shimba sat palsied.

Out of the shadows a dwarfish figure appeared. With a frightened grunt Shimba threw open a side door and was about to scramble away into darkness and security when something about the haunting form arrested his flight. He looked again, and recognized the sportively cut clothes, the flashing gems, the brown derby. It was Mr. Tanosuke, who had already done so much of ill.

"Ah, Mr. Shimba!" the apparition exclaimed, bowing low. "And Mr. Matsu! You have escaped safely, I see. How sinful I have been to lead you into misfortune!"

"Tanosuke-san, I speak but the truth," replied Shimba, throwing himself upon the mercy of the kindly adviser. "This Fong Duck is a very grasping man. Had I given him time he would have taken my shirt also."

"Ah, how I feel it on my conscience that I did not rescue you from such a thief!" groaned Mr. Tanosuke, looking warily along the dimly lighted street. "But come! The abominable sheriff is still nosing about like an enchanted badger. Tell me, Shimba-san, did you not leave a bundle at the Sons of Yamato restaurant?"

"To be sure I did," replied the financial ruin in gloomy tones as he recalled his wedding clothes, abandoned in his lust for gambling.

"Suppose we adjourn to that place. It might seem more respectable. Also, we might find saké there, and a chance to observe peace until this abominable sheriff is out of town."

Round the corner to the Sons of Yamato they stole like specters, Shimba scurrying in the rear as though all the foxes out of hell were at his heels. Up the creaky stairs they tiptoed, and into the small room where saké and conversation had already done evil work for Shimba.

Mr. Tanosuke closed the door silently; then he opened his silver cigar case and passed out black perfectos.

"Shimba-san," he began, settling himself comfortably by the table, "this evening weighs very heavily on my conscience. How could I have let you stray into such temptation? But alas! An *oni* seems to hold him who gambles."

"I have lost everything," grunted Shimba.

The newly moral Tanosuke nodded.

"You have promised a holy bonze that you would gamble no more. And you have given your word to Mr. Akagashi, of the drug store, that the money whould be invested. What will you do, Shimba-san?"

The farmer sat, his bullet head bowed over the table.

"Allow my humbleness to befriend you," implored the kind-voiced gentleman. "I could not see you disgraced before men for this idle evening's folly. Let me find a way out for you. Would you feel more secure, Shimba-san, if I should arrange you a loan?"

"A loan!"

Shimba raised his head.

"Quite a substantial one. The amount of your loss would be a detail—any amount more than that. Interest? Interest would be forgotten if I spoke the word! I hate to see one about to begin a new family so out of luck—and by a fault which I could almost call my own."

"What would this loan be?" asked the friendly Matsu, speaking for his dumb partner.

"You, too, might benefit by this, Matsu-san," suggested Mr. Tanosuke, his look of benevolence growing. "Such a loan you might be able to pay off by service. No cash required. My business brings me close to many matters of finance. Have you time to listen?"

Matsu leaned far over the table to catch every word from Tanosuke's wizard lips. Shimba sat like one dazed while the representative of worldly wisdom outlined his plan.

VII

WHEN Baron Tazumi promised to introduce to Anna Bly his friends in San Francisco he made no vain promise, as was quickly proved as soon as her party had set foot in So Ko, the Mulberry Port, which the long-haired ones call San Francisco. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Otisuki called at her hotel an hour after she had registered. She went down to the reception room to meet them, and found there a benevolent, elderly, bulky Japanese in a ceremonious cutaway coat. He had a frank and hearty manner and the brusqueness of a successful American business man.

It was not until he had introduced Mrs. Otisuki that Anna realized the importance of her visitors. Mr. Otisuki, she recollected in a flash, was no less a person than the brilliant land speculator who was rated as one of the wealthiest Orientals in the New World; less successful than Mr. George Shima, perhaps, but undeniably a grandee of importance.

Mrs. Otisuki, short, plump and pretty, with the beautiful complexion which the ladies of her race often possess, wore enormous pearls in her ears, and over her shoulders a smartly cut coat of mole. She bobbed and smiled daintily, showing perfect teeth, at every word that was said. But to the conversation she contributed nothing, preferring apparently to sit in the background and surrender the floor to her rightful lord.

Tazumi was a good fellow, declared Mr. Otisuki in his brusque and hearty way—something of an altruist, but a good fellow. He had sent word that Mrs. Bly was to see something of the California Japanese just to show her that they didn't wear kimonos in the street and sing snatches from The Mikado, as most Easterners supposed. Wouldn't Mrs. Bly come out to Piedmont and take potluck with them? After a trip across the continent she must be hungry for a bite of home cooking.

"Oh, yes, do come!" squeaked Mrs. Otisuki in the voice of a child who has rehearsed her small part in a play.

"And won't Miss Brand come too?" urged Otisuki. "Our daughters are mighty anxious to meet you both after such grand send-off Tazumi sent in advance. We don't put on some dog round our place. Just come plain clothes—better prepare to stay for night. Or we like to put you up at our place as long as you in this section."

His hospitality was truly overwhelming. Mr. Otisuki was quite evidently the social head of the house. He had but to suggest and there issued from the cherry lips of Mrs. Otisuki a series of staccato chirpings.

Almost without hesitation Anna accepted the invitation both for herself and Zudie. Indeed she was touched by this yet another instance of Tazumi's thoughtfulness. So four o'clock found Anna and her sister seating themselves in the comfort of the Otisukis' velvet-cushioned car, while its hospitable owners made place for them and the big machine headed smoothly down Market Street toward the Ferry Depot.

Among the sweet green hills of Piedmont they came at last upon a handsome house of pink stucco, built Spanish style, with elaborate wrought-iron balconies and splendid grille work at the entrance door. This was the place where they were to take potluck—no style—as Mr. Otisuki had so jauntily put it. A Japanese footman bowed them into the Castilian splendors of the entrance hall. Somewhere, not far distant, a rich-toned piano was sounding in skillful runs and an illusive strain which tantalized her memory. The Scheherazade Suite! Glancing curiously into the music room beyond, Anna beheld the pianist, a young Japanese girl, her shoulders swaying above the keyboard, her eyes bent studiously upon the music rack.

A Swedish maid, fastidiously uniformed, showed them to their rooms—daintily paneled apartments with French engravings on the walls. At half past seven the ladies, who had changed to simple dinner frocks, came down to be introduced to the rest of Mr. Otisuki's happy family. The eldest daughter had been recently married to a Mr. Honda, a middle-aged banker, whose swollen, brownish face suggested innumerable bee stings. Miss Genevieve Otisuki was nineteen, slender and delicate of figure, and she wore her clothes with the air of a Parisienne.

There were cocktails before dinner, and when the party sat down in the dignified tapestried dining room Anna had a feeling of disappointment at the sight of handsome crystal and gold plate. She had so hoped for a taste of Japanese food as it might be served by a yellow grandee of California.

"Oh, no, none of that nonsense here!" chuckled Mr. Otisuki when she voiced the suggestion. "Raw fish and noodles—back to the Middle Ages! If I should been able to eat food better than rice when I was boy I might have grown to be quite tall. Just look at Oki over there."

Anna glanced toward a very fashionable young man who was at that moment making himself agreeable to Zudie. When she had been introduced to him he had snapped out a large card plainly printed with the words, "S. Oki, Bly, California."

"They caught him early and made an American out of him. Look at his legs!"

Cheerfully would Anna have done so had not the interesting members been hidden under Mr. Otisuki's lace tablecloth.

"Straight as a string!" went on her host. "No squatting on mats for him! He was raised up on beefsteak and baseball."

"Don't you admire Japan?" asked Anna, truly surprised by this unexpected point of view.

"Japan? What do I know about it? I been American for thirty-five years. Of course you read much tommyrot about citizenship. What difference does that make? Don't I own land here and run two or three banks and deal in the stock exchange? Don't I have children to vote for me? Don't I send my eldest boy to Sheffield Scientific School and my youngest daughter to Berkeley? My daughter Katherine married Japanese, yes, but Honda is just American like I am."

Mr. Otisuki urged her to taste the Rhine wine which a servant had poured into her tall glass.

"Napa Valley wine," Otisuki informed her. "Can't find better in the world. But, of course, Congress has settled wine. Congress is always settling things, isn't it, Mrs. Bly?"

He made this last sally with an amiable wink as he drank heartily.

"It seems strange to me, I must confess," persisted Anna, inspired to boldness by his open manner, "that you have no curiosity to see your own country again. Its wonderful progress—I should think that would interest anybody."

"Oh, you think so?" His voice was harsher than Tazumi's, but it had the same effect of a virile bass playing against polite falsetto. "Japan! She will get along all right, I guess. She has made a jump—so has the rest of world. A hundred years ago she had no telephones. Neither did America or other places. Japan not so wonderful. Sometime it bores me to think I was born in such a place."

After dinner Anna and Zudie found themselves stranded in the drawing-room with the ladies of the party—stranded they were indeed, for Mrs. Otisuki agreed to everything with a little peeping giggle, while the other Japanese ladies did little better in the way of carrying on conversation. Anna found herself conducting a monologue, and when she paused polite silence prevailed, just as though her pleasant listeners were waiting for her to go on.

Finally she found a place next to Miss Genevieve Otisuki, who was looking over some music in a corner. Miss Genevieve furnished a refreshing contrast to her elders. She was frank and independent, with all the slang and bravado of an American college girl.

"I graduate next year," she explained, "if I don't flunk in math. I'm perfectly rotten at figures, but dad insists on my knowing mathematics. All I care for is my music. I'm teasing dad to send me to the Boston Conservatory, but he has a lot of old-fashioned notions about my getting married and all that sort of thing."

"I was independent, too, when I was your age," smiled Anna.

"I'm going to marry just whom I please or be an old maid," declared the freedom-loving Miss Otisuki. Then with a look of peculiar intentness: "And it won't be a Japanese either."

Anna sat wordless and embarrassed before this candid statement from one of a race which she had always regarded as secretive and reserved.

"What's the use of my being different?" she went on. "I don't care anything about the Japanese. I'm an American citizen."

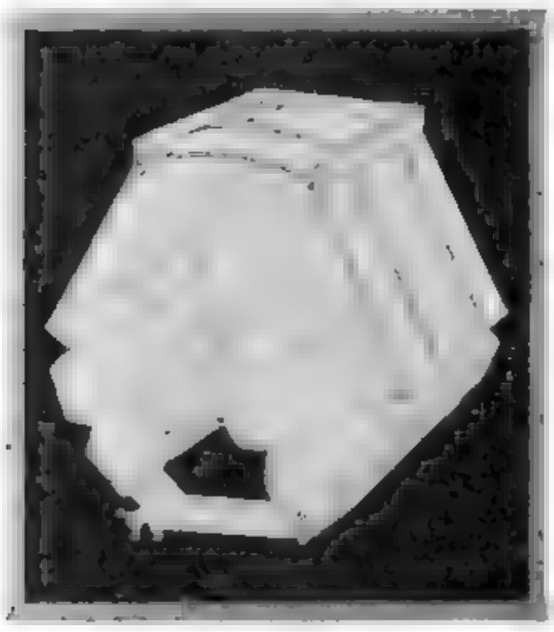
"Don't you ever want to see Japan?" asked Anna.

"Why should I?" The dark eyes widened. "There's nothing I want there. I've almost persuaded mother to take me to Paris as soon as things are better over there. I'm crazy about Paris; aren't you?"

It was late in the evening, and Miss Genevieve was performing brilliantly at the piano when the gentlemen rejoined their group. Soon after Mr. Otisuki's guests dispersed for the night.

(Continued on Page 103)

"How fluffy clean the APEX made this blanket"



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WATCH FOR FURTHER PRINTZESS ANNOUNCEMENT IN THE NOVEMBER 20th ISSUE

(Continued from Page 100)

"I am working among my people at Bly. Small post, but quite interesting. If there is anything of interest you would like to see in San Francisco," volunteered the affable Mr. Oki, standing straight and trim on his superior legs as he shook hands with Anna and her sister, "please depend upon me. Or may I have the pleasure of calling at your hotel with my car?"

His thoughtfulness was indeed delightful, and Anna told him so as she bade him good night.

During their five days' stay in the Mulberry Port, which the long-haired ones call San Francisco, the Brand sisters were fêted to a point where they began to feel more like visiting royalty than humble farmers about to plunge into an unknown frontier. The affable Mr. Oki, who was no giant in spite of his superior legs, proved true to his promise. He appeared with an overcoat and a runabout of equally sportive pattern and invited Mrs. Bly and Miss Brand for a spin round the Presidio drives.

He spoke English very well and American slang even better. As the pine-clad fortifications reeled by them and they threaded a perfect road above the Golden Gate their pleasant guide seemed inclined to indulge in jokes at the expense of the Otisuki family.

"Strange bird, don't you think?" he chuckled. "Always running down Japan—quite a fad with Otisuki."

"He must be a man of great ability," said Anna.

"Very live wire," agreed S. Oki. "He does quite well, considering the slum of Nagasaki where he came up from. Otisuki, you understand, is a *narrikin*."

"A what?" inquired the Brand sisters in one breath.

"Excuse the vulgar Japanese word," apologized Mr. Oki. "That word is our slang. It has been invented since this Great War, and it means—what? Let me try to interpret. It means something like a parvenu—get rich rapidly—profiteer. That and several more things. It means anxiety to spend and jump into a better class."

"And Mr. Otisuki is all that?" laughed Zudie.

"Oh, yes! But a good fellow."

Mr. Oki changed the subject to Bly. He had work there, he explained, looking after the mutual interests of the Americans and the Japanese.

"And I hope I shall have a chance to be of service," he volunteered when the drive was over and he was helping them out at the door of their hotel.

On Wednesday night they were invited to dine at the Japanese consulate, where, as it turned out, several members of the American expedition about to visit Nippon were being entertained in sumptuous style. Senator Jascomb, the Reverend Doctor Greet and the world-celebrated financier, Ignatius Kohl, sat at the consul general's long table, already glowing with enthusiasm for the island kingdom they were about to see.

The table had been set Japanese fashion, with many dishes on square, black-lacquered trays before each chair. Upon the central saucer of each tray a fairyland garden flourished. Radishes cut to resemble peonies were stuck on the twigs of a lupine stalk which had been planted in a mound of edible seaweed. At the foot of this tiny island pinkish slices of raw fish were arranged to imitate ocean waves. The soup, too, was æsthetic, glistening like an amber pool with lily pads and sea anemones floating in its depths.

"They make everything beautiful," said the Reverend Doctor Greet, his face bent toward his artistic food, "and I am looking forward to my visit among the people of a great race who have learned so much better from us than we have learned from them."

Mr. Kohl, the financier, was much heartier in his expressions than he had been after the banquet in New York. He raised his glass to toast the Mikado and to swear that a better understanding between the two great nations would still forever the senseless clamor now being raised along the Pacific Coast.

Anna went home that night filled with a comfortable feeling that the strong men of America and Japan were standing behind the unthinking herd, directing them wisely out of the shoals of passion and into the serene waters of a permanent peace.

They planned to stay in San Francisco until Monday. It was Saturday morning, and Anna was on the most commonplace of errands when she gained another glimpse of the Orient in America; and it was a picture which fixed itself in her memory during her subsequent adventures with transplanted Asia.

The Chronicle had advertised a sale of children's underwear in a Market Street department store; and Anna, remembering that she was the thrifty mother of growing children, went. Once inside, she loitered, as even the most sensible woman will, among the labyrinthine counters and their displays of silks, stockings, gloves, ribbons and silverware. Without the slightest intention of buying, she lingered over a pile of shirt waists, when her eye was attracted by a picture quaint as it was mysterious.

A little figurine of a woman sat straight and haughty on a swivel stool in front of the counter. The tips of her daintily shod toes barely touched the floor, but there was about her none of that squattiness which so often spoils the Japanese woman in Occidental eyes. She was dressed with exquisite taste, the simple lines of her tailored suit fitting closely to her supple figure. A slender pillar of a neck, soft and smooth as the apricot, whose color it resembled, stood proudly up from a collar of fine needlework and supported a delicate little head with the most piquant, elfin face in all the world. The eyes were long and slitlike, the brown turned up at the corners like little wings, the mouth a rosebud dot of color.

Behind the tiny princess a heavy, stodgy Japanese woman with an enormous face stood immovable, never taking her eyes from her companion. Anna was fixed to the spot, so great was her curiosity. What were the relations between the fairylike being and the clumsy Japanese woman? How prettily the little fingers, slender as reeds, picked up each trifle of lace as the long eyes looked down with Asiatic languor! She could be no woman of flesh and blood. Even in her American clothes she was like some porcelain statuette of the Ming dynasty.

Long before Anna had satisfied her curiosity the Japanese woman made a motion which was surprising as it was sudden. She laid a stubby hand on one of the slender shoulders. Without a look to left or right the Ming statuette came to a standing posture.

In spite of her high heels she was considerably under five feet tall. The ugly Japanese companion opened her purse and handed a bill to the shopgirl, and as soon as change and her bundle were presented to her she gave a sullen gesture which sent the dainty vision on her way, to be followed a few feet behind by her burly manageress.

Anna drew a long breath as the two disappeared into the crowd.

"I never saw such a lovely Japanese before," she said to the shopgirl who had just passed over the change.

"The little one, you mean?" asked the girl. "She's no Jap. She's a Korean. And say, I think she must be dotty in the head or something! Never takes a step without that big Jap comes tagging along, telling her where to stand or sit down. It gives me the creeps."

Anna wasted just an instant in speculation. What trade wind had blown this lovely curio into port? What did she stand for but the picture of an ancient race enslaved, in bondage forevermore to the strong brown people whom the gods had chosen to endure?

It was noon when Anna returned to her hotel. She found a telegram awaiting her in the letter box. When she opened it she read the long day letter which was to speed her upon the final stage of her journey:

"Hope you have made the trip comfortably and enjoyed San Francisco. Please don't go by train, as you will find the journey tiresome. My car will be waiting at your hotel Monday morning. Be so kind as to accept its services as far as your farm. Best wishes to you all. TAZUMI."

Before breakfast Monday morning Baron Tazumi's car was announced. Was there no end to this good man's influence or to his thoughtfulness for his friends?

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A California Fog From Above Wilson's Peak

Records Which Speak for Every Essex

In 4 trips across America Essex 4 times breaks record

First Essex

San Francisco to New York—
4 days, 14 hours, 43 minutes.
Lowers record by 12 hours, 48 min.

Second Essex

New York to San Francisco—
4 days, 19 hours, 17 minutes.
Lowers record by 22 hours, 13 min.

Third Essex

San Francisco to New York—
4 days, 21 hours, 56 minutes.
Lowers record by 5 hours, 35 min.

Fourth Essex

New York to San Francisco—
5 days, 6 hours, 13 minutes.
Lowers record by 11 hours, 19 min.

Essex also holds all records for cars of its motor size for all periods, from 1 to 50 hours.

3037 miles in 50 hours—longest run ever made by a car at top speed.

An Essex that previously had gone 12,000 miles sets world's dirt track mark of 1261 miles in 24 hours.

Essex also holds world's 24-hour road mark of 1061 miles.

An Essex Advantage That All Acclaim

The distinction of performance which rates the moderate-priced Essex among the fine cars of the world is by no means confined to its greater speed, acceleration and hill-climbing ability.

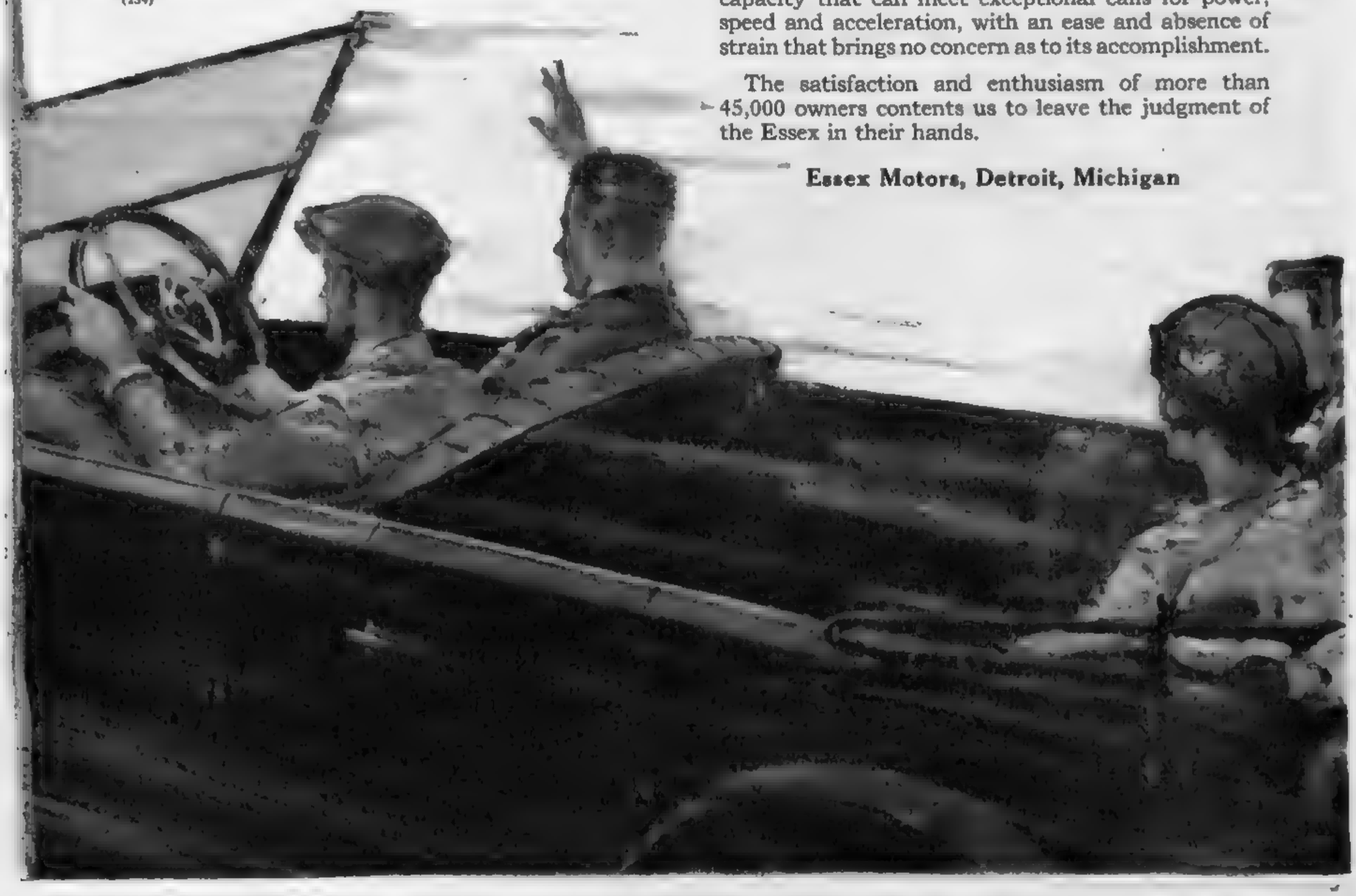
Official proofs remove its supremacy in those qualities from debate. No car of its motor size ever matched them. Some of its marks were never equalled by any car, regardless of size, price or type.

Thus Essex Takes Rank With the Greatest Cars

Yet if one quality, more than another, causes men to link Essex in merit with the costly cars, it is its ease of motion, and elastic smoothness in action, which have no counterpart among light cars.

That is the enchantment Essex owners admit they value next to its reliability. Even long association they say does not dispel the impression of riding in a large car.

(234)



To many, accustomed to accept certain shortcomings and discomforts as definite limitations of the light type, this flying ease of Essex travel is a greater matter of interest and wonder than even its famous performance records.

Certainly it contributes more steadfastly to the comfort and enjoyment of driving. Men who use a motor much in business especially appreciate Essex driving ease.

They know how motoring fatigue and discomfort take from them the fresh edge which makes the differential between a successful day and just muddling through.

An Appeal That 45,000 Know

We know in all candidness that few men ever have call for such speed and power as Essex possesses. Yet no owner mistakes it for useless surplus. This excess ability is valued chiefly because it does the ordinary task without effort. And because men like to have capacity that can meet exceptional calls for power, speed and acceleration, with an ease and absence of strain that brings no concern as to its accomplishment.

The satisfaction and enthusiasm of more than 45,000 owners contents us to leave the judgment of the Essex in their hands.

Essex Motors, Detroit, Michigan

How's your compression? weak? strong? or don't you know?

HAVE you tested the compression of your engine lately? A few turns of the engine will tell you how it is.

Compression depends on the condition of your valves, the fit of your piston-rings and the tightness of your cylinders.

CLOVER reseats valves

Clover reseats valves quickly, surely. Most likely you are using it. Good.

CLOVER laps piston-rings and cylinders

Every piston-ring, old or new, must be lapped into its own groove and into the cylinder to get perfect compression. Clover will lap score marks from cylinders—usually saves reboring and new pistons.

CLOVER stays on the job

Clover is a fast-cutting, even-graded abrasive that positively will not run off the work. It will do accurate and uniform work on every kind of lapping job. That's why Baldwin's use it in their locomotive shops and why you'll find it used in the yards of the Bethlehem Shipbuilding Corporation. Machine shops, tool rooms and good garages the country over use Clover for lapping and grinding jobs.

If you want to know more about these important facts let us send you the Clover Bulletins, No. 75 and No. 80, which tell in simple terms how to stop compression-leaks in your engine.

Machine Shops Use CLOVER

Clover Lapping Compounds are used as standard abrasives in such shops as:

Curtiss Aeroplane Corp.
Buffalo Gasoline Motor Co.
N. Y. Air Brake Co.
Westinghouse Electric & Mfg. Co.

116 different industries use Clover for lapping, grinding, polishing and surfacing work. Seven grades packed in 1-lb. cans. One grade to the can. Tell us the job to be done, and we'll tell you which grade will do it best.

CLOVER
Grinding and Lapping Compound

NORWALK, CHICAGO, SAN FRANCISCO

CLOVER MFG CO.
114 Main Street
Norwalk, Conn.

Technical questions gladly answered.

Please send me the Clover Instruction Bulletins and samples of Clover Compound for—

[ ] Car Owner [ ] Machine Shop [ ] Distributor [ ] Tractor [ ] Public Garage [ ] Utility Engines

Print Name_____

Address_____

TWO WEEKS WITH PAY

(Continued from Page 21)

and I wanner see how it feels.. What is further, here I been selling luxury for three years, first at the Chick and now here at the Intime, without really knowing what it is. I'm fed up on the way I live—one room and a sixth of a bath. Believe me, I'm going to have two weeks of standard-brand living or know why. Some people need refreshment and some need rest. I need refreshment. I'm working in the line I like and I mean to raise in it. Crickets may be good for your nerves, dear, but jazz is what will rest me most."

"Well, Pansy O'Donnell, I think you're crazy!" says Mary. "Poppa's farm is only ten miles from Narrataskett, and I'll say it's near enough—on your salary!"

Well, Mabel, you know how it would naturally be with a plain little chicken like Mary Maloney—and with her own home to go to as well. But take me, now. There's no use in a person moping over being a orphan and ambitious as well, and it wasn't not exactly that I expected to meet anybody at Narrataskett with serious intentions. I get too good money myself to fall that low unless in love as well. I made me what I am to-day, I'm sure I'm satisfied. Honest to goodness, Mabel, I wanted to do just what I set out to—have two weeks of living like I dress on the outside—snappy, expensive, quiet and refined.

Say listen Mabel, you know most of the girls over to the Intime fall for the stuff the shop carries. Do they wear silk? Hah! You tell her, corset, you're closer to her than I am! And the prices they pay—even after old Gin has taken off twenty per cent! But not so your little Pansy-Face! I save my money! You see, Mabel, I know this business. I know every line of goods in it, and how they will wear, and I only buy just what has wear in it, because I'll tell the world I'd rather be clean than fancy. Why, Mabel, one girl over to our house paid sixteen dollars for a piece of near-satin junk trimmed with georgette flowers, and—well, she called it a union suit, but it had to work twenty-four hours a day. I'll say a girl like that will never get anywheres in the trade. I make my own out of muslin by hand, and have plenty, at about fifty cents each. Nobody but me knows what I wear, so I should worry. But I do like my self-respect and comfort, and I wash them out, too, instead of supporting a laundry. On the outside I admit it is different. Business is business, and one which is selling jazz has got to look the part. I used to know a feller oncet run a restaurant, and he always eat the plain things on the menu. The idea is the same. Only of course he was saving what he already had, wile I been saving to get something, and the only thing a girl in a shop can save for is personal equipment, the chance to improve herself, and little cash to use for that purpose or illness.

Well, say listen Mabel. I picked out Narrataskett for all them reasons, and I had the money. Two hundred in the bank and two in Liberty Bonds. The hotel I picked on was the Ocean View, American plan, but fifty a week and up. I wasn't planning to take the elevator, however. Only one thing I overlooked, and that was writing in advance.

Say, Mabel, you really had ought to see Narrataskett. Even after all I got against it, I must admit it's swell. I mean the water and the views and all. Awful lumpy country, mostly rocks and sage and sand, but with the grandest smell when the sun bakes down on it—kind of like hot plum pudding, only fresh and crisp. The pine trees and the bay bushes and the oil on the roads makes it. I always heard perfume was made out of petroleum, but I never actually knew it before. And the houses are simply grand! As for the hotel, I couldn't grant it much except for size, but I knew it was swell, because of the names I had often seen in the Sunday papers as stopping there: Mrs. Arthur Wainsworth, the Rivingtons and the Colbys, of Boston. And if that wouldn't give a place class, what could? You tell her, dictionary, you've got the words!

Say listen Mabel. It's a funny thing, but when I got to that hotel I begun to sort of get cold inside my six-dollar silks and patent ankle straps. Strange, ain't it, dear, after me planning this act for so long? But somehow by the time the omnibus which had met the train drew up at the hotel steps and backed into them I commenced to wish I hadn't come.

You see the reason for this was partially because I wasn't alone in the bus. And the company I had there was just naturally taking all the joy out of Nature, and the gladness I felt at getting out of the hot city and ten hours a day on my feet and into the cool country was fading fast. Believe me, dear, cool country was right. I could feel it already, even though the bus windows was closed against the balmy ocean breezes.

Remember the way we girls would get to talking, though perfect strangers, on the way to the Brookville Vacation House? Well, I'll tell the world that the middle-aged minister and his wife who shared the coop with me had nothing so chatty about them! They was a total loss in that conveyance, conversationally speaking, though it was built closer'n a chummy roadster and our knees touched. Was they an enthusiastic pair? You tell her, ice box, you got the chill! And a perfect forty-eight in a mink dolman, and two toy dogs which was seated opposite, didn't help to cheer us either.

After a little wile she actually took out a pair of spy glasses and commenced staring at me through them. Then I see why she needed the mink. It was for self-protection when she put her prideful peepers into action, because it's the truth the temperature dropped to somewhere below last winter's record when she did so. But I stared back. I couldn't help it, because I had never seen a pair of those long-handled eyeglasses used before outside of the pictures, and of course realized I must be in the presence of some society matron.

"It looks like a cold spell ahead," I remarked to be polite.

But nobody had the courage to agree with me, and by then we was arrived.

Say listen, Mabel, you had oughter of seen the bellhops hop for Old Double Eyes! I had the straight dope on her just by instinct. The minute the door was opened the birds began to sing, "Right here, Mrs. Wainsworth," "How do, Madame Wainsworth," and "Thank you, let me take it, Mrs. Wainsworth," "Be careful, Mrs. ——" and so on.

And the old girl took it all with more friendliness to these mere menials than she had shown her fellow passengers, believe me!

And the Bishop and Company weren't exactly ignored either. Only little Pansy O'Donnell was free from these annoying attentions, though after a wile a boy did grab up my two bags and mix them in with Mrs. Wainsworth's, a fact which give her considerable pain as soon as she noticed it. I wouldn't of believed a person could put so much meaning into four simple words like "Those are not mine" unless I had of heard it.

By this time we was in the stately light-oak lobby with the red carpet on the floor and everything, and the desk was being completely occupied by Wainsworth, Dogs and Company and the Church. They made a lot of cackle and took up so much of the clerk's attention that he didn't even get round to noticing I was there until the crowd begun to melt, and then just as I was beginning to wonder would I beat it or not, because two ladies heavily armed with knitting needles was giving me the unfavorable once-over from the porch, I got the surprise of my young life. The clerk, who had shoved the ledger toward me with a sharp "Have you reservations, miss?" suddenly got a good look at my face.

"I—I beg your pardon—I didn't see who it was at first!" he kind of gasped. "You didn't wire for reservations, did you, Miss La Tour?"

Say listen, Mabel, can you beat it? Did it give me a shock? You tell her, battery! But I never twitched a muscle in my calm, refined face. Not on the outside, y' understand—but on the inside! I was burning up, that's what! I was so sore at the glassy mitt which I had been slipped up to that minute that I couldn't but fall for this opening. Evidently as my own self I was nobody, but as Marie La Tour I was counted, at least by the clerk, who looked to be a bright young city chap, and Marie La Tour meant more real things in his life than six Mrs. Forty-eight Wainsworths. You can see that, can't you dear? Well, I could too, in a flash. But I was cagy just the same. I am no female impersonator, so I merely looked at the bird in a knowing way—straight eye-to-eye stuff as I languidly took up the pen.

"I didn't telegraph for rooms," I says in a low, quiet voice which made the swells sound real common. "I did not telegraph for rooms because I only got away unexpectedly. I am here for a rest," I says with meaning, "and prefer to be plain Miss O'Donnell wile I remain."

"I see!" says the bird eagerly. "I see, Miss La Tour! I understand perfectly—you want to be quiet. But I do wish you had wired. I'm afraid we haven't a good enough apartment for you!"

And he commenced clawing among the keys in a frantic kind of a way.

"Oh, I expect you have!" I says hastily and in mortal fear he'd find the bridal suite was vacant. "I'm not so particular—when I'm resting. And I didn't bring any maid."

That was a master stroke, eh, Mabel?

"Then I suppose perhaps Three Hundred and Six will do," he gabbled. "The bedroom is rather small, but the sitting room has a view of the ocean. And if you can manage there for a few days I think I can arrange for better quarters—say, by the end of the week."

Well listen, Mabel, this was Monday, me having taken two days in town to get ready, and I'll say when he mentioned two rooms and undoubtedly a bath, though it was evidently silent in suite, I thought to myself next week would be plenty soon enough for better quarters. Only it was more likely to be a question of dimes by then. At least, I guessed it would be, guessing being the only thing I was in a position to do, because no well-known picture actress would need to ask the price in advance. They never did on boudoir caps, at any rate, as I knew from my own personal experience. So I signed on the dotted line without a tremor—my own name—"Miss Pansy O'Donnell, New York City," and indicated by my eyebrows that they could lead on. The clerk give the bell an awful wallop and called a boy.

"Front!" he shouted. "I say, Miss La Tour, you don't mind my telling you you are my favorite, do you? I think you are greater than Pickford!"

"You are awful kind," I murmured with downcast modesty. "But I am Miss O'Donnell—please remember that."

"Certainly, Miss La Tour"—he grinned like a cat. "Here, Front, Three-O-Six—lively now!"

The boy called Front give one look at me and come to life. Then he picked up the two bags like they had TNT in them or something and led the way on tiptoe as if he was in a church. Some sensation! Haughtily ignoring the scattered crowd in the lobby the same as I had seen my double do in The Scarlet Pride, I swept along after him. I'll say the sensation it give me was worth the room rent, whatever it was going to come to.

When we reached my suite that bellhop set the world's record for attentiveness, and when I give him a half a dollar, which I felt was the least could be expected from my new self, instead of pocketing it with a "t'anks" he pressed the half to his heart and made me a bow—a regular one, cracked at the waist.

"Oh, Miss La Tour!" says the kid, all red in the face. "I will never part with this! And if it was only a plugged nickel I would feel the same."

"That's all right, Cupid!" I says. "Now run along, I've got a heavy part I want to think out."

And with that I slammed him out of headquarters, and then think is just what I did—good and plenty.

Of course, Mabel, what I had allowed them to wish onto me could of been avoided. I admit that. But I didn't start it, see? And realizing at once, like I did, that I'd have to be somebody in this hotel or I might as well spend my two weeks at home in the ice chest, I determined even on second thought to let it slide. After all, I had denied being Miss La Tour. They couldn't pin it onto me legally, and besides I had a feeling of hating to disappoint them. What harm could it do, anyways, to leave them think their own thoughts? And lookit the fun I would have! Only a sick aunt or the studio or something would have to call me back at the end of one week—that was financially certain. Though wile there I was certainly going to enjoy the place. It was so pretty I could of lived in

(Continued on Page 109)

And this is what the *Indians* told the *Quakers* when they taught them why the *Corn* was good

DEAR Boys and Girls: When the Quakers first came to this country there weren't any houses where they went to live, and there weren't any grocery stores from which to get food.

And before they could plant the seed they had brought with them, to raise the food they needed, the cruel winter came upon them, and the little Quaker boys and girls had not enough to eat.

Then the Indians, the Quakers' friends, brought them baskets of food they had never seen before — baskets of golden Indian corn.

"Into this corn," the Indians said, "we have called the Three Good Spirits of Beautiful Youth — the Spirit of Strength, the Spirit of Courage, and the Spirit of Truth.

"They will save your starving children, because into him who eats the corn, the Three Good Spirits enter and he becomes strong and brave and true."

Now we have called these same Three Good Spirits for you — called them into a new kind of corn flakes named *Quaker Quakies*.

Corn flakes made crisp and firm by Chitanu-wa-ganit, Good Spirit of Strength.

Corn flakes bravely colored by Ilau-wa-ganit, Good Spirit of Courage.

Corn flakes with a sweet deliciousness given by Wula-wa-ganit, Good Spirit of Truth.

Ask your grocer for the fairy box of *Quaker Quakies* in which these Three Good Spirits dwell. Then you too, like the little Quaker boys and girls of long ago, can become strong and brave and true from these Three Good Spirits of Beautiful Youth.

The Quaker Oats Company, 1616M. Railway Exchange Bldg., Chicago, U. S. A.

New York THE MUNSINGWEAR CORPORATION *Minneapolis*

(Continued from Page 106)

it forever. Believe me, Mabel, there are few things so trying to face as the fact that you simply haven't got the money—and this was one time when I certainly realized it.

Well, listen, Mabel, you know me! When my mind is settled on a thing I quit worrying over it. And having decided I would leave the hotel people draw any conclusions which give them pleasure, I would see what joy I could haul out of it myself. And the drama commenced when I entered the dining room for dinner that night.

Yeh, I wore the simple black evening gown—the one which is so simple it don't really amount to anything much—which I copied off Ruby Roselle in Tiger Tooth—remember? And when I come in there was a kind of a hush went over that eating place like here comes the bride or something. Their necks nearly come off rubbering, but I went by in all my artistic detachment from the world and sat down at a table by my lonesome, where the waiter showed me. Say, Mabel, I never expected to be that much embarrassed by putting food into my mouth. Though once you get used to it you enjoy it. But wile the other boarders stared, they didn't chum up any.

Well, Mabel, when I sat out on the porch afterward I commenced to feel a real sympathy with the animals in the park, only of course the people round me wasn't looking into such a private part of my life as into, say, the lions' only cage would be. But did they rush up and gather round? You tell her, telegraph pole—you got the insulators! I felt about as much in the midst of friends as I would in my coffin. I was there, but I wasn't supposed to be alive—d'yer understand, dear? Believe me, it was a relief to be able to say good night out loud to the clerk at nine-thirty, when I headed for the hay! I couldn't decide quite whether it was better to be left alone as a celebrity or as a poor working girl, but was wavering in favor of the part most natural to me before I went to sleep. It certainly looked like my vacation was going to be a gay affair—not!

But say, listen, Mabel! The next morning things begun to loosen up a little. At breakfast, which I had forgot to stay upstairs in my room for, I being hungry and breakfast being one of my three favorite meals, a real nice-looking boy—a kid, he really was—come over to my table with a pleasant smile and white flannels.

"I beg pardon, Miss La Tour," he says, "but my sister and I have a little sloop, and we are getting up a sailing party and we'd love to have you join us. But—but she's afraid to come over and ask you, so I did!"

Can you beat that? You tell her, pie-face—you got the crust! But it was a opening, and I graciously consented, though I'll tell the world sailing is something anybody who envies me can take my share of! But you got to make sacrifices to get on socially. And listen, Mabel, by lunch time I was the Queen of the May, only having a hard time turning down questions like, "How do you feel when you first read a part?" or, "Do you really put on gray make-up?" "Which do you consider your best picture?" "Do you think I would photograph well, Miss—O'Donnell?" "Isn't it wonderful to be in the motion pictures?" And so forth ad imbecilitum.

"Now listen, folks!" I says at last. "I'm not going to answer one single question. I'm here for a rest. Can't you just leave—let me be a girl on a vacation?"

And whatter you think they says to that, eh, Mabel?

"Oh, isn't she too sweet? So natural and not a bit conceited. She won't say a word about her work, my dear! The most retiring young woman!"

Actually, I overheard Mrs. Clergyman, who had handed me the frozen face in the bus, spilling that to Mrs. Wainsworth in the hallway! But Mrs. W. continued upstage. I passed close enough to hear what her lady friend said, but the old dame merely hoisted the quizzers at me, like she was learning to know the wild birds and I was the flamingo. But I didn't worry any. I was over being lonesome, and if you have ever been twenty-four hours in a hotel completely surrounded by strangers which are enjoying everything but your company you will understand me, dear! Oh, I was over the left-all-alone-again blues all right! My only trouble was in being overcrowded. Because after lunch it was going to be high tide, and round three o'clock everybody was going in bathing. Everybody, that is, but little Pansy.

Say, listen, Mabel, remember how you and the girls used to kid me down to the beach the summer we was at the Marine Vacation House? About my bowlegs, I mean? And me not learning to swim? Well, remember Marie La Tour in The Sea King's Daughter? Well, do you see what let me out? Think it up, coffee, you got the bean! Remember how she swum round under water, and the tights and all? Well, dear, you can see what I was up against. Especially when I looked out of my sitting-room window with the ocean view and spotted every last male in the hotel unobtrusively hanging round waiting for me to come out. And wasn't I just about dying to go in and jump up and down, holding on to the rope with my legs well under water? And it couldn't be done. I had deliberately used my nose to spite my legs, I guess, the nose being undoubtedly exactly like Miss La Tour's, but the legs being the real answer to the question I have often been asked of "Why stay in a specialty shop with a face like that and always room for one more real one in the Follies?" The facts being known only to a few girl friends.

However, I decided to make some use of them anyways, and wile the refined but human crowd was thickening round the front door I hoofed it out the side-veranda way and started on a back-country hike, because it was too fine a day to rest all afternoon.

Say, listen, Mabel, do your feet ever bother you? I thought so. Same here! It's the hours, I guess, and then so much dancing on the top of them—I mean on top of the hours. I wouldn't go out with that kind of a partner, I don't care what he could spend. Well, yeh, I know, dear, and that's the way mine felt after I had gone to the village and sent the girls at the Intime some picture postals of the hotel, and had a soda and got about halfway back. I just simply had to sit down, and so picked out the softest rock I could see along the road, and was resting on it enjoying the ants and mosquitoes and other pleasures of outdoor life when a big roadster come into sight, approaching fast but slowing down as it got nearer. When it come up it almost stopped, and when the one which was driving it saw me it stalled.

And say, listen, Mabel, it was that feller which had bought the camisoles!

"Well, of all heavenly—that is, what a nice surprise!" he said, lifting his real, genuine Panama.

"How d'ja do!" I says, smiling a little.

Somehow I felt I knew him more'n I did. You know how it is when you see a face you recognize far from home.

"I say, it's ripping of you to speak sweetly," he said. "But we have met, haven't we—really? Are you staying here?"

He was out of the car now, and come over to me with his hand out. I took it. After all, how is a person to make friends if they act too retiring?

"I'm staying at the Ocean View for a couple of weeks—or maybe one week," I told him.

Gee, Mabel, it was nice to see him! He seemed a little surprised when he heard where I was boarding, and no wonder, because lookit where he had met me! But he didn't say anything fresh about being surprised. Too much of a gentleman.

"Well, that's great!" he says. "I hope I'm going to see something of you?"

"Sure!" I says. "Where are you stopping?"

"Why, I have a summer place here," he explained. "Come up every year! I say, can't we take a little spin now? Come on, I'm a good guide! I'll show you the town!"

Well, Mabel, of course I went. And I think any girl would of in my place, though if he had been really a stranger of course I wouldn't of considered any such offer, and have turned down plenty in my time. But I'll say I was proud to get into that boat of his—solid wheels, gray paint—swell! And he so refined and handsome and everything, in such expensive clothes. I wondered would he point out which place was his, and decided not to ask, because, Mabel, you can take it from me there ain't a summer place in Narrataskett could of been put up for less than a hundred thousand dollars!

Well, from the way he started his car I could see he had stalled it from surprise, and soon we was on our way, winding in and out among the hills and cottages, and he was telling me which one belonged to that person and this, and called most by their first name. He knew everybody in town—it was easy to see that. But we didn't seem to pass his house, though he said his mother and sister was living with him, and I supposed of course he would point it out before we was through.

"Are you in a hurry?" he says. "I'd love to take you out on the point if you are not—the sunset is beautiful from there."

Well, he seemed so anxious I should go I says all right, I had lots of time, and, believe me, I was in no hurry to get back to the hotel, and so he turned off into a lonesome but awful pretty road; and knowing several things by experience, I thought this was a good time to remind him he was engaged, though, believe me, dear, it give me an awful twinge to remember it myself.

"And how is your fiancée, Mr. Livingston?" I says, for by this time he had told me his name was that.

"My what?" he says. Then he laughed. Gee, such a nice laugh! "Why, I haven't any fiancée!" he says. "I'm single as can be. Those what-you-call-'ems were for my kid sister!"

Say, listen, Mabel, you can't imagine the load that took off my chest! I didn't care now how lonesome the road was or how late we stayed on it. And when he parked the car way out on the end near a lighthouse and we sat there facing the sunset I don't think I ever felt happier in my life. A handsome young millionaire of social position, lovely language, straight eye, swell clothes and car, and unengaged. What more could anybody ask for, eh, dear? And when he turned to me very serious and took a gentle hold on one of my hands I couldn't say a word, my heart was thumping so. It give me such a queer feeling—all sort of gone, but glad to be, and glad also I had never fooled round with nobody or done nothing to cheapen myself.

"Miss O'Donnell, you don't know me," he says very serious and sweet. "But I do most sincerely hope you are going to give me a chance. You made a deep impression on me when we met the first time. I'm not a kid, and I know my own mind. Some day you and I are going to mean a lot to each other. I don't want you to say anything now. It wouldn't be fair. But I want you to see me as often as you will. I'd have looked you up in the city if you hadn't appeared in this wonderful manner. And I want to say just this before we close the subject for the present: I'm straight as I know how to be. Everyone here knows me and will tell you about me. I've got plenty of money and I have as decent a record as I could make so far—you needn't be afraid of me is what I mean."

"I'm not," I says in a low voice. "I sort of felt right away we might be friends—only I put it out of my mind, because I thought you belonged to someone else."

"I see," he says. "Well now, young lady, we will forget all this for a day or two—and I'm going to take you right back to the hotel, because you are staying there alone. I want you to know my sister and mother—we'll take them on our next ride."

Well, Mabel, can you imagine my thoughts as we drove back? Not that I would of had them if I wasn't feeling pretty soft over him in the first place, riches being no inducement if love did not enter in—you know that, dear! But I could just see myself in that fine country home of his, with no more Intime, and buy my stuff there for the trousseau if I wanted to. And also myself automobiling and cooing my way through life with Livingston, which was no hardship, and a name like that is a convenient handle at times. Not for nothing had I kep' myself a lady, and virtue was for once about to get a little something extra thrown in by way of a reward.

Say, listen, Mabel, this pink cloud kep' its silver lining until we reached the village. He was a awful good driver, and going fairly slow for him, and we was saying something about fate drawing me to Narrataskett, when all of a sudden right in the middle of town somebody yelled "Hey, Jack!" and Mr. Livingston slowed down.

"Excuse me a minute if I stop!" he said. "I guess one of the boys needs to speak to me."

Well, dear, I says "Certainly," and we stopped in front of a big garage, where a bunch of mechanics was sitting outside. But even then I didn't think anything was peculiar. No, not even when one of them overalled common people broke loose from the crowd and come over to us.

"Say, Jack," he begun, addressing Mr. Livingston, "Richmond's chauffeur was down here raising Cain because their old cluck wasn't ready. Will I go at it now, or do you want to look at that engine yourself?"

"I'll be back in a few minutes and give it the once-over," says my escort. "Did anybody bring those new shoes yet? I was going to the station for them, but I met my friend here and was a little delayed. You have Tom go over Mrs. Wainsworth's spark plugs, will you? And, say, mark down two quarts of oil to Mackenzie before I forget it!"

Say, listen, Mabel, wile all this horrid revelation was going on you can bet little Pansy's eyes was busy. And over that garage was a sign which says "Narrataskett Garage, J. Livingston Smith, Prop.," and worst yet, above it was a neat flat with window boxes and white curtains and a perfectly evident mother knitting behind one of them! My swell was a garage man! Owner or not, I had been deceived, and I got out of that car quickly and quietly, a perfect lady on the outside, but on the inside! You can just imagine, Mabel!

"Why, where are you going?" says that deceitful fraud over his misleading six-dollar tie. "What on earth is the matter?"

"This is the matter, Mr. Smith," I says as coldly as old Wainsworth herself. "I been deceived for no good reason," I says. "If you was to of told me in the first place who you were all would of been well," I says, "but a bluff is something I can never stand for—a person which pretends to be one thing when they are merely another is simply out so far as I am concerned. Pretense is never going to get you anything, and I'm glad I found you out in time."

"But I haven't misled you!" he began. "What on earth—please get back in the car!"

"You told me your name was Livingston and that you were—oh, what's the use!" I says. "Let us discuss it no further. Good day!"

And with that I left him staring after me and walked off down the street. In two minutes he had overtaken me in his car.

"Say, Miss O'Donnell, please!" he says, slowing down as I speeded up. "Wait! I never dreamed you misunderstood! I had no idea of fooling you!"

"Go away, please," I says with dignity, though my shoes was certainly too tight and the hotel a long ways off. "There's no use," I says. "Good-by."

"Well, of course, if you insist," he says, still running along slow beside me. "I'm terribly sorry. If you ever change your mind, let me know. I meant every word I said!"

And then he speeded up, darted ahead and turned away down a side street, leaving me to walk home amidst the ruins of my dream. And was it a ruin? You tell her, show goods—you know the case!

Say, listen, Mabel, I was so upset and sort of sickened and confused and mad and everything that I actually couldn't think straight when I started back to the hotel over them steep sandy roads. But by the time I come in sight of it I had begun to realize that my vacation was everything else but a big success. Here I was staying in a hotel that I couldn't afford among a lot of people who didn't give a cuss for Pansy O'Donnell and only thought of Marie La Tour as a kind of curiosity that wasn't human exactly. I was wild to get out, and yet in a way I wanted to see it through. Do you understand me, dear? To go would be the same as if I was driven away, sort of! And I was as good as them, and had as good a right to submit to being overcharged there if I wanted to be that kind of a fool.

And now on the top of everything here I had been, so to speak, invited into heaven and then been told there was no room. I was evidently gonner work for the rest of my living, just as per previous schedule, and probably die a old maid at that. Nobody ever asked me before to marry them, or anywheres near it, except a couple of fellers which I wouldn't of took on any account, and I got the conviction strong that nobody ever would ask me again. You know the way it is, Mabel. A girl is always sure it is her last chance every time, and that her opportunities for writing a "Mrs." before her signature is things of the past. It's a awful feeling, but I bet there ain't a woman living but has had it, unless she grabbed off the first John who said something she could twist that way.

So you can see, dear, I was in no condition to stand any more shocks by the time I reached the hotel. But fate, or whatever

(Concluded on Page 112)

THE floor plan to the right shows in detail the kitchen illustrated above—with the HOOSIER properly placed as the very heart of the kitchen. A HOOSIER will save steps and abolish backache in any kitchen. But it is most helpful when all kitchen conveniences—sink, cupboards, range, refrigerator, etc.—are so located that every task logically begins and ends at the step-saving HOOSIER.

HOOSIER

The Model Kitchen

THE kitchen shown here is an outgrowth of the newest development in home-building. It was deliberately planned with the idea of making housework easier. A definite, specific place was provided for the Hoosier Kitchen Cabinet, because housewives and home-makers have come to know that a Hoosier functions best when the kitchen is planned to logically focus all of the work on the step-saving Hoosier.

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SAVES STEPS

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(Concluded from Page 109)

it is, never seems to take any account of what a person can stand, and generally keeps right on walloping, once she has got a good start, which is leading to Mrs. Arthur Wainsworth and her sailing right up to me with intent to collide the very minute I got inside the lobby.

There was a synthetic smile on her face, and I could of swore she had actually been waiting for me if it had been any other person.

Her longyong was dangling harmlessly from a chain, and she didn't draw it as she come up either. I got my first real good look at her during them few feet, and I could see she was a woman who had experienced everything but poverty.

"My—ah—dear young lady!" she says in a voice that was accustomed to have its own way. "We have been looking for you everywhere! Where have you been hiding all afternoon that we couldn't find you?"

Well, Mabel, I don't know where she got that we stuff, because she was conspicuously alone, unless maybe it was not to let herself in too deep. I just murmured something about motoring, and she went right on.

"I am Mrs. Wainsworth," she says, just as if we was seeing each other for the first time. "And of course you have seen our posters?"

Well, listen, Mabel, up to date I hadn't exactly hung round the lobby reading the lost-and-found notices, but I had taken in the fact that there was to be a benefit of some kind some day on hand-made one-sheeters. But I never up to that minute connected myself with it. And connected is right—that was just what the old girl had in mind. I begun to get a horrifying glimmer of why she was so cordial all of a sudden as soon as she says posters.

"I hadn't noticed them, Mrs.—er—Wentworth, did you say?" I says very low-voiced and refined and never-heard-of-you.

I thought I had her there. I know a chance for a comeback when I see it, though not a cat ordinarily. But she never batted a eyelash.

It seems these swells is positively case-hardened when they want anything out of you, and can swallow as many insults as they ordinarily hand out when it's the other way round.

"It is for the benefit of the Home Service Fund," she says sweetly. "And we are counting on you to take part—just any little thing—whatever you care to do."

"But I'm afraid I won't be here," I says hopefully. "When is it?"

"On Saturday night," says she. "And the clerk tells me you are here for two weeks." She had me cinched, it began to seem.

"But Mrs.—er—Wainright," I says, "I'm here for a much-needed rest, you know."

"But dear young lady," says the old hen, swallowing my second slap with a smile, "you surely wouldn't refuse to help such a good cause! Why, everyone knows Marie La Tour never refused to help a fund of that sort in her life! People always count on her!"

Well listen, Mabel, of course I didn't want to give Marie La Tour a black eye, admiring her the way I do, and for a minute I didn't know what to say. I was positively clawing the air with my mind.

"But—I haven't anything ready," I says desperately.

"Well, we can rehearse as often as you like," Mrs. Wainsworth says smoothly. "You have until Saturday evening, you know."

"My dear lady," I says severely, "I never rehearse! I haven't done such a thing in years!"

"Then do some old bit from your stage days," says Mrs. W. "I seem to remember a much-advertised dance. Why not do that? Surely you are not going to refuse us—and spoil your splendid record for generosity with your great talent, are you?"

"They'd never find the music for that dance," I sort of gasped. "It was the San Francisco Doll."

"If that's the only difficulty, I'm sure the orchestra leader here has it," says she, tightening the straps of the death chair about me. "He never has anything really new. Now that's a promise!"

"But, Mrs. Wainsworth," I began, "I can't—really!"

"I've written your name at the head of the program," she says a little sharply, "and you must be a good girl and let it stay. It has already noticeably increased the sale of seats!"

The dear, sweet old lady! So accustomed to always having her own way!

Say listen, Mabel, the next three days was a nightmare. A kind of a gay nightmare, because I was now completely taken up by high society, and never left alone to myself or allowed to be dull, as it were, for fear I'd change my mind—or rather Mrs. Arthur Wainsworth's mind—and not appear, and make their show a flivver. I was as closely guarded and as showered with attentions as if I was in the death house at Sing Sing, and, believe me, Mabel, I felt as if that was just about where I was. They never left me to myself except to sleep, and I expect I could of got anything I asked the wardens for from one of them broiled lobster and kidney stew suppers you read about to a fox terrier and a handkerchief with my initials on it, or any other last request, the same as a regular victim. I was watched so careful I didn't even get a chance to send a telegram to myself calling me home, which I had fully intended for more reasons than one. Every time I tried some attentive person was there to offer to do it for me. If I even attempted to post a letter it was snatched away from me. I never had so many friends all in one spot in my entire life before, nor felt so lonesome and friendless. And all the wile I had to keep up a outward pretense of enthusiasm.

Before Thursday noon the crowd applying for tickets on the strength of my promised appearance was so big that they had to give up having the show in the hotel ballroom and hire the town hall, and by Friday night that was about sold out, and it was a big hall which accommodated the New England Firemen's Convention every year and the regular picture show twice a week in summer. And our show was to be some show, Mabel, believe me!

It was scheduled to start off with a violin act by a fifteen-year-old girl whose parents had ought to of known better, followed by my young yachting friend and three other Alma Materialists who felt they had the Star City Quartette backed off the map. And, believe me, they would of if the Star City bunch was ever to of heard them! Then Mrs. Wainsworth's chum, Mrs. Eville, a double portion of refined womanhood, was to recite from a book called Alice in Wonderland—unless the police interfered.

After which all the little ones staying in the hotel was to line up in white suits and dresses and inflict A Birdie With a Yellow Bill upon a audience which might of been supposed to have already suffered enough—and then I was due!

Oh, I was due all right! And how did I feel about it? You can't tell her, liquor—you've got no license! Like the horridly efficient Heinie that he was, that orchestra leader had actually fished up The San Francisco Doll, and some of the charitable ladies had rigged a costume that would show just enough of my legs to be too much, modest though it was. They hadn't let me lift a finger or go to the least trouble—the nasty things! I was all set—not a doubt of it!

But what to do—oh, what to do! And all this time not a glimpse of Mr. J. Livingston Smith, except once when he brought up some passengers from the depot, and then I wouldn't look at him, though I could positively feel him looking at me, surrounded as I was by a gay, admiring throng and giving a hollow but convincing imitation of enjoying it.

This was Friday evening. Saturday morning I woke up with one of them dull little headaches—you know the kind that usually goes with a dull little head. The phone was ringing, and I got up and went to it feeling just about as gay as a undertaker in a healthy locality.

"Hello!" says a he voice. "Is this Miss La Tour?"

"Yes," I says for the first time, on my word, Mabel, although they had been slipping me that title fairly often.

"It is not!" says the voice. "And that is just what I've called up about!"

Say listen, Mabel, my heart nearly stopped beating when I heard that.

"What d'you mean?" I gasped.

"I mean that this is the chief of police speaking, Miss O'Donnell, and that impersonation is a very serious matter. Now I don't want to make you any more trouble than is necessary. That's why I am telephoning instead of coming up to the hotel. A word to the wise ought to be enough. Of course I know you are billed under your own name, but the fraud is perfectly understood just the same. In fact, one set of tickets says 'La Tour' on them. Now you just skip out of town before to-night and we will let the matter drop. Otherwise we will be obliged to take some action. That is all. Good-by."

"Thank you, captain!" I managed to gasp.

And then I hung up, my hands as cold and damp as a pair of raw oysters. My Lord, Mabel, but I was scared! I made a dive for the time-table I had brought with me, and there I got the second jolt of the day. This here Narrataskett was one of them restful places where you don't have to keep thinking about trains all the time, and to make that easier they just simply don't have any trains—that is, not to speak of. The morning one was already gone, and the evening one wouldn't be ready to go until after the hour scheduled for my public appearance. It looked like I was trapped.

Believe me, Mabel, I did some quick thinking! There was no use in me staying and spraining my ankle because there was a first-class doctor on the program committee, and if I really sprained it I would have to pay another week's board, which was out of the question. I had to get out, and get out quickly and quietly, and that was all there was to it.

Well, my bill had come up with my coffee, because I couldn't stand the strain and asked for it, saying I always paid on Saturdays, because, Mabel, I felt I would rather die of the shock than of prolonged suspense. And it was one hundred and fifty dollars, Mabel, not to mention tips! Three fifty-dollar Liberty Bonds with accumulated interest! So, anyways, that trouble was fixed. I could settle up, but how could I get out—that is, without the bunch spotting me and making a fuss and maybe forcing a show-down? I couldn't of stood that, not on a bet, I couldn't. Why, maybe one of them—Mrs. Wainsworth, for choice—would have me arrested on the spot in the middle of the lobby. No, Mabel, I couldn't stand it. There was only one desperate thing to do and I done it. I went to the telephone.

"Is there any other garage here except Smith's?" I says.

"No, miss," says the operator. I give a inward groan.

"All right, give me Smith's," I says, and waited.

Say listen, Mabel, my whole insides felt like they was melted by then, and I will say it was awful good to hear his voice, though I didn't recognize it until he told me it was him. Then it changed—sort of tender it got, and, believe me, Mabel, I actually clung to that sound—if you see what I mean, dear.

"Mr. Smith—I'm in trouble," I says, having a hard time not to cry. "My—my mother is ill and needs me. I got to get away quick. And—and I want to go by the back door. Could you meet me there in about twenty minutes without mentioning it to a soul?" I says.

"Why, certainly!" he says. "I'll drive you myself. The back door it is!"

And listen, Mabel, he didn't seem a bit surprised or ask any questions or anything. Only made me feel very much better and that I had a friend.

Well, you ought to of seen me pack. It was a whirlwind. Then I put the money for my bill in a envelope and sealed it and addressed it to the management and put it on the mantel. Then I rung for a boy, and fortunately it was the one which was so stuck on me.

"Say listen, Cupid," I says. "I'm sneaking out to rehearsal and don't want a soul to know it, see? Can you take these bags and get me down to the back door without us bumping into any crowds?"

"Can I?" he says, grinning. "Why, I can do anything for you, Miss La Tour!"

"Don't call me that!" I snapped, looking instinctively over my shoulder to see was a cop listening. "Come on, let's go!"

And there at the back door was that lovely Mr. Smith, as per our agreement. He never asked a word of me, only helped me and my bags as well into his high-powered car and drove off.

"Where do you want to go?" he says.

"To a farm," I says. "A lovely place called Rocky Corners, about ten miles from here."

"All right, I know where it is," he says.

And then off we started in silence except for the engine. Oh, Mabel, I felt so safe and comfortable and relieved, you can't imagine, even if my pride was in my pocket! That's a good place for pride, I guess—where you can get at it if you need it, but where it ain't in the way. And after we was well out of town J. Livingston drew up and parked the car in a lovely, lonesome wooded place. Then he turned to me and says, "I was the chief of police," he says.

"You was—you were!" I gasped.

"And I really am!" he says, flashing his badge. "I hate people who pretend to be what they are not!"

"You -you ——" I commenced, and then I couldn't get no further, because I broke right down and cried.

The chief of police was real kind, though. He drew my head down onto his shoulder and left me have it out.

"There girlie, cry away," he says. "It'll do you good. I saw you were in a tight place and I wanted to get you out. Out of the whole damn', nonsensical pretense of such a place—wanted you where we could talk—get to know each other like two natural human beings. I admit I misled you that day in my car—let you believe I was what my clothes made me. Somehow, nowadays about everybody seems to be pretending. It's a crazy age—all fancy outside and nothing real inside us, unless we struggle hard to keep our souls. I think I understand, dear, what it was you fell for—a mistaken wish to be better than you are, when all the time your true self is as good as anybody. We've got to relearn, dear, that clothes and cars and pretense don't make real men and women."

"Oh, Luv," I snuffled, "I know you said a mouthful! But I got caught somehow in a regular tangle. I guess I was trying to be something that I wasn't when I went to that hotel in the first place. And before I knew it I was in deep."

"Well, you're out now," he says. "And you're going to spend your second week back on the farm—that will straighten you out. And I'll come up there a lot if you'll let me."

"Come up all you want to!" I says, sitting up and recovering sense enough to powder my nose. "I won't protest."

And say listen, Mabel, he'll be up to-night. Am I happy? Well, you complain, mule, you've got the kick!

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MORRIS & COMPANY

Packers and Provisioners

MARSH LIGHT

(Continued from Page 17)

check. But I reckon you fellows have got your side. I ain't heard nothin' except what Pat Blaine tells me; and Timmons, on Forty-six. You're strikin' for more pay, I reckon."

This was Joseph G.'s opportunity. He was a good talker, and with the insouciant conceit of youth he knew it very well. He had enjoyed haranguing the Dilloways and Fritzie Kahn before Mrs. Varney developed that sudden icy eye. He sat forward in his chair and emphasized his remarks with a practiced sweeping of one uncalloused palm over the other.

"More pay? We're striking for a chance to live! Not just to exist like animals! Why, do you know there were married men in my office working for a hundred and eighty a month? And keeping families!"

"Yeah." Old D. G. smoothed out his beard.

Joseph G. remembered with sudden dismay that Warner's semimonthly pay check called for sixty-two fifty; a hundred and twenty-five a month. It was absurd, of course. But the man was old. And he himself declared that he had no grievance.

"Yeah," commented the old man again, "I reckon you're right. I ain't competent to judge such things. When I was a young feller like you I worked for thirty-five a month, walkin' track and inspectin' bridges. We got along pretty good. Davy's mother and me saved a little along to give Davy an education."

"But that was different," argued Joseph G. "Compare the cost of everything then with what a man has to spend now ——"

"He has to spend now—that's right. Them days we didn't have to spend for silk shirts. My wife made mine out of black-and-white striped calico in summer and gray flannel in winter. And one pair of corduroy breeches done me a year with a little patchin' in spots."

Joseph G. felt vaguely uncomfortable. The conversation had drifted out of the depths where his stroke counted, and was wading a miry backwater where he could not see bottom. He felt on the defensive, though he could not explain the feeling. There was nothing aggressive about old D. G., no lurking accusation in his eyes, no sermonizing in his speech. Nor did he note any antagonism in the manner of Davy when she came in to announce supper. She looked faintly surprised at seeing him, but her father's explanation satisfied her.

"This is Mr. Hicks, from the office," volunteered old D. G. "I asked him to stay with us to-night. You got plenty of waffles fried?"

The girl looked at Joseph G. with those level eyes and gave him a greeting, faintly cool but quite courteous.

"I made plenty of batter," she said.

They went into the house, and Joseph G. registered an impression of cleanness and coolness, of shabbiness made beautiful somehow, and of an atmosphere of homely comfort that glorified the faded strips of worn wool carpet, the clean paintless floors, the shabby old chairs with sagging seats. The supper was spread in the kitchen. The room was small, hung over the river so that the floor rapped hollowly underfoot. Two windows looked out on the red crawling current where it lay between its unshaded banks, as flat and unbeautiful as a clay road.

A stove so tiny that a teakettle and waffle iron occupied the whole top of it stood in a corner, with a soap-box cupboard papered with wall paper hung above it.

Joseph G. Had Never Before Eaten Waffles, Fresh and Dimpled and Crackling Hot. The Waffles of His Experience Had Been Damp, Tough and Tenuous as Wet Washrags

The table was so small that when old D. G. sat down and thrust his legs under it he appeared to be holding it on his lap. Joseph G. found it necessary to sit sideways.

The meal was simple—waffles with melted jelly, a small fish fried brown and crisp, cold hominy and coffee with tinned milk. Davy Warner did not sit down. She stood beside the stove, pouring out the coffee and turning the smoking waffle iron. Old D. G. ate in silence. Joseph G. had never before eaten waffles, fresh and dimpled and crackling hot. The waffles of his experience had been damp, tough and tenuous as wet washrags. On the other hand he had never before eaten cold hominy from an ironstone plate, at the evening meal—though they did still call it supper at Mrs. Varney's. That had been one thing inciting him into the strike, more money so that he could choose a better place to live; shower baths and dinner at night and the bed turned down.

When the last waffle came out of the iron Davy gave her warm face a pat with a towel, untied her apron and sat down. Across the table with its grouping of glass butter dish, mustard jar and blue china spoon holder Joseph G. observed her. She was not exactly pretty, being a bit too still and dark, but there was something glowing about her that gave her the look of a flower poised on its stem. Her dress was a plain blue cotton, a bit washed out, with a cheap little lace collar at the throat. Her shoes were broken across the toes. But something about her—something in the way she used her hands, something that lay in her eyes—went beyond the green and lavender rim of the marshes and the encompassing loneliness of the sea, and laid hold of life as Joseph G. knew it. He thought he read hunger in her look, and immediately his mind leaped back to the city, to dances and bands playing, to parks cool and dim and full of trysting nooks where girls like Davy wore floppy pink hats and little ribboned slippers and had nails curved and frail and polished as shells.

He talked blithely about these things as he knew them. Old D. G. blinked through his ambush and said "Yeah." But Davy said nothing. At times she lifted her eyes and looked straight across Joseph G., through the window where evening was falling like purple smoke over the marsh. But if she was stirred by the pictures Joseph G. painted she gave no sign. Dishwater boiled on the stove in a tin pan and once he caught her eyes straying toward it and discovered that they were lingering in the hot kitchen from politeness. He edged back his chair, and old D. G. lumbered up and scrubbed the warm beads from his forehead.

"Have to look her over again," observed the old man as he took down his hat. "Want to come along, Hicks?"

Joseph G. trailed after him across the dizzy height of the bridge. He watched old D. G. stoop and examine the draw, striking the steel plates with a hammer, tapping experimentally on a doubtful spike. He was not particularly interested. He had noted a photograph on a shelf in the little parlor, framed. It was a picture of a young fellow that he knew, a chap in the maintenance-of-way department of the P. & B.—a lean workhound who chased up and down the main line at all sorts of unearthly hours on his yapping little motor car. A fellow not particularly popular in the offices, where their creed had been reasonableness in all things, particularly in overtime—named Lewis. As he tramped down the muddy bank after old D. G. young Hicks found himself wondering what Lewis' photograph was doing there, framed? Old D. G. inspected the absurd little engine that manipulated the draw, oiled it and wiped it, and with a stubby broom swept the concrete floor clean about it. Joseph G. watched him with something faintly like pity. Such futile potterings seemed to his impatient young spirit pathetically absurd.

Two trains a day passed over that bridge. Yet old D. G. fussed over it as though a score of magnificent steel Pullmans would tread its iron path before morning.

"How many boats come up here?" he asked D. G.

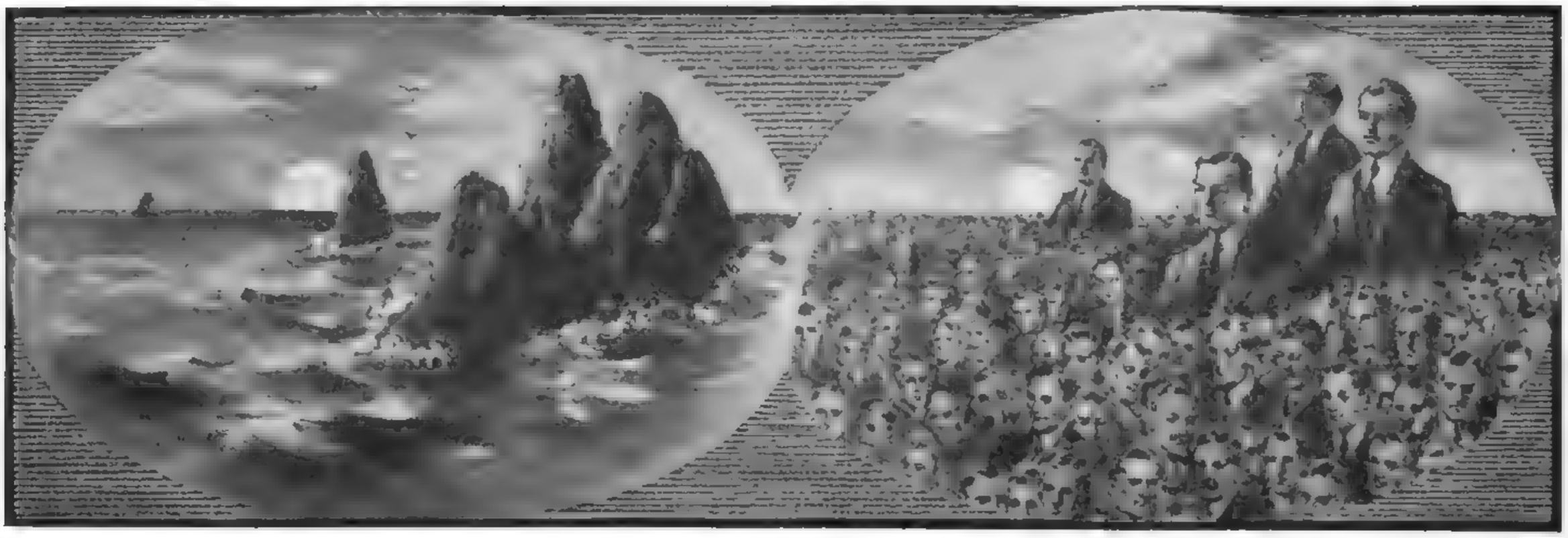
The old man scratched his head. "Oh, once in a while one comes up," he said. "The Savannah, she goes down and back every Sunday. She's a side wheeler, pulls mighty near all the water in the river. We get a tug, say, once a week, and the government dredge. Cotton time they pole barges down. They take the bridge without turning. She's built high—thirty-three feet from low water."

"And how many hours do you work?"

"Hours?" he laughed fuzzily through his beard. "I don't know much about hours. My watch ain't kept good time since I went fishing last fall and my boat swamped under me. I look her over in the morning, and after that regular all day. If a tug comes up in the middle of the night I get up and let her through. I paint everything up good once a year and keep the fire barrels full. But I don't keep no count of my hours."

"That's the trouble," declared Joseph G. confidently. "It's men like you that pamper the company—spoil 'em, make 'em think they can buy men, soul and body, for a little money and a pass once in a while, and the promise of a pension. Here you are, working for practically nothing—putting in your whole life ——"

(Concluded on Page 119)



Low Tide Is Coming!

then . . . . . where will ***you*** *be?*

Do you know why it's easier today for you to make more money than you have ever earned before?

Simply because the demand for men exceeds the supply.

Men everywhere, of all kinds and descriptions, have been on the high tide of prosperity and earnings.

But, just as surely as the tide rises, it falls—low tide is coming. And when there are more men available than there are positions to fill, down go earnings—competition for mere day wages begins.

The ocean of humanity rises on the tide of good times and falls on the depression of demand for man power.

But, among the sea of helpless ones, a few men stand like rocks in the ocean—unaffected by changing tides or times.

These men are made invincible by one thing—*training*.

For—good times or bad—the trained man's services are *always* in demand at salary figures 'way above the average.

That is the foundation upon which the work of LaSalle Extension University is built. Through this institution, men turn their spare hours into permanent increases in earning power. They can become accountants—traffic managers—office managers—business executives—attorneys—acquire the training necessary to lift them from the ranks to the highly paid specialist class.

LaSalle training comes through the mails and turns spare hours—ordinarily waste time—into increased earning power. And through the LaSalle problem method of instruction, which gives concrete applications to real business problems right along with bed rock fundamentals, the LaSalle trained man is a *practical* man from start to finish.

For three months we kept track of letters received from LaSalle men as to definite benefits derived. Two thousand and ninety-seven communications were received.

Now listen:

All these letters—2,097 of them—were expressions voicing progress and satisfaction; 1,129 told of bigger opportunities already in sight and promotion assured; 968 letters definitely reported important promotions and salary increases. The combined earnings of these 968 students at the commencement of their training was $1,234,200.00; their present annual earnings average around $1,807,256.00—an annual increase, which they attribute directly to LaSalle, of nearly six hundred thousand dollars.

And—our records show that over five hundred of these students were not one-half way through their LaSalle work when they wrote.

These men are rendering themselves immune to the fluctuating wage scale of the masses—they are acquiring business power which shows itself in actual cash in their pay check.

Now—what are *you* doing? And—what are you *going* to do?

The tide of your earnings is up. Now is the time to take up LaSalle work—to make yourself a trained man—so that when low tide comes and most men are fighting for a bare existence, you will be unaffected—secure in an ever-growing, highly specialized earning position.

That's the best advice you ever received. There's a coupon below for the man who believes that what he does Today shapes his Tomorrows.

J. Chapman

President LaSalle Extension University, of Chicago, Illinois

LaSalle Extension University

The Largest Business Training Institution in the World

More than 225,000 men have become bigger, broader-gauged men thru LaSalle training. Every year this institution equips 50,000 men with the specialized knowledge that makes executives. Reports come daily of their progress—of salary increases, in some cases as high as 400 per cent, earned thru the training which these men themselves trace directly to LaSalle.

This opportunity is yours—as it was theirs. You can use your leisure time, as they have done, to fit yourself for more responsible, better paid work. You can hold your present position while preparing for one far ahead of your present experience and ability.

We offer also to men already holding executive positions the exact character of training best suited to their particular need, whether that need be of a highly specialized character or a broad training in fundamental business principles and practices. Thousands of executives have rounded out their qualifications and have forged ahead quickly to bigger success thru LaSalle service.

Employers:
Look for this Button

The man who wears a LaSalle button is well worth watching. He is preparing for higher responsibility—he has already proved that he is alert, aggressive, decisive—a man to meet situations squarely, to see their possibilities, to *act upon them*.

From 50 to 2,000 or more students and graduates can be found with many of the largest corporations such as Standard Oil Co., Pennsylvania R. R., Ford Motor Co., International Harvester Co., U. S. Steel, Swift & Co., etc.

The Right Man for the Job

Large business corporations and industries thruout the United States are availing themselves of the free service of the LaSalle Placement Bureau to reach high-grade men of experience plus training. We may be able to put you in touch with the right man for the job if you'll write us.

MERELY MARK AND MAIL THE COUPON—GET THE FACTS—THEN DECIDE

Don't be satisfied to remain subject to the tragedy of unemployment. Low tide holds no penalty for the trained man. The successful man never hesitates once he sees his opportunity. To decide with him is to ACT. Right now—with the coupon before you—pick out the course in which you are interested.

Mark X in the square opposite course you want to know about. Another moment and you have the coupon signed and mailed. Today is the time to get the facts. Don't put it off—Do it now.

INQUIRY COUPON

LaSALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY, Dept. 1071-R **Chicago, Ill.**

- ☐ **HIGHER ACCOUNTANCY:** Training for positions as Auditors, Comptrollers, Public Accountants, Cost Accountants, etc.
- ☐ **TRAFFIC MANAGEMENT—FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC** Training for positions as Railroad and Industrial Traffic Managers, etc.
- ☐ **COMMERCIAL LAW:** Reading Reference and Consultation Service for Business Men.
- ☐ **EXPERT BOOKKEEPING:** Training for position of Head Bookkeeper.
- ☐ **BUSINESS ENGLISH:** Training for Business Correspondents and Copy Writers.
- ☐ **BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION:** Training for Official, Managerial, Sales and Executive positions.
- ☐ **BANKING AND FINANCE:** Training for executive positions in Banks and Financial Institutions.
- ☐ **BUSINESS LETTER WRITING:** Training for positions as Correspondents, Mail Sales Directors and executive letter-writing positions.
- ☐ **COMMERCIAL SPANISH:** Training for positions as Foreign Correspondents with Spanish-speaking countries.
- ☐ **INDUSTRIAL MANAGEMENT EFFICIENCY:** Training for Production Managers, Department Heads, and all those desiring training in the 48 factors of efficiency.
- ☐ **LAW:** Training for Bar; LL.B. Degree.
- ☐ **EFFECTIVE PUBLIC SPEAKING:** Training in the art of forceful effective speech for Ministers, Salesmen, Fraternal Leaders, Politicians, Clubmen, etc.
- ☐ **C. P. A. COACHING FOR ADVANCED ACCOUNTANTS:** In preparation for State Board and Institute Examinations.

Name _____ Present Position _____ Address _____

For us there is more than common significance in the praise which LaFayette has had from owners.

Because these owners, almost without exception, have previously owned and driven a long succession of good cars.

Confident in our ability to produce an eminently fine motor car, we set forth to embody our ideals in LaFayette.

Conscious of our responsibility, we proceeded with infinite care, checking each step with the truest engineering practice.

The first completed cars were driven until we were satisfied that LaFayette performance and reliability were of the highest character.

When we were sure that by consequence of its engineering LaFayette would command rank among the world's best cars, we sent it forth to ownership.

We were sure our work had been well done. Automotive experts without number had viewed the car and given it their unreserved approval. Yet we were eager that the public place its appraisal on LaFayette.

The public now has done so, and the desire for possession among those of long experience with fine cars has conclusively established the excellence of our work.

In commenting on LaFayette, some dwell upon its low, powerful appearance and some upon the unusual quality of its behavior.

Others marvel at its solid lightness or at its sheer simplicity of design.

But all have spoken of its splendid engineering, attributing chiefly thereto their desire for ownership.

LaFAYETTE MOTORS COMPANY at *Mars Hill* INDIANAPOLIS

LaFAYETTE

(Concluded from Page 116)

"Yeah," old D. G. assented mildly, "I've worked for the P. & B. going on thirty years now."

"And what have you got to show for those years?" persisted Hicks. "All the best of your life gone—for what?"

"Well, I ain't got much, that's fact. I got a little money laid up, and a clear conscience, and a good name. And Davy. That's about all."

"That's it," clinched Joseph G. "You've got a daughter. And she ought to have a chance. Education, friends—life!"

"You tell her that, Hicks," suggested the old man without guile. "I've argued with her off and on ever sence she come home from that New York college. But as I told you, Davy's cur'us."

Joseph G. smiled, the patronizing young smile of an affable god out of a machine. He stood up and smoothed back his hair. If he could bring life into this desolate remoteness, touch with a quickening finger the apathetic soul of this girl, whose existence to his mind was little better than that of a pulpy fungus on a rotting log, he would not question again the impulse which had put him aboard Pat Blaine's foolish little train.

Joseph G. believed in fate. He was quite willing to be an instrument of it, if the instrumentality dealt with the redemption of black-eyed young ladies, going stubbornly to waste in a marshy wilderness.

There was the splash of a paddle and Davy Warner guided a slender canoe from under the bridge. "I reckon Davy's going after the milk," remarked old D. G. "Here—Davy! Take this young man aboard. He's sort of restless out here in the bushes!"

He did not raise his voice, but Joseph G. observed that even faint sounds carried clearly over the water, for the girl obediently headed inshore, driving the canoe with a single deft stroke of the paddle.

"You'll have to sit in the bottom and not move," she warned him as he climbed into the bow. "These little boats are tricky. Can you swim?"

Joseph G. was grateful for the Y. pool which enabled him to nod an unconcerned affirmative. He had a brief vision in which he saw himself wresting the girl from the grasp of the muddy river, with Maintenance-of-Way Lewis standing chagrined on the shore. But as he watched the perfect movements of her wrists and the way she drove the bow in a strong straight line through the current he reflected dubiously that most likely it would be Davy who would swim calmly to the bank in case of accident, dragging him by his forelock.

He sat very still in the bow and hazarded nothing. He looked at Davy, wishing that something would waken her, stir the stillness about her which was almost sullen. She was good to look at, quenched and muted as she was. Kindled, she would be a beauty.

"Tired?" he inquired politely.

She looked faintly amazed. "Certainly not," she answered.

"It's hard work, pulling against this current."

"Oh, anything is hard work if you make hard work out of it!" she annihilated him calmly. "That's what's wrong with the world."

"Something's wrong with it, that's sure," commented Joseph G. He was thinking of the wrong that mured a girl like this in a yellow bird house, hung over a desolate river, warping her until she was so deluded as to frame the photograph of a lean slave driver like Maintenance-of-Way Lewis.

"The wrong is that everybody is afraid of work." She headed the canoe deftly into a narrowed channel. The banks were firmer, grassy, shaded with trees whose shadow was night-black. Ahead was the wink of a light and the outline of a white cottage hid in dusky trees. "Quarantine," she explained, answering his inquiring look. "I come up here every night for milk. It soured to-day; that's why I hadn't any for supper."

Suddenly across the width of a sandy bar of land the sea lay before them, mysterious, citron-hued, holding lovingly the last light of the sky.

For a moment Joseph G. forgot his mission, which was to purge the benighted dark from the soul of Davy Warner, in the strange and wistful loneliness that came over him. He felt suddenly solitary and rather young, as he felt sometimes when he heard sad music. The canoe drifted against the little dock, but Davy did not move. She sat silent, holding a post to keep the boat steady, her eye lost in the opal sky line where night came down like purple rain.

Joseph G. endured the silence of her ignoring for an aching minute, then he leaped out, laughing, and held out his hand.

"It makes me feel like that too," he said.

"Like—praying?" There was a touch of warmth in her voice and she let him help her out, so that Joseph G. was tempted to hold her fingers an instant too long.

"Lonesome, anyway," he confessed; "as though nobody cared—very much."

"This is the path."

Her voice cooled instantly to its old crispness. And though they paddled back through a blackness warm and intimate and loverly, with the river whispering that restless poetry which water holds of nights, Joseph G. could not summon again that brief warmth, that thrill when her fingers had lain against his palm and his hands had steadied her on the treacherous plank. He held the bucket of milk carefully and sank momentarily deeper into gloom. He knew how much he wanted that moment back, wanted Davy to look at him with something more than cool tolerance in her eyes. His gloom was not lessened by the faintly distant bark of a track motor cycle as they came near the bridge. Davy sat up and listened.

"We have company," she said quietly. "Father will be glad. It's rather lonely out here for him."

"And isn't it ever lonely for you?" inquired Joseph G. as they padlocked the boat and climbed the muddy embankment under the bridge.

"Never."

She looked at him very straight. Joseph G. was never able to decide whether she was laughing at him or not. But he got what comfort he could from the certainty that she wasn't pining for Maintenance-of-Way Lewis. Or did that efficient young man come so often that she got no chance to be lonely? Hardly, since old D. G. had declared that he had not had a visitor since the bridge inspector.

As he expected, they found Lewis on the porch, briskly entertaining old D. G. Warner. Joseph G. was grateful for the bucket of milk. It gave him an intimate and informal air, a bosom-of-the-family aspect. He exulted too in the look Lewis gave him, a what-the-devil-are-you-doing-here look. He noted that Lewis said "Miss Warner." Joseph G. found a seat next to old D. G. and guilefully passed the old man his tin of tobacco. When old D. G. called him "son" he glowed with gratification.

Lewis began to talk about the strike, but curiously Joseph G. did not care. With that warm place thrilling in the palm of his hand he had somehow risen above the triviality of the strike. It looked infinitely foolish, viewed from this new perspective, a thing for a strong man to be ashamed of.

"You're still out, I suppose?" Lewis' voice had a trace of a sneer in it. It was that kind of voice. "You fellows in the office make me sick! You spend eight hours a day dawdling over your paper work and yelling for more money, and yet if there's a chance to get a half day off you dig in and do a whole day's work in two hours and have half an hour left to sharpen pencils in. You spend your money before you get it—and then you holler about thrift and production and the oppression of labor and wonder what's wrong with the country!"

Joseph G. had visioned the truth of all this. But it was not the crackling sputter of Lewis' cocksure wisdom that had shown it to him, but the still searching of Davy Warner's eyes.

"I'm not bothering much about the strike," he said very casually. "I'm figuring on getting a man's-size job. No more stool polishing for me. I'm going to work to-morrow—driving the express truck! Going to wrestle ice-cream freezers and crates of cabbage, and work like the deuce. Some day I'll be president of the company. Mind if I ride back with you on your little yap wagon, Lewis? I want to get on the job early in the morning."

No one was more amazed at this speech than Joseph G. himself, once it was out. He sat very still, burning a little in the dark, his fingers cold as ice. But his jaw was set.

"I'll show her!" His youthful spirit made wordless boast. "I'll show her one man who isn't afraid of work!"

It was a month before Joseph G. came back to Quarantine Bridge.

He rode on Pat Blaine's foolish little train and sat in the front coach all the way out, talking to fiery little Pat, discussing chiefly the why and the how of the whine and the howl. In the main they agreed on the trouble abroad in the land.

"I'll tell you"—Joseph G. emphasized his remarks with a hand a bit horny and brown, which had not known a manicure in many a long day—"most people are so dog-gone afraid of work! Everybody wants an easy sit-down job, stretching two hours' work over eight. They spend their pay before they get it for things they don't need. Nobody saves a cent ——"

"Uh-huh!" Pat Blaine spat expertly into the marsh water. "I been preaching that gospel a long time. How much money you got saved up, son?"

Joseph G. reddened and grinned. "I've got some, anyway," he said. "And I'm going to have some more."

He showed his little red bank book to old D. G. Warner as they sat on the doorstep of the little engine house below the bridge. The four tens in it did not make a colossal column, but they represented many things—things Joseph G. desired and was accustomed to have, things he had done bravely without, things like dances and silk socks and topaz scarfpins.

"Yeah," was old D. G.'s comment. "A man can get along if he wants to. Things don't count so much when you look at it right. Spendin's a habit—same as morphine. Ain't many of 'em trying to cure themselves, either, these times." He leaned his long forearms on his great knees and dragged his length of seaweedy whiskers back. "There goes Davy after the milk. I git uneasy; her going up that inlet all alone in the dark."

But Davy did not go alone. Sound carries far across the water, and it is likely that the hollow kettle-drumming of Joseph G.'s young heart reached the girl's relenting ears. At any rate she shot the canoe in deftly and beached the bow neatly between Joseph G.'s slightly scuffed tan shoes.

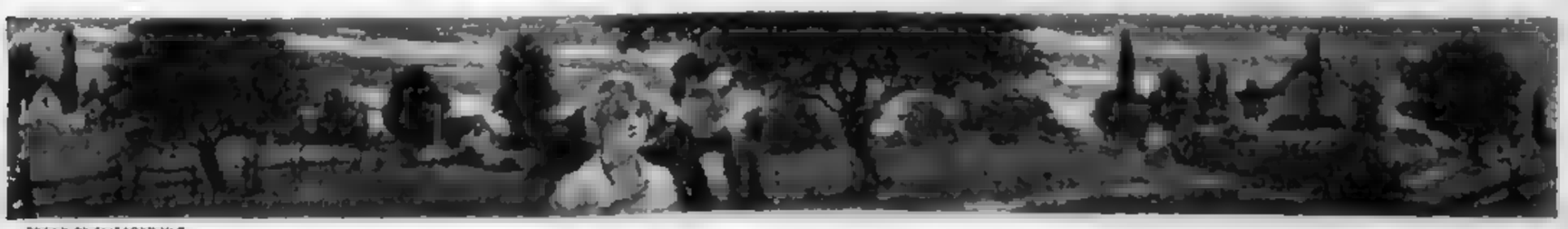
"Get in," she invited briefly. "Sit in the bottom and don't move. And—you hold the bucket."

She did not have on the dingy blue cotton dress. She wore something pink, vaguely fluffy, and her hair lay above her brows in a smooth shining braid with a little curl straying down in front of her ear. The lonely twilight of the marsh lay in her eyes like a purple mist, softening them. She seemed somehow awakened, glowing, young, and very dear. Joseph G. swallowed a hindering lump a dozen times before the canoe drifted against the little dock at Quarantine, but he did not speak. Davy was silent too.

But at the dock he leaped out and held out his hands—both hands. There was no avoiding them. Davy gave him her brown strong little fingers, but his hands, with the calluses and the blisters on them, found her arms and her shoulders with the frills of pink about them. She was a little thing, not terrifying when her black eyes were cast down, and Joseph G. was a male, dominant, prevailing by the power of the red blood that was in him, by the strength of a right arm schooled in battles with ice-cream freezers and crates of cabbage.

He kissed Davy Warner, rather suddenly, on the little curl that hung in front of her ear.

"Look here," he stated sternly, "when we go back—I'm going to paddle the canoe!"



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Send for free test sample of this new kind of Corduroy. Sprinkle it and watch the water roll off just like quicksilver.

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Look for this trade-mark in the next pair of trousers you buy. Sold by all leading Retail Stores

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31 East 31st Street New York

OLDEST MANUFACTURERS OF CORDUROYS IN THE U. S. A.

FIRST—

Miss Shepherd sang "In the Gloaming." The New Edison stood on the stage by her side.

185 times —

ONE hundred and eighty-five times, Miss Betsy Lane Shepherd has stood on a public concert platform, and sung the old heart-songs with all the exquisite fervor of her art. One hundred and eighty-five times, a New Edison has stood by her side, and brought her RE-CREATED voice into direct comparison with her living voice. One hundred and eighty-five times, her audience has found no difference between the two voices, either in quality, or in feeling, or in emotional influence.

AT Dallas, Texas, on April 26, 1920, Miss Shepherd, who is a famous concert soprano, stood before her 185th audience. She started to sing:

"In the gloaming, oh! my darling—"

With a soft, rounded loveliness, the beloved melody filled the auditorium. Pulsing through its theme was the soul of a great artist. Its message reached the hearts of the hushed listeners, and sped their imaginations back to cherished memories.

It was the magic of music!

Suddenly Miss Shepherd's lips went absolutely still. But her lovely voice went smoothly on--

"— it was best to leave you thus—"

The audience was puzzled. Then it awoke. Miss Shepherd's voice was now coming from the New Edison. For the 185th time, an audience had heard the Betsy Lane Shepherd test—and had been unable to tell the difference between her living voice and her RE-CREATED voice.

More than 4000 other audiences have heard more than fifty other vocalists and instrumentalists make this same test of direct comparison. Not one of these 4000 audiences was able to distinguish between the artist's original performance and its RE-CREATION by the New Edison.

The NEW EDISON
"The Phonograph with a Soul"

THEN—
She suddenly stopped singing. The New Edison took up her song and continued it alone.

no difference!

MR. EDISON spent seven years and three million dollars in bringing the New Edison to this perfect realism. How he was led to concentrate upon realism was recently told by Mr. Edison himself, in a statement entitled "Ten Years Hence."

"The ordinary phonograph, as we have known it, falls somewhat short of conferring upon its owner all of the pleasure and benefits that can be derived from good music. The greatest shortcoming of the phonograph was its lack of realism, and it is this shortcoming which I have sought to overcome. The result is a degree of realism in our present phonograph which is baffling to even the most expert ears."

And Mr. Edison goes on to reveal the inspired purpose which the New Edison, through its realism, is to serve.

"I have been quoted as desiring to see a phonograph in every American home. What I actually want to see in every American home is music, so realistic and so perfect in its rendition as to be an unending source of benefit and pleasure."

YOUR Edison dealer has arranged an extremely interesting test for you. Go and ask for the "Personal Favorites" Realism Test. He will have the New Edison RE-CREATE the kind of vocal or instrumental music which affects your emotions most keenly. You will thus be able to determine for yourself if the New Edison brings you all the emotional pleasure and mental stimulation which come from listening to the living artist.

THOMAS A. EDISON, INC.,
Orange, N. J.

The NEW EDISON
"The Phonograph with a Soul"

WATCHDOG OF THE WORLD

(Continued from Page 7)

produce those perfect products of wealth and leisure millions drudged. Most of the well-being was at the top.

To-day those splendid mirrors of fashion are not so conspicuous, perhaps because the rest of the population has moved up. There has evidently been a considerable distribution of the good things of life, and the more conservative English newspapers now and again break into a profuse perspiration because of the discovery that a mere laborer—arrested for intoxication or fighting or some other pleasantry—is in possession of forty or fifty pounds with which to pay his fine. Isn't it dreadful he should have that money? And their horror knows no bounds at the shocking behavior of the miners and workers in industrial towns associated with mining and the wool trade—the blighters can actually afford ham at eight shillings the pound, and enjoy new potatoes and Yorkshire cream, luxuries considered beyond the means of the middle classes. What the mischief is the world coming to? To me it is a blessed change, and for Britain's good.

The English are a he-race if ever there was one. Their whole social system and mode of living were modeled with an eye to the comfort and convenience of the lordly male. Women occupied a distinctly secondary place, as far removed from a partnership basis as is the feminine domination so frequently met with in the United States. She had no political status, her condition economically was tragic, and if we except the upper classes, where her influence has always been powerful, she had to take a back seat in the social relations. The result was that she came to look up to the male as a superior being. Personally I'm strong for this attitude, but at the same time I can see its drawbacks. Under it the majority of women occupied a position hardly more dignified than household chattels.

In the past we have all seen the type of Englishwoman who was thrown into a flutter and began to twitter at the approach of Nature's noblest work. Indeed she was the usual type. "Making up to the men," American women called it. The supposition was that men liked this sort of thing, but anybody taking the trouble to observe the antics of the human male will speedily discover that he is very apt to forsake these yearning charmers for a hussy who flouts him. He likes to be kept guessing.

Women's improved economic position over here is changing her tactics. The yearners are disappearing to some extent. Matrimony is not now the only way out. When a woman can provide comfortably for herself, she isn't going to make a fuss over a fat-headed male whose ideas approximate a medieval Turk's.

The war was a startling revelation of woman's place in the scheme of things, and it is not likely she will suffer it to be taken from her. Prior to 1914 there were three million women employed in all classes of occupation. Their scale of pay was pitifully inadequate.

"The total number of women estimated employed in industrial and commercial occupations in January, 1920, shows an all-round increase of 724,000 on the total employed in July, 1914," declares an official report. And I may add that women's wages and salaries have been substantially advanced, so that a woman worker now enjoys a measure of independence and security.

In many other respects—the use of conveniences which make for comfort of living and the speeding up of effort; in the adoption of up-to-date methods, and in willingness to work—my observation is that Britain has lagged badly during the last decade. She is far behind newer countries along these lines; she could learn a lot from Canada and Australia.

Work has never been the pet ambition of Englishmen. They accept it as a painful necessity, to be dropped the instant the means to idle are acquired. The Englishman goes after a fortune that he may retire and take it easy, whereas our business men stay in harness long after they have amassed fortunes from sheer love of the game. Which is the saner method for the individual is a debatable point, but there is no doubt as to which brings the best result to industry and the country.

Despite the lapse of years, the telephone remains a thing of dread over here, not to be used lightly. In fact it cannot be used lightly; one is lucky if he can get any use out of it at all. It has not yet begun to enjoy the relation to business which it has long occupied in the United States. In England none but the well-to-do ever think of installing one in the home, and where an American business establishment would have scores of phones, one antiquated instrument will answer the needs here. Dozens of hotels in London that depend on a prosperous, solid class for their patronage have no telephones in the bedrooms, and a single small switchboard for the entire establishment. The United States has fifteen times the number of telephones in use over here.

During the London Railway Strike—Part of 30,000 Two-Gallon Empty Petrol Cans, the Accumulation of One Day at a Single Station

Dreams Unrealized

New York State alone has twice as many automobiles as the whole United Kingdom. Whereas with us everybody who can scrape a few hundred dollars together or possesses something he can mortgage has an automobile or a flivver, ownership in Britain is limited to the affluent. One doesn't see every smooth road alive with scurrying, squalling cars on clear Sundays. Against 7,500,000 automobiles in the United States, the United Kingdom can show only 132,000—265,000 if motorcycles are included—which is a substantial decrease since 1914. These figures refer to pleasure cars, however, and not to taxicabs or other such motor vehicles.

Even when he can afford it, the average Englishman is slow to embrace innovations. Like all good conservatives, he is suspicious of the new and surrenders to its pressure with reluctance. His hands are tied by tradition and precedent. Indeed he often prides himself on being old-fashioned, thereby making a virtue of a shortcoming. I have heard many a set old leatherhead whose mental processes were fifty years behind modern thought exclaim with flushed self-satisfaction: "No, sir, I am old-fashioned! What was good enough for my father is good enough for me."

My expectations were that I should find an England reborn. From the welter of war, in which strange new forces were loosed and men's minds directed along new channels, it seemed impossible that the old order should emerge victorious. But that is just what has happened.

What of the loudly heralded new spirit of democracy that was going to wipe out privilege and government by class and bring the millennium to Britain? What of the position of labor, which discovered its strength when all depended on its support and seemed in position to establish its foothold as the dominant force in the national life? What of all the fine promises and roseate pictures which stimulated Britannia to stand fast and reconciled her, as far as is humanly possible, to offer six hundred thousand young lives and eight billions sterling on the altar of freedom?

Well, up to date they have attained all those things in about the same measure we did. Labor is milling round and threatening and scaring everybody with schemes for nationalization of industries. Now and again it succeeds in forcing the government to compromise with its demands, but the same forces control England which controlled it when I lived here sixteen years ago.

While the struggle was on, Lloyd George in one of his loftier flights passionately adjured his fellow countrymen to make theirs a land fit for heroes to live in. And now, as an ex-service man yelled at one of Lady Astor's meetings not long ago, "It tykes a 'ero to live in it."

Millions of Englishmen are of his mind. Mighty undercurrents are at work. Their force cannot yet be gauged but it is already causing apprehension.

Meanwhile the press sticks to the stale silly method of trying to minimize the unrest by misrepresenting its manifestations. "A few malcontents" or "Some misguided sympathizers with Sinn Fein"—such are the stock phrases employed, though what actually happened may have been a demonstration by many thousands, including ex-service men and a goodly proportion of citizens whose tendency in normal times would be solid. I heard a mob of two thousand or more cheer Russia and Ireland, ending with the song Keep the Red Flag Wyvin' 'Ere—they bellowed it to the tune of My Maryland. Of course they have been demonstrating and spouting meaningless hot air in Hyde Park for years and years with no harmful results; I fully realize that. But this was different, and quite a different crowd from the ordinary. Yet the newspapers blandly reported next morning that a group of hot-headed Sinn Feiners started a fight, and a few ex-soldiers, who did not know what the row was about, took a hand to quell it; whereas it was an ex-service men's affair all through.

It seems as if wherever one turns he finds the British house divided against itself. The lower classes are restive, sullen, doggedly determined. The upper classes are fearful, and therefore inclined to try coercive tactics or create diversions through other dangers in the hope of again solidifying all factions by necessity for concerted action; and the middle classes bear the brunt of this conflict.

Yet with cheers for Russia and Ireland being given in the heart of London by crowds numbering thousands, in face of innumerable disquieting signs, one familiar with British character and habits of thought cannot conceive a revolution possible in England. The great middle classes are so intensely conservative, so slow to change. And they balance like a gyroscope, the contending forces of capital and the upper classes on one side and organized labor and the masses on the other. Moreover, out in beautiful rural England people are not at the boil.

Probably the outcome will be a compromise. Failing to create splits among their opponents—dividing them has always been their strategy—the governing classes will fight and then grant concessions. The British have a genius for compromise.

So we will likely see changes, but they will come without revolution, gradually and with due regard for law, after the manner in which British greatness was built up. The Anglo-Saxon temperament does not offer a fertile ground for the seeds of Bolshevism, and I think the gloomier prophets are unduly pessimistic.

The Power of the Foreign Office

One of the pet illusions of the English is that they are a democracy. They often boast that the way their system of government works out stamps it more truly democratic than the American. In some respects that is so, for no people is so jealous in protecting the rights of the individual, and they stand ready to defend with their lives liberties which Americans patiently forgo in compliance with majority dictation or which they cede to centralized power in emergency. So a fairly strong case can be made out for the British contention as regards domestic affairs; yet even there very definite limits exist. For with all the machinery of government reposed in the people's hands through the ballot, they go on being ruled century after century by a small governing class.

Changes take place in the governing class, it is true. It is continually opening its ranks to recruits from the proletariat; but no sooner are these men established than the leaven works and they are playing the old game as zealously as any of those born to it. One need not go far afield for conspicuous examples. What doughtier champion of the people's wrongs ever flashed across the lists than David Lloyd George? The first time I met him he was rated as a radical firebrand with a gift of eloquence, the solid elements regarding him much as our own conservatives look upon a socialist to-day. He had no following in the House; but some of his earlier schemes of reform burned with such fiery sympathy for the under dog that he caught the imagination of the masses and held it. That made him a power to be reckoned with, and the governing circles took him in.

And what became of his reforms? Surely all the tub thumping produced results! Oh, yes, some of them went through—some of them went through. A few compromises, of course—a change here and there—some of them were indeed put through, but in a form which left things almost as they were before. For the matter of that, I doubt that any single statesman could make head against the invisible government—the bureaucrats who control the departments and consequently rule England.

It is in the conduct of their foreign relations that the notion of England being a democracy gets a black eye. That is the business of the Foreign Office exclusively. It always has been. Parliament and public have kept their hands off. From time to time nowadays a member gets up and asks a question in the House of Commons, but he is easily put off. If it is not deemed advisable to supply any information, all the ministerial bench has to do is to announce that nothing can be given out at this stage, and the matter is closed.

Unlike the United States, whose foreign policy, so far as she has any, varies with each administration, England has a fixed, definite foreign policy she has followed for centuries, regardless of what party happens to be in power. Its manifestations may vary to suit exigencies, but the goal is always the same. And public and press,

(Continued on Page 125)

Exit Fire!

FANNED by a brisk lake breeze, the greater part of Chicago burned to the ground in October, 1871. In 1903, in the same city, the Iroquois Theatre burned—with its loss of over 575 lives.

As a stern reminder of the great Chicago fire, October 9 is each year set apart as Fire Prevention Day. Yet in spite of stringent laws, improved building construction, and modern fire departments, fire still gains headway. The total yearly loss in the United States has increased to the astounding figure of 350 million dollars and *fifteen thousand lives*.

Much of this loss represents sheer waste, hideously criminal—and strictly preventable. Firefoam fire-fighting apparatus will reduce it by millions of dollars and thousands of lives.

Firefoam extinguishes the most persistent fires—even blazing oil—by *smothering*. Increasing to ten times its volume on discharge, it coats and clings to burning and threatened surfaces. It gives off no dangerous fumes. Unlike water, it does not damage. It is the most effective extinguishing agent known.

Firefoam apparatus covers the entire field of fire protection, from hand extinguishers and portable engines to large installations for buildings, industries, ships and oil properties.

Millions are today enjoying the protection of Firefoam in theatres, hotels, factories, offices and homes. Every dwelling and all valuable property in America should be protected by Firefoam. Send for literature.

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Sales Engineers in Principal Cities *Dealers Everywhere*

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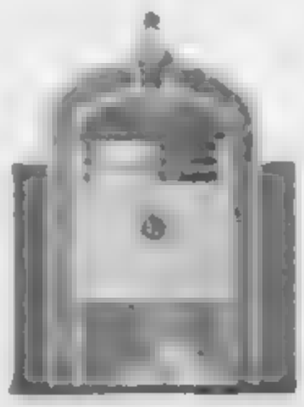
SMOTHERS FIRE

Hammering Service into a Piston Ring

IN France and England the motor cars are almost exclusively equipped with piston rings that are *hammered*.

In America, where many kinds are made, no other process has replaced hammering as the most successful way of giving a ring permanent "life" or tension—the vital requirement.



Cross section of an engine cylinder, showing the piston rings in place. Good rings *must be leakless* under all conditions of speed, pressure and heat.

Wonderful exactness is necessary to hammer rings scientifically. American Hammered Piston Rings are placed in hammering machines of our own patented design and a compressed air hammer strikes successive blows around the inside of the piston ring as it revolves.

Thus the metal around the inside is compressed, giving *permanent* tension. And the ball points of the hammer leave their marks, by which you can always recognize an American Hammered Piston Ring. The hammering has nothing to do with the outer surface of the ring, which is polished smooth for leakless contact with the cylinder walls.

The force of the hammer blows is absolutely uniform, but the spacing between them is accurately narrowed at the points farthest from the opening so that equal outward tension at all points around the ring is the result.

Ever since the time of James Watt, in 1774, piston rings have been *hammered*. It is not a new idea, but our special process of hammering, with precision and scientific spacing, on the metal when cold, is the one way to get *permanent tension*.

Every ring *must* be mechanically fit when it goes through our process, otherwise it could not stand the "gaff" of the hammer blows.

Absolute accuracy in our ma[illegible]ning is backed up by an inspection after e[illegible]h operation of manufacture, and the elim[illegible]ation of any ring that varies as much as a t[illegible]usandth of an inch from our standard.

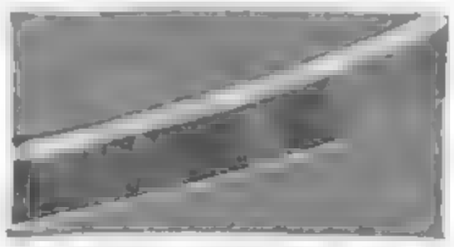
The supreme and final test is th[illegible] "leakless test" given every ring. In front of [illegible] intense light, each ring must fit its moto[illegible] cylinder gauge without the *faintest trace of light* showing through at any point.

Recently one of our rings was removed from a Pierce-Arrow car in Albany, New York, after having run over 40,000 miles. We measured it with a micrometer caliper and found that the wall thickness showed *no variation* from that of our standard of manufacture. This proved that no portion of the ring exerted a stronger pressure against the cylinder walls than any other portion; for if it had, the ring at that point would have become more worn.

Experts agree that the greatest danger of leakage is not at the joint, but around the edge of the piston ring. They regard the step-joint as effective and dependable

Every day we are told of motors equipped with American Hammered Piston Rings which have gone from 45,000 to 100,000 miles, and which still show *round* cylinders, *full tension* in the rings and absolute absence of leaks.

Our rings are used as factory equipment by 39 leading motor manufacturers, and you may obtain them for replacement in your own motor, made to the same high quality which these manufacturers demand. We have but *one standard*.



A used ring—*not* the hammered kind. Smoke stains betray a leakage of compression around the edge of the ring.

For perfect satisfaction and freedom from the many motor troubles that spring from piston rings, see that your motor is equipped today with American Hammered Piston Rings. For sale by dealers in all parts of the country.

AMERICAN HAMMERED PISTON RING CO.
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

American Hammered Piston Rings

(Continued from Page 122)

however much they may bicker and storm over domestic issues, are inclined to leave foreign policy religiously alone.

Indeed the average Englishman is completely in the dark as to what the Foreign Office is doing. He apparently doesn't want to know; he feels vaguely that those are matters beyond his comprehension and he had best keep out of them. The Foreign Office fills him with a species of awe, and he would never dream of attacking its conduct in the way he belabors the domestic departments.

The result of this deplorable condition is that a department which has always been in the hands of the trained bureaucrats of the governing classes, whatever personage might be at the head of it, which has always followed a definite policy through the labyrinths of secret treaties, can commit Great Britain to anything it has a mind to do, without the consent of Parliament or even its knowledge. The nation is committed while absolutely in the dark.

Parliament learns what has happened only when it is already an accomplished fact. Then where does representative government come in? In this wise: Parliament may withhold credits and so defeat the measures for which the Foreign Office asks sanction.

But imagine Parliament doing it! Very fine theoretically, but it simply isn't done, for Parliament could not withhold credits once embarked on. It would be suicidal. However distasteful to them, they must provide the money and see the thing through; any members who dared oppose would be branded as traitors and fall victim to public anathema. We all know what opposition to war means, once the war is on.

In my opinion this power of the Foreign Office to commit Britain to secret treaties, without Parliament or people having any hint of it until a situation has risen from which there is no escape, constitutes the weak point in their governmental system. That the British dominions take the same view was amply evidenced by demands during the peace conference that they should be consulted before any decision involving a prospect of their participation. For though they are not automatically committed to war when Britain declares it, they have never yet failed to jump in voluntarily when needed; so the result is the same.

Parliament in the Dark

Here are two contemporary instances which illustrate the extent of parliamentary control over the Foreign Office. A vote of five hundred thousand pounds for Persia came up in the House, buried in a miscellaneous vote for foreign expenditure. Sir D. Maclean and Lieutenant Commander Kenworthy protested against the absence of information, and Lord Robert Cecil supported their stand. Now there had been uprisings in Persia and affairs were in a critical state; the newspapers had been voicing anxiety and a desire for enlightenment; yet Mr. Cecil Harmsworth, the Foreign Undersecretary, indicated that he was not prepared for the debate on the subject; all he could say was that the money had been advanced in support of the government's policy, and an additional five hundred thousand pounds would be found by the government of India. And did the House insist that they, the people's representatives, should be informed? They did not! They rejected an amendment to reduce the vote, though neither they nor anybody else outside of the charmed circle have any idea of what that policy is; and the veil of secrecy was never lifted for an instant.

Sentiment against a new war is overwhelming in England, regardless of what adversary is put up for them. People are sick to death of war; the whole nation has had its fill of horrors and sacrifices and burdens of debt.

From every side comes convincing proof that Britain does not want further trouble on any pretext. Yet the Foreign Office took the country to the brink of war. And for what? Because Britain gave certain commitments to Poland in conjunction with France. What those may be, Parliament has been unable to learn; when members pressed for information they were sidetracked, and submitted to it. All the public has to do in the making of wars in Europe is to supply the lives and the money.

It seems a curious anomaly that a department practically outside of parliamentary control should exercise such powers in a democratic government. I submit that the system is a menace to the peace of the world. It would be difficult to persuade the average Englishman of this because whenever the Foreign Office lands the country in an impasse he blames it on the government in power at the time, and not on the system. But some of them are beginning to wake up.

This awakening finds expression in recent editorial comment. Several newspapers are for chucking the whole system of maintaining outposts of empire, arguing that such are merely liabilities, and not assets.

"We ought to clear out of Mesopotomia, bag and baggage, at once."

They contend that the ends sought by military occupation, which is nearly always ineffective, can best be obtained by commercial enterprise, and that the returns from present methods aren't worth the price—forty million pounds a year in the case of Mesopotomia.

"The Arabs seem willing to shed their blood for freedom; how much more their oil!"

And "Great Britain should follow the wise example of the United States, which declined to make itself responsible for the fortunes of Armenia."

The Land Monopoly

They contend that Britain's main strength lies in the isles, and that the British possessions in far corners of the earth, over which the imperialists maintain such jealous watch, are a source of weakness and should be turned loose to govern themselves.

Another condition which a visitor finds hard to reconcile with real democracy is the concentration of land ownership in a comparatively few hands. It has been prolific of trouble. At this moment the grievance voiced most persistently at every meeting of ex-service men and the discontented elements is against the system of land ownership. It has depopulated the country districts to swell the urban populations; it compels Britain to import the bulk of her food, and has driven millions of Britannia's best to the colonies and dominions and the United States—"best," because of their initiative and courage to seek opportunity elsewhere. This has been greatly to Britain's advantage in one respect, for it has built up those virile, progressive democratic dominions overseas which are the staunch bulwarks of the empire to-day.

"Great estates ruined Italy," said Pliny, and to the misuse of the land has been attributed the outbreak of the French Revolution. "The nobility and clergy possessed nearly two-thirds of the land. The remainder, the property of the people, paid a multitude of feudal fees to the nobility, and tithes to the clergy, and was exposed to the devastation of game and hunting parties."—Thiers and Bodin.

In the year before the outbreak of the war more than forty million acres, out of a total area of about seventy-seven million acres in the United Kingdom, were in the possession of only 2500 persons. In other words, one eighteen-thousandth part of the total population controlled more than half the land. Small as the British Isles are, 1688 landowners owned estates averaging 8400 acres each, and four hundred peers averaged better than 14,000 acres each. A certain duke enjoys the ownership of 1,358,000 acres in estates in different parts of the country.

How did they get all this land? Some of the estates in the hands of ancient families have been handed down from eldest son to eldest son, and were the rewards of services rendered by ancestors to the sovereign of the day or to the country. Some represent scientific brigandage; some are the fruits of trade; some were built up by fencing in common property which belonged by right to the people of the district. In early days much of the agricultural land was held in common, and England had a race of sturdy yeomen who would brook no infringement of their rights, be it from king or lord or pontiff. They were the solid foundation upon which her early power grew.

Estates often change hands, due to a family falling upon hard times, but that does not improve the lot of the tenant or solve the land question. Indeed very often the last state of the tenant is worse than the first, because the owners who acquired their fortunes in commercial pursuits have seldom been an improvement on the hereditary landlord, usually revealing a jealous regard for their game and sporting rights and a keen desire to make the estate return a decent rate of interest on an inflated purchase price; and change of ownership does not alter the system.

Generation after generation estates are passed down to the eldest child that the family's position and prestige may be secured. We all know what a younger son's portion is in England, for we have had thousands of them among us. The law of primogeniture may be the keystone of the House of Lords, as Lord Arundell of Wardour once remarked, but it's a pretty rotten business considered from the standpoint of the larger good.

And what must be the feelings of struggling agriculturists who see fine land lying idle all round them, that a few privileged persons may have country estates and game preserves? A trip over England and Scotland would shock an economist, sweet as this English countryside is. Britain is not using the resources within her own borders when she permits so much agricultural land to go to waste.

The lot of the farm tenant is almost hopeless. He must accord small game rights to the landlord, which means access at any time for shooting purposes on the plea of killing off the rabbits. And the landlord may keep preserves right next his farm, where game is bred and protected which pillages neighboring crops. So powerful was the influence of the landed gentry that they were able to have legislation which savored of the Dark Ages passed to protect their game and shooting privileges. To shoot one of the landed gentry's pheasants used to be as heinous a crime in the eyes of the law as burglary, and poachers received sentences of imprisonment from justices who were themselves of the landholding class that would have been adequate for highway robbery.

Many attempts at reform have been made, but the privileged classes are still so strongly intrenched in Britain they are seldom reached. Lloyd George had a scheme for the reform of land tenure which raised hopes everywhere save in the bosoms of the landholders. How they did vilify and abuse him! For there is no adversary so bitter or vituperative or who plays it so low down as the class which has enjoyed special privileges, when those privileges are attacked. To those who look up to the aristocracy as superior clay, I would suggest that they make an onset against aristocratic interests and see what happens. The result will be an object lesson of the link between the Limehouse district and the ancestral halls.

However, the scheme served the purpose of carrying the little Welsh wizard to power. When it finally went through its provisions were so toned down that—what with other conditions operating against small holdings—the attempt at reform proved abortive. I cannot find that small holdings have increased. Only five per cent of the population of the British Isles derive their living from agriculture, compared with forty per cent in the United States.

The Spoils of War

As an offset to her war losses Great Britain has gained millions of square miles of countries rich in mineral and agricultural resources, millions of population. Perhaps more valuable still, the crushing of a rival who had begun to crowd her on the sea and in the markets of the world. She is due to receive from Germany compensation for damage to her towns and cities and mercantile shipping; to her was allocated the bulk of the German ships. And British prestige was never so high; never did she occupy so dominant a position in European councils. John Bull's dictum is practically law to Continental Europe.

John Bull has gained an empire in territory. German East Africa, German Southwest Africa, the German Pacific possessions south of the equator which were allocated to Australia and New Zealand, Togoland and Kamerun in conjunction with France, a mandate over Mesopotomia and a free hand in Persia. However prettily diplomatists may coat the pill, a mandate is equivalent to sovereignty.

A little island of some forty million inhabitants controls more than a fourth of the world. A colossal achievement! Compared with Britain's sovereignty over empires and continents and her possessions in every clime and sea, the ancient Roman dominance appears a puny thing.

To my mind Britain's preëminence represents the triumph of selected brains and mass character over inefficiency. She is slow and blundering and inefficient—yet she has always won. Twice in a hundred and twenty years has she grappled with nations more highly organized, with infinitely greater driving power and momentum, nations whose military might exceeded hers, whose armies were better led. But she tumbled them in the dust.

It cannot be explained on the ground of superior valor, for the notions of racial superiority in bravery so carefully fostered by every nation were blown to smithereens in the Great War. She did it through the ablest statesmanship and diplomacy any country has yet produced, and the staunch, steadfast character of the British people. Only that steadfastness of character would have carried them through the tragic blundering of those tests.

Let us examine my statement that her statesmanship and diplomacy are unapproached by any other, for I am aware that it is a favorite pastime of her enemies—and of the British themselves—to deride both for clumsiness and blind pigheadedness.

In every great war, whatever nation or group of nations fought, Britain had to fight the world. She has made fearful mistakes of policy and alliance, but in the end she always arrayed the world against her foe. How did she do it? By the high order of her diplomacy and statesmanship, which are always ready to forgo the immediate advantage and take the onus of seeming bungling for the ultimate gain. Yet that does not explain it all. No fair-minded man can analyze her history without coming to the conclusion that she accomplished this result—whatever her methods—because of the strength of her case. It would not have been possible for her to do it had her cause been an unjust one.

The Reward of Genius

Even granting for the sake of argument that she sought to build up her own power in shattering that of rivals, the fact remains she has consistently championed freedom from military despotism; she has ever been ready to fight against domination by one people. Since the days of Elizabeth, Britannia has been the watchdog of the world.

She broke Spain's dream of world conquest by destroying Philip's huge Armada in 1588; she foiled Louis XIV's plans for the hegemony of Europe; and after vanquishing all his enemies, Napoleon found the watchdog in his path. The watchdog rallied his battered, bleeding enemies against him, and by sheer weight of numbers and tenacity of purpose finally brought him down. In my opinion, when all is said and done, Britain well deserves the success she has won. Hers seems to be a case of the survival of the fittest race at the time to contend with human problems.

Other powers have made no more disastrous mistake than underestimating British diplomacy and acumen. Their foresight and adroitness are uncanny—dullness and cheerful stupidity are only the Englishman's pose. He is quite willing that you should think him an ass provided he gets what he is after, and he will let an antagonist go blithely ahead, displaying his superior cleverness, until the show-down reveals who has brought home the bacon.

They are the same in business. No shrewder trader exists than John Bull—and none more dependable and honest. Any American business man of large affairs will corroborate this. A friend of mine who did business with numerous English concerns running into half a million dollars yearly for six years tells me that he never lost a penny in bad debts.

"There is no other people in the world about whom I could say the same," he said.

Speaking of the English shrewdness in business reminds me of the experience of a former great captain of American industry. He had cleaned up pretty thoroughly at home; one after the other the giants of American finance had tackled him only to lose their scalps. So one fine day he set out for foreign parts to take tribute of the Old World.

The project he had in view brought him into contact with a number of English financiers and business men—well tailored, suave, polished gentlemen who exhibited no alarming symptoms of excess gray matter. The American had met the best the United States could produce—bold, aggressive, lightninglike buccaneers—and

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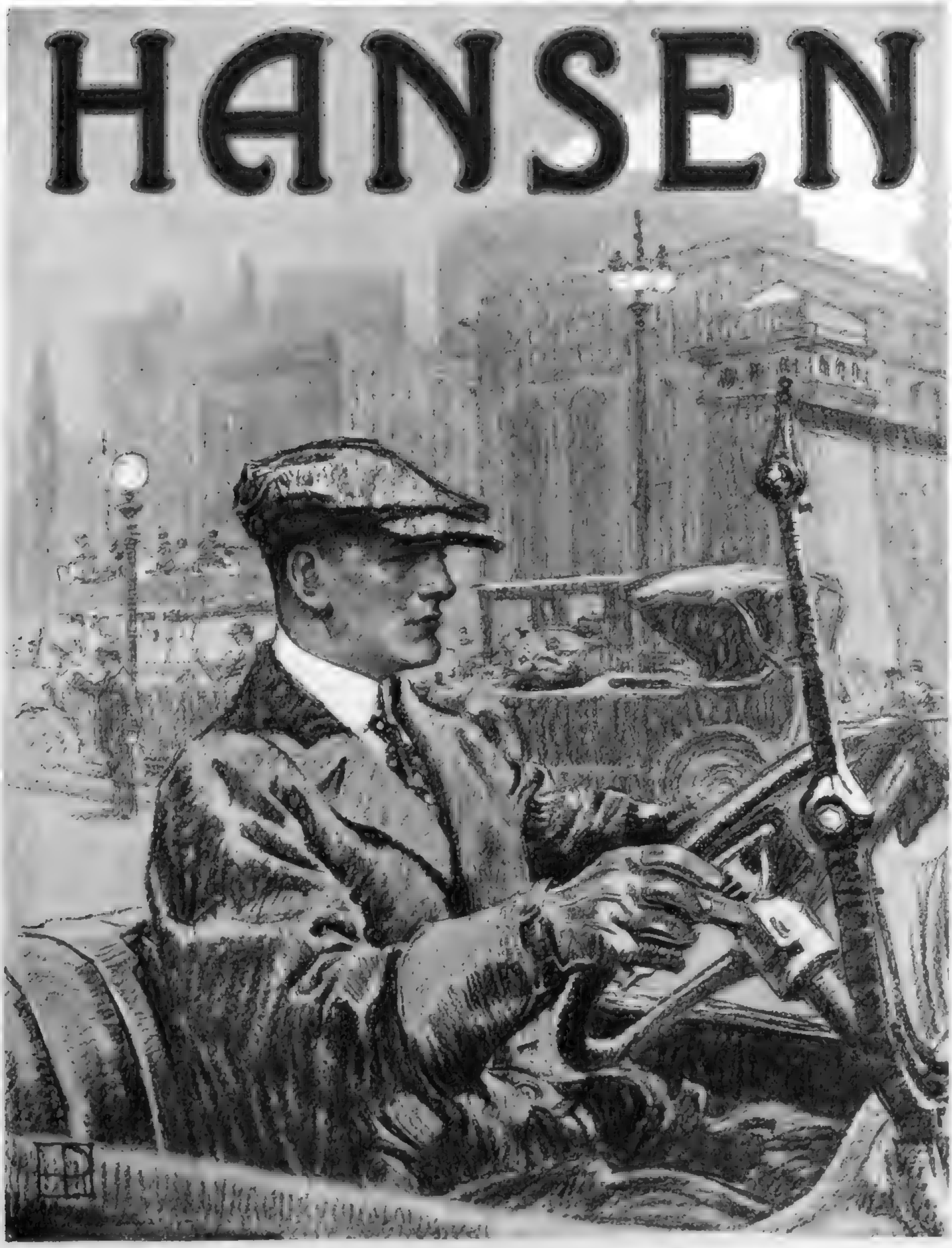
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THE tremendous advance in transportation made by the automobile of today naturally calls for the forward vision in all things connected with it—from the road it runs over to the gloved hands that control the wheel.

The fact that people now realize, more and more, the absolute necessity of a good glove is largely due to the *distinctive* quality of Hansen building.

In a Hansen you have more than the essentials of good grooming—you have a flexible, comfortable partner for your hands. And not only for those times and seasons when a glove or gauntlet is taken for granted, but for all seasons—for many and varied occasions.

Whether for motoring or formal dress, for heavy service or just general, all-purpose wear, there is a distinction, an individuality which has given the Hansen name authority in the field.

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It describes and illustrates many types and designs. See your dealer and make your choice.

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No. 1043 - Black Horsehide Soft cuff Imported Fur lining.

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View of New Boulevard Link Bridge, Chicago

President Suspenders

for comfort

The President guarantee of satisfaction or money back, attached to each pair, is our bond to wearer and dealer.

Every pair guaranteed

Be sure the name President is on the buckle.

Made at Shirley Massachusetts

(Continued from Page 125)

these new antagonists looked encouragingly soft. So he went energetically ahead with his scheme for a tremendous combine. The Englishmen listened courteously, amended it here and there in apparently unimportant particulars, and accepted the proposition.

Highly elated, the American returned to New York, and about a year later he woke up to find that those innocent Britishers had sewed him up beautifully. He and his associates suffered a loss running into millions. John Bull's perspicacity deserves respect when our diplomats and business ambassadors come to deal with him.

As a world trader he is supreme. Heads of second-rate concerns in the provinces know more about exchange—francs, pesos, rupees and marks—than the majority of our bankers; and their big business men have forgotten more about international finance and foreign trade than most of our American organizations ever knew. That is why John Bull is gradually regaining the reins of financial power. The pound is cheap to-day, but watch it in a few years' time!

In 1917 a vice president of the second largest bank in the United States said to me: "We're beating the big bass drum now because New York is the financial center of the world and they have to come to us for money and credits. But the financial center will be back in London within three years after peace is declared. We simply haven't the machinery here for the job."

Butting Into Britain's Problems

The process is already under way. It appears practically certain that we will lose our financial preëminence in world affairs just as we lost our prestige in international councils—because we haven't yet produced the men who can hold it, even when backed by all the trumps.

And what of our relations? They have not been so bad in half a century.

Two schools of thought are contending for control of this situation. One would argue every pin-prick difference to the bitter end—always ending up in denunciation of the other side as blithering idiots—while the other is for hush-hushing, for treading softly lest you give offense, and trusting to luck that things will shape for the better.

Both are dangerous. The latter is especially so; history bristles with catastrophes due to deliberate blinking of the trend of events and glossing over of friction which might easily have been removed by intelligent handling. By observing a too nice regard for the amenities instead of courageously facing unpalatable truths, this outworn method of dealing with international complications has often landed nations in an impasse.

What do statesmen and official spokesmen hope to gain by loyal-allies and hands-across-the-sea orations when a child could not be taken in by them? The French press and members of the senate have been railing at Lloyd George and England for months; they open up whenever the interests of the two powers clash, whether it be in Syria, Africa or over the coal indemnities. And while the veriest novice in foreign affairs knows that feeling between the United States and Great Britain is not what it ought to be, and keen anxiety exists among thoughtful persons on both sides of the Atlantic, officialdom and self-constituted mouthpieces keep right on with this solemn buncombe, either in the hope that these manifestations are transitory or because they lack the pluck and vision to tackle the problems frankly and lay the ghosts.

The silent treatment is criminal under such circumstances. On the other hand, the type of effort which seems to subordinate the interests of one country to those of another, or appears to show more consideration for the sensibilities and national pride of one than for those of the other, creates suspicion of its source and is bound to excite reaction. Among individuals friendship that cannot be maintained without surrender is not worth maintaining; and the same is true of nations.

Many of the ghosts conjured up by the medicine men and tub thumpers are mere bugaboos, as examination will reveal. There are certain temperamental differences and differences of accent, speech, manners and viewpoint which are inescapable and will always be a barrier between the nationals of both powers. But these are the effects and not the real causes of friction.

To illustrate: Were either ourselves or the British to contact a race from Lapland we would not dislike their speech or manners or behavior, however much they varied from our own standards. They would be quaint and interesting. We would probably like them. That is because they would not be our competitors. But just let them reach a plane of development whereon their wealth and achievements threaten to surpass our own—let them become our rivals for trade and supremacy—and straightway the characteristics that amused us or drew our admiration grow so odious that they give us goose flesh.

Then we have absurd, but nevertheless serious, misconceptions of each other. These points of friction have no place in this article, and I shall postpone discussion of them, but I consider it proper to point out some real dangers that lie ahead. They are economic, not political. With the growth of our naval power and merchant marine, and as both nations reach out for the markets of the world, there are likely to rise many serious differences. They will be very real—I cannot sufficiently emphasize that. The agitators are making a prodigious splash in the political pool, but the reefs and shoals lie in the swift rapids of business, and it will not help our steering to close our eyes to them.

"All that is needed here is good feeling and plain speaking. Plain speaking we are determined shall be," declares the London Daily Express, and the attitude is a sound one.

Irritability on both sides should really occasion no surprise. Our relations were so unnaturally close during the war, when we fused aspirations and effort for the common cause, that a sharp flareback was to be expected. My only astonishment is that this assertion of national ambitions and interests has been so moderate. The present heat and tension should cause no special worry, for as the world gradually gets back to a peace basis passions will cool and sober counsels prevail.

A prolific source of misunderstanding between the two countries is the apparent readiness of Americans to butt into British domestic problems. Of course the better informed Britishers realize that the support given to Sinn Fein in America does not reflect the full body of public opinion, but the man in the street does not see it; and nobody over here quite comprehends the famous action of the American Senate. A fine service could be rendered their country by the politicians of the United States if they would refrain from making our foreign relations a football in their local game of vote getting.

The British regard the Irish question as absolutely their own concern. They argue that what Sinn Fein wants is secession, and point out that the United States fought the bloodiest war of her history to prevent secession by the South. They ask what we would do were a race who nursed undying enmity against us to try to set up an independent republic a few miles off the coast of New York. In short, they consider that to grant independence to Ireland in the sense Sinn Fein aims at would be equivalent to suicide.

John Barleycorn's Life-Guard

Another interference they bitterly resented was the invasion of England by some American prohibitionists. In vain was it explained that these reformers had no official standing, represented only certain organizations to which they belonged and were in England on invitation of British prohibitionists.

The champions of John Barleycorn were scared. They simply went hog wild, for when you menace the Englishman's drink you touch him in a tender spot. Straightway they raised a hue and cry that this was American pussyfooting, for quite the easiest way to kill any movement in Great Britain is to brand it as the machination of foreigners.

The depths of absurdity to which John Barleycorn's friends will descend in his defense were startlingly revealed at a meeting of the shareholders of an old-established company dealing in wines and liquors. According to Mr. Horatio Bottomley's paper, John Bull, "The chairman's caustic comments on prohibition were very much to the point, not the least interesting being his view that the pussyfoot campaign was being engineered from America in the hope that the fanatical extremists may force this country to vote for prohibition and cause our industrial classes to down tools. That, he added, would exactly suit our greatest trade competitor."

The British insist on viewing prohibition as a would-be moral question foisted on them by fanatical goody-goodies, when it is really industrial. The movement can only gain converts slowly here, for the masses have a bred-in-the-bone fondness for their glass, and the liquor interests are so bound up with their whole social system that prohibition would entail a far-reaching reorganization. When the gentry have funds invested in the trade, and clergymen take the platform to denounce the dry movement, progress is bound to be slow.

Some saddening statistics were contained in a Blue Book issued yesterday. Drunkenness increased 99.3 per cent last year. During the war there was a substantial decrease and it appeared as if the drink problem might solve itself. From the peak of inebriety, reached in 1913, with a total of 188,877 convictions for drunkenness in England and Wales, the chart dropped to 29,075 in the last year of the war. But, of course, there were millions of men overseas, and everybody was exercising restraint and making sacrifices for the common good. Now they are returning to old habits with whetted appetite, and we may expect to see all drink records broken shortly, in spite of the restrictions imposed by closing hours—no booze of any description can be sold in the mornings; only from twelve, noon, to two-thirty, and from six o'clock until ten.

I cannot but think that the British will have to come to prohibition some day or surrender their proud place. When one sees the ravages John Barleycorn has made in the race, his vicious inroads on their fiber, the only wonder is that Britain did not long ago anticipate America in this step, for they had much greater need of it. John Barleycorn has a dreadful way of eating the kernel and leaving only the shell.

Some amusing side lights on the prohibition campaign have been offered by the London press, quite unconsciously. Last year a leading London daily had a three-column head denouncing impertinent pussyfoot interference from America in British affairs; on the same page was another item headed "Anti-Prohibition Fight in U. S.," which recited how British interests to the amount of £8,000,000 were concerned in the wet campaign in the United States. Of course the latter was a perfectly proper and natural thing!

Pussyfoot Developments

The same paper carried an illuminating item from Ireland the other day, which it treated in an identical manner:

"Whisky Boycott. Fresh Weapon Against Great Britain." I quote a small portion: "Such is the power of intimidation that sobriety in Ireland is becoming a national virtue. The latest pussyfoot development is in Galway, where a self-denying ordinance has been promoted and through which it is expected to deprive Great Britain of £20,000,000 annually in liquor taxation."

Angry resentment has also resulted from President Wilson's doctrine of self-determination. It was a trump card for use against the Central Powers while the struggle was on, and was therefore accepted by the British as one of the principles for which the Allies were fighting. But afterward some of the Imperial possessions got the notion that self-determination included them. In Egypt and Persia, in Ireland and India, they clamored for it, pointing for justification to the President's utterances of aims.

Ye gods and little fishes, what had the man done! Conservative organs, like the London Morning Post, which is the mouthpiece of the aristocracy, grew feverish. For months they have been scolding and fuming at the President and impertinent American meddling in general.

Speaking of impertinent interference, it is instructive to note the trend of the British press and other comment these days. Every foreign nation or government or individual who ventures to express an opinion in opposition to their view is branded "impertinent." It has become their favorite word. No matter how just the opinion may be, regardless of the fact that the contrary stand of the foreign government is based upon its undeniable rights, it is impertinent when it runs counter to British views.

(Concluded on Page 131)

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(Concluded from Page 128)

This extraordinary intolerance of the jingoes is creating some alarm among temperate and thoughtful Englishmen. Such an attitude can only be interpreted as a conviction of special selection; and the notion that any race has a divine mission on this little planet has been too recently bumped for the lesson to be forgotten.

Some of our League of Nations proponents at home would have us believe that America's failure to join has roused rancor against us in England. I have been unable to find any from that cause. In fact the percentage of Britishers who take the league seriously is negligible. They either regard it as an interesting experiment or with amusement as a sop to the pacifists. And there are some who see in it a very useful instrument for imperialism. The man in the street doesn't take any stock whatsoever in the league. Probably the view expressed by Premier Hughes of Australia at a reception to the admiral of a visiting British fleet reflects pretty closely the general attitude. He declared, amid loud cheering, that the British Navy was a good enough league for them.

Economic Danger Points

The British are, however, much disappointed that the United States did not continue to work with the Allies after the peace settlement to straighten out European troubles. They cannot comprehend it. Neither can they understand why the President could not pledge America to the treaty; and it is waste of time to try to make them see that the United States considered the peace treaty and the league covenant did not embody the objects for which it fought and committed America to predetermined participation in policies she did not approve and which threatened to sacrifice her own interests and hobble legitimate aspirations everywhere. In other words, they cannot appreciate the fact that the United States as a whole is not against a League of Nations, but only against a league which it deems bad.

"The trouble with us," a high official of the league said to me, "is that we are prone to expect the United States always to see eye to eye with us. We cannot disabuse our minds of the fact that the American people were originally an offshoot of the British; and consequently, forgetful of the scores of millions of other nationalities which now go to make up the nation, we look to them to share our every viewpoint.

"I saw this exemplified when I accompanied President Wilson on a visit to the home of his ancestors. The President's remarks revealed the attitude of a guest from another people. The natives of the place simply could not grasp this at all. Wasn't he one of them? Then why all this talk as though he could belong to another nation?"

As I have said before, the danger points will be economic. For that reason we may look for recurrent violent agitations from the press of both countries. Indeed my observation is that most of the hate stuff in international relations comes from the press, and that the masses of the people do not share these sentiments, if left to themselves. The public is waking to the fact that their interests are identical the world over in the preservation of peace and amity. It is only when the newspapers they read keep hammering it into them from day to day that the hard times and deprivations they are passing through are due to the treacherous machinations of another nation that antagonism is bred.

Now why should we, the general public, get wrought up because some of our packers, let us say, find irksome the British restrictions upon their trade within the empire? Since when have American Federal and state authorities ceased to restrain them at every opportunity? It seems to me a very natural procedure for the British to endeavor to preserve the packing business, or any other, for themselves.

And the fuss that has been raised about oil! To credit our press and some of our officials, one would think that John Bull had the world's supply cornered and was wickedly engaged in shutting us out. All that is a tempest in a teacup. The United States produces sixty-six per cent of all the oil in the world, and controls about eighty. Contrary to popular belief, her available fields are not nearly developed yet.

The British have been forehanded in gathering in most of the prospective oil fields throughout the world not already in possession of a power or its nationals. In doing this, John Bull has merely done what we would have liked to do. He beat us to it.

Besides, there are more ways than strangling to kill a cat. Some of the giant foreign oil corporations which possess immense fields and output are partly controlled by American capital.

Why all the squealing about unfair tactics? The truth is that in operating in foreign countries an element of American business expects better treatment than it could get at home, and howls for help to enforce it.

I have purposely left for the last the greatest menace hanging over the English-speaking peoples. That is our naval ambitions.

An intolerable situation has risen. What the British think of freedom of the seas was shown the other day at San Sebastian, when the League of Nations killed the principle deader than a door nail, and at the same time set the seal of recognition on the principle of blockade. As the world is at present organized, no sane person could expect them to act otherwise, and they are perfectly consistent, too, for the British steadfastly refused to adopt, even by implication, President Wilson's doctrine.

The Power of Naval Supremacy

In peacetimes the freedom of the seas is an empty phrase. Not even her enemies will contend that Britain has ever used her navy to close the world's highways or ports to the commerce of other nations during peace. But the war revealed what a throttling power command of the seas confers, and whatever nation holds it must of necessity choke the trade of neutrals and combatants alike when she goes to grips with an enemy. Naval supremacy carries with it world hegemony.

Along with many other nations, the United States has often been the beneficiary of British sea power. In the last fifty years John Bull has consistently used it on our side in a pinch. Nobody can have forgotten what happened off Manila in 1898, when the German admiral took his squadron into a position indicating an attempt to prevent Dewey's bombardment.

Before making the move Diedrich visited the British flagship to ascertain from Capt. Sir Edward Chichester: "What action will you take if Dewey bombards Manila?" The reply was: "That is known only to Dewey and myself," and shortly afterward, when the tension became acute, Chichester moved the British squadron in between the German and American fleets.

What matters now is that the United States and every other neutral suffered from the naval blockade during the war. The experience brought home to Americans the power another nation possessed of throttling her commerce and industries whenever she chose to exercise it; and there was born a sentiment that this could not be tolerated. Why should a great and powerful nation permit her existence to remain at the mercy of another?

It is a very natural position to take. On the other hand, consider Britain's plight. Up to the time of William the Conqueror the island was successively invaded by Romans, Saxons and Danes. Britannia took the lessons to heart, and since the days of Elizabeth her navy has been her chief weapon of defense. By it she was saved from the Spanish yoke under Philip and the triumphant armies of the Little Corporal. With it she closed the world to Germany and largely determined the issue of the Great War.

The Right Kind of League

Command of the seas is vital to Britannia's self-preservation. Her fleet must surpass that of any rival or any conceivable combination of rivals. Without that command, her empire would be torn from her, and she could be starved into submission within six months. Consequently she cannot see a competitor, however friendly, gain naval supremacy. She must inevitably be driven to meet the potential challenge. Already our naval program worries her, and she is building on a huge scale. No Englishman can discuss any subject with an American for long without reverting to our navy building and asking what it all means. One has only to study the history of her rivals for sea power to understand what her stand must be.

Now what is to be done about it? Suppose that America were to build a superior navy and wrest from Britain the domination of the seas—do you believe the rest of the world would tamely submit to the American grip on their throats? What is there in the history of American business to encourage hope that our conduct of ocean power would be more tolerant than the British? Why should the rest of the world acquiesce in the overthrow of one domination merely to set up another?

And right there is where we run up against the dire necessity of a real League of Nations; not a dummy league organized to perpetuate the present balance of power and international adjustments; not a convenient weapon for imperialism; not a league in which American participation will be determined before she enters; not one in which her part will be stage managed by other powers; but a genuine league, which shall supernationalize war fleets and allot to each member power the proportion of naval and military strength it shall contribute to the general police force for the preservation of world peace—a league which will possess the power to compel disarmament down to these standards, and enforce its decrees. We must get that. Unless we do we shall pay for our failure in blood.

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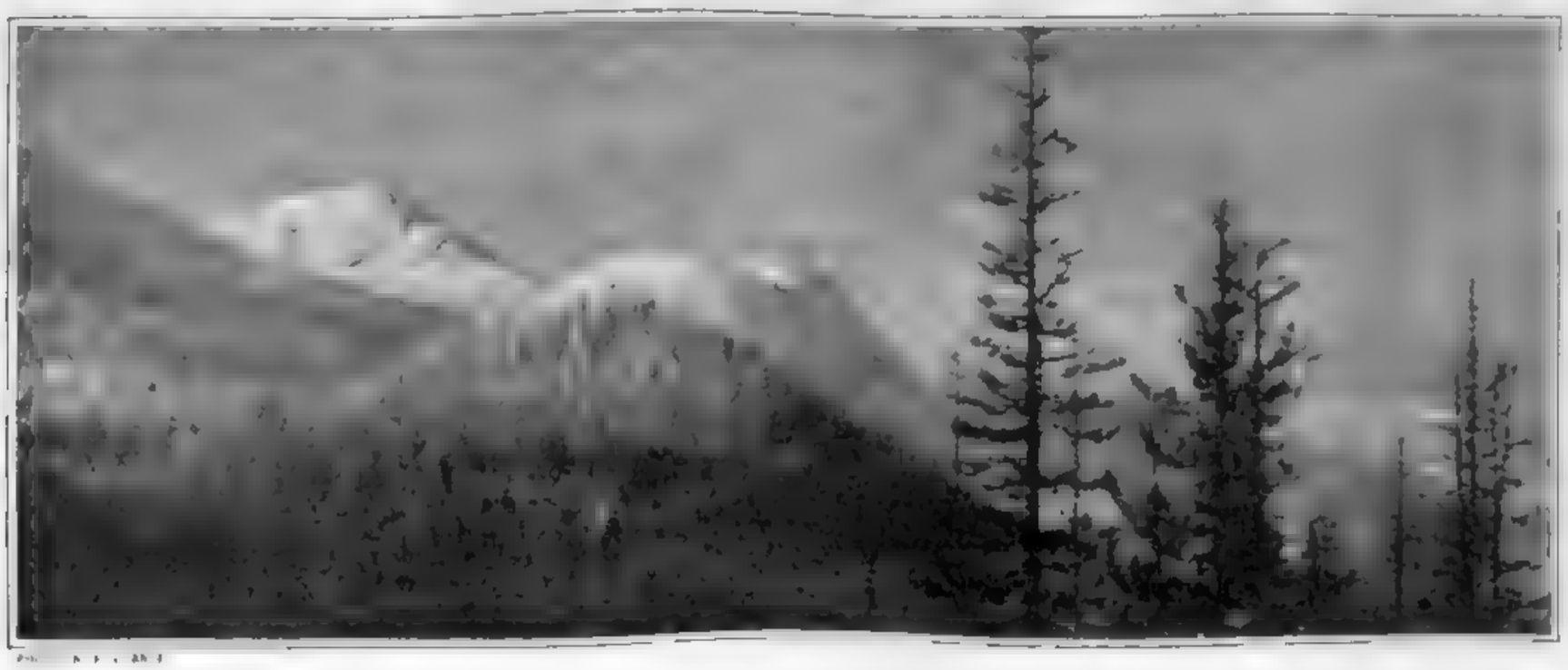

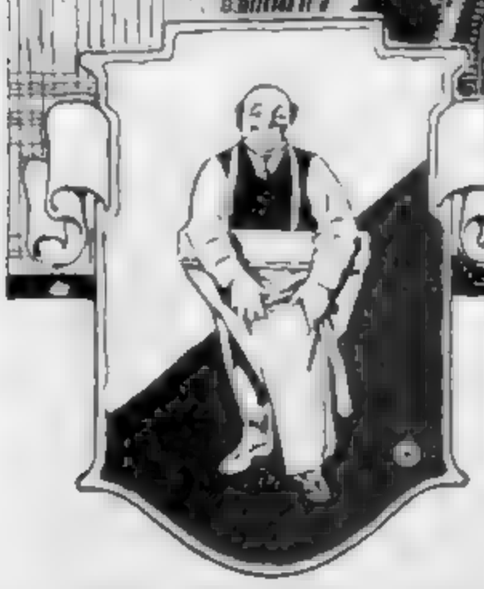

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FORTY YEARS OF A DIPLOMAT'S LIFE

(Continued from Page 23)

limited size and the ultimate decision of questions of policy was still left in the hands of statesmanship not yet overpowered by the irresistible domination of irresponsible gigantic military organizations and by the unreasoning passions of systematically fostered mass psychosis.

These times, however, were no more. But latter-day statesmen of all the leading nations of Europe seemed to be quite unconscious of the profoundly altered conditions which had been brought about by the adoption of conscription by the military Powers of Continental Europe. They were playing unconcernedly, as of old, the traditional nefarious game of high politics, whose aim is political and military supremacy and which is played with stakes represented by the lives and fortunes of the teeming millions of the peace-loving peoples of Europe.

When it had led to the outbreak of a war of dimensions until then unheard of in the annals of mankind, and when, in order to hold out to these peaceable millions a powerful motive for which they would be willing to risk their lives and fortunes, the formidable ghost of international hatred and fear had been raised—a ghost which to this hour it has not been possible to lay—it became evident that the longer the war should last the slenderer would grow the chances of statesmanship remaining in control, a control which was bound to pass in the end into the hands of the all-powerful military element, supported and itself dominated by the all-pervading influence of war psychosis, at once the parent and the child of propaganda, with the disastrous results we are witnessing to-day. That was the real danger threatening not only the future welfare of the belligerent nations but the future peaceful development of mankind.

To any independently reflecting mind it could not but be evident that the loudly proclaimed aim of the war as a war to end war and a war to destroy militarism could never be attained by a crushing victory achieved by either the one or the other of the belligerent sides, which would only mean the substitution of a victorious militarism for a defeated one, thereby simply preparing the ground for a renewal of the struggle for supremacy in a more or less remote future, since the total annihilation of the defeated side, however ardently desired, would obviously not be within the bounds of possibility, nor could its ultimate recuperation be forever prevented by any devices of statecraft or military precautions.

It would seem probable that President Wilson, when he spoke of peace without victory, may have had in view these same considerations, which would naturally occur to a mind earnestly preoccupied with the search for a new basis upon which the community of civilized nations might be so organized as to preclude the possibility of the recurrence of such horrors as the world was passing through, and they may have inspired his attempt at inducing the belligerents to consider the desirability of seeking to put an end to the slaughter by negotiations before the war psychosis prevailing in both camps had reached a stage when leading statesmen would no longer be able to lay the ghost they had raised themselves.

I have dwelt at such length on these considerations, of whose weighty nature I was entirely convinced at the time, because they serve to explain my personal attitude in regard to the question of the earliest possible conclusion of a general peace, which I regarded not only as a question of life or death for Russia but also as a question of supreme interest to all mankind, an attitude from which no fear of obloquy or disingenuous insinuations could ever make me swerve. Perhaps it will not be superfluous at this point to recapitulate briefly my political profession of faith, to which I have incidentally referred in other chapters of these reminiscences. It can be expressed in these few points:

Russia, like the United States, may be regarded as a continent by itself, self-contained, self-sufficient, satiated, placed above the necessity of seeking expansion in any direction whatever;

Russia, therefore, has no call to take any part whatever in the struggle for political or military supremacy in Europe, either as a principal or as an auxiliary or adversary of any one Power or group of Powers;

Russia's sole interest in European politics centers in the maintenance of peace;

And, lastly, the guiding principle of Russia's foreign policy should be avoidance of any entangling alliances with any Power or Powers whatsoever.

To this brief recital of the principles which have always governed my actions in public life I would add that once the struggle for supremacy seems to be an incurable disease affecting the three leading Powers of Europe—Great Britain, France and Germany—and as I hold it to be a matter of indifference to Russia, as far as her true interests are concerned, into whose hands of the three this supremacy might pass, my personal preference would be in favor of Great Britain, simply because from choice I have found my, so to speak, intellectual home in the English-speaking world.

But this purely personal preference does not by any means imply that I would be ready to admit that Russia's policy should be made in any way subservient to Great Britain's aims in that direction, just as little as to those of either France or Germany if either the one or the other had been the object of my personal preference. And I would wish it to be distinctly understood that whatever I have said or written so far, and whatever I shall still have to say or write, has been and will be said and written by a Russian, owing and acknowledging allegiance and loyalty to no one but to his own country and to his own people.

But to resume the thread of my narrative. It was, if I remember rightly, some day in the beginning of March, 1916, when I found myself in the reading room of my club, after luncheon, alone with the Minister of the Court, Count Fredericksz, who had come with the Emperor for a couple of days to the capital and who was the same afternoon to return with His Majesty to the headquarters of the army at Mohileff. He may have noticed that I seemed to be preoccupied with thoughts the reverse of cheerful, paying but little attention to his chat on indifferent subjects; and he asked me abruptly what I thought of the political situation.

I told him that I regarded the situation in every respect as extremely serious, not to say critical; that as far as I could see we were drifting rapidly toward a revolution, which would mean the downfall of the empire and the ruin of Russia; that the only salvation for Russia that I could think of would be the earliest possible conclusion of a general peace—I would observe here parenthetically that I have never at any time advocated the conclusion of a separate peace with Germany, for the simple reason that I have never considered the conclusion of such a peace to be to the interest of Russia or to be called for by compelling circumstances—that I could

(Continued on Page 138)

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Royalty at Once It Was—the Czar Mounted at the Left; the Erstwhile Heir Learning to Salute on the Reviewing Stand at Tsarskoe Selo

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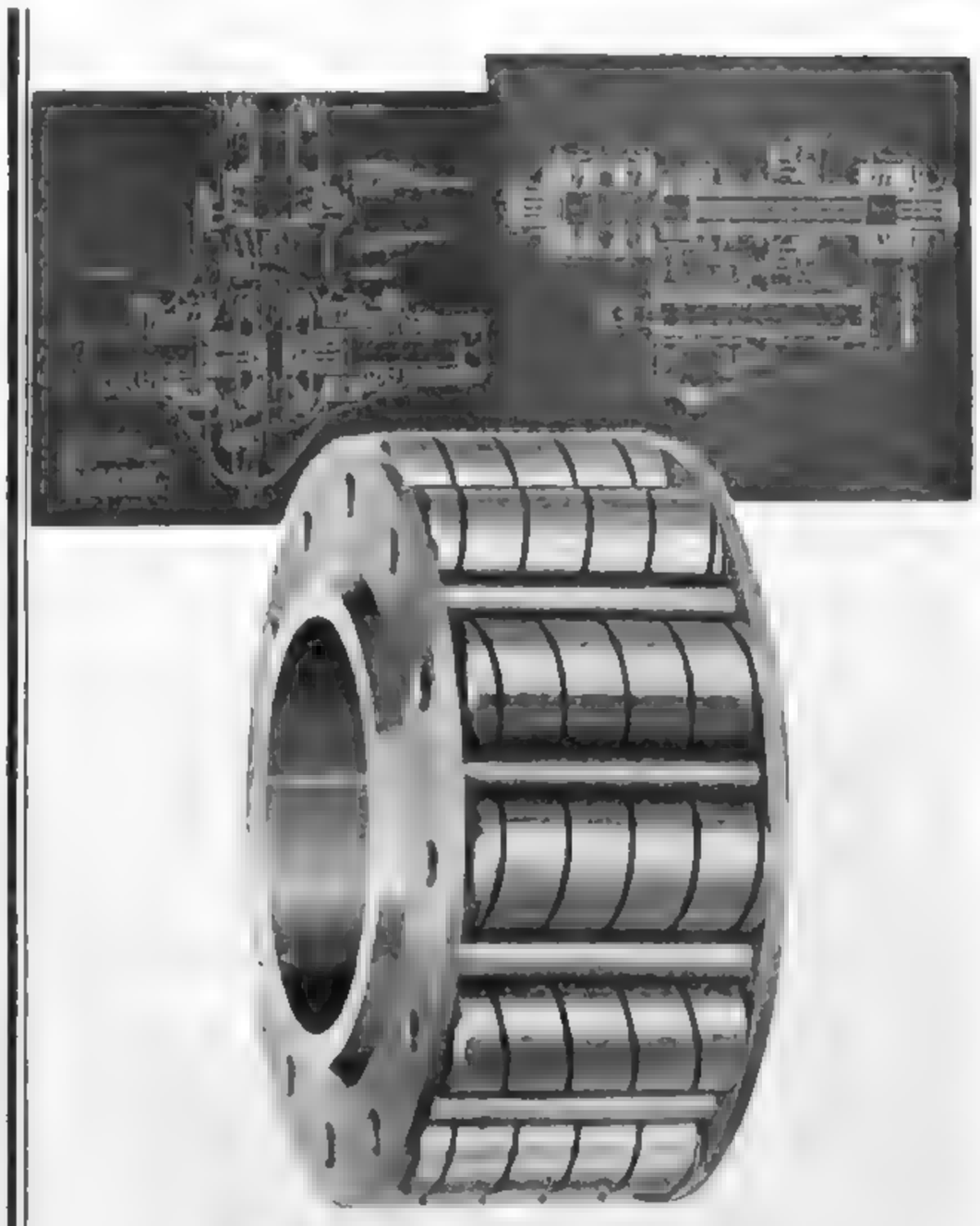

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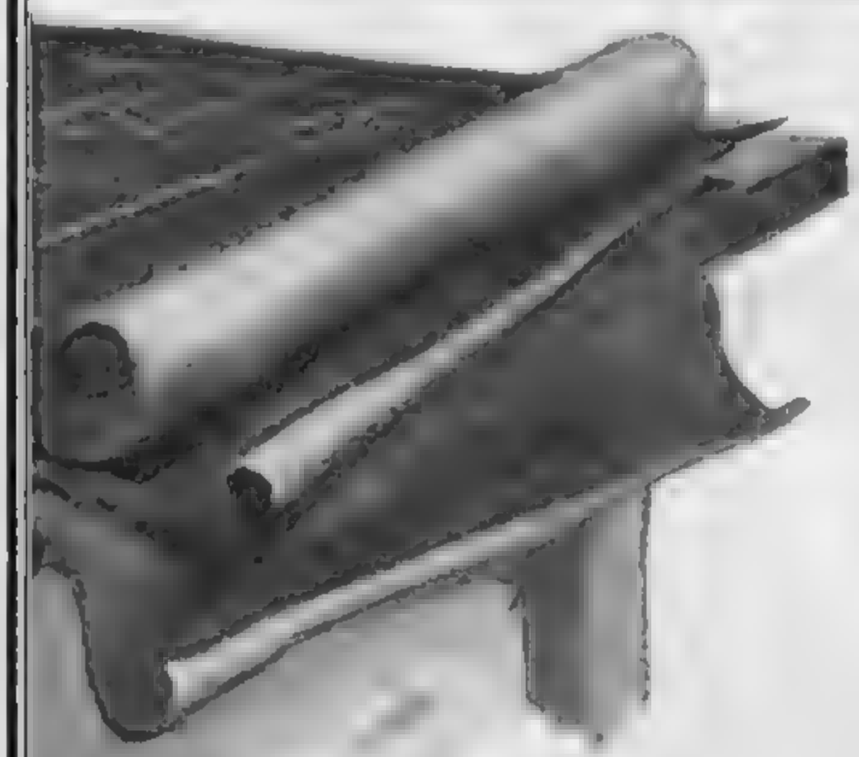

ROLLER BEARINGS

(Continued from Page 135)

not see how the war could ever come to an end otherwise than under the auspices of the United States and through her intervention in one shape or another; that it was of the utmost importance for us that when such an American intervention would come about it should be, in a sense, not unfavorable to our interests; and lastly, that if it were considered desirable I would be ready at any time to go to America for the purpose of satisfying myself as to the trend of popular feeling in the United States in regard to the war, simply as a private individual on the lookout for a possibility of securing the participation of American capital in some business undertaking in which I was interested.

Count Fredericksz listened to me very attentively and when I had finished talking asked me whether I could put on paper what I had told him, as he wished to submit it to the Emperor, whom he was to join in the imperial train at four o'clock. I consented to do so, though I had barely half an hour before me in which to draft what should have been a well-thought-out and carefully worded state paper. Under the circumstances all I could do was to jot down then and there on a sheet of the club's letter paper the substance of the ideas I had developed in the course of my conversation with the count.

I sent it to the train in an envelope addressed to Count Fredericksz, who received it just in time; and then I wrote down from memory a second copy, which I intended to forward to Mr. Sazonoff, the Minister of Foreign Affairs. Unfortunately I did not make and keep for myself a third copy, so that I am unable to reproduce here the text of this hastily drawn document, whose sense I think I have rendered correctly as above.

In the middle of the following night I was awakened by the arrival of a rush telegram dispatched by the Minister of the Court from one of the stations on the way to Mohileff, in which he informed me that the Emperor had expressed his approval of the ideas set forth in my paper and desired me to confer on the subject with the Minister of Foreign Affairs.

In obedience to the order received, I wrote the next morning to Mr. Sazonoff, requesting an interview and inclosing the copy of my paper which I had prepared for that purpose. The Minister of Foreign Affairs received me in a manner which precluded any attempt on my part to enter into a discussion on the subject, and told me that he disapproved the idea I had expressed in my paper submitted to His Majesty by Count Frederickaz, because in his opinion the object of the policy of the United States was to prevent us from crushing Germany, an event which was to be looked for in a few months. I thereupon withdrew, having asked him whether he had any objection to my acquainting the Minister of the Court with the negative result of my interview with him and having obtained his consent to my doing so.

I mention this insignificant episode merely because I shall have to refer to it later on in connection with another matter in which this paper of mine seems to have played a rather unsuspected part.

Our campaign in Asia Minor, conducted with brilliant success by General Yudenitch, had culminated in the taking of Erzerum, and to all appearances the military and political situation in Turkey had taken a turn which furnished sufficient ground for the supposition that an attempt at detaching Turkey from her alliance with the Central Powers by the offer of a separate peace with our coalition might meet with success. The idea of the timeliness of such an attempt being made occurred to a friend of mine who was in charge of the diplomatic chancellery of the supreme commander in chief. Of course such an attempt would have implied the definite abandonment by us of any plans looking to the conquest of Constantinople, plans for the realization of which there was absolutely no hope that could have been said to be warranted by the general military situation of Russia and her Allies.

Having consulted on the subject the chief of the General Staff, General Alexeeff, who concurred entirely in his views, my friend submitted his plan to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, only, as was to be expected, to be reproved for his pains. Of the soundness and practicability of my friend's idea I had no doubt, provided only it were possible to overcome the maniacal obsession under which our politicians and the majority of our Intelligentzia were and are still laboring in regard to the assumed necessity for Russia to secure possession of Constantinople and the Straits.

It appears, indeed, if rumor which reached me later is to be believed, that the Turks had actually, sometime in the spring of 1916, thrown out a feeler to the government of one of the Allied Powers as to the possibility of the conclusion of a separate peace with the Entente, and upon being advised to broach the subject first of all to Russia as the Power principally interested, had replied that it was impossible for them to approach with such a proposal the Power whose hardly concealed aim was the conquest of the capital of their empire.

It is hardly necessary to point out the obvious reasons why the successful realization of this idea would have exercised a most important and probably decisive influence on the course of events. But it was Russia's fate that her policies should have been conducted with the same shortsighted and wrong-headed incompetence during the war as they had been before its outbreak.

Early in May of that year communications were received from the governments of Great Britain, France and Italy, inviting our legislature to delegate ten members of each house for a visit to the Allied countries. Ten members of the Duma accepted at once the invitation, but among the members of the Council of the Empire only seven—of whom I was the only one not elected, but a life member appointed by the Crown—were found willing to undertake the journey.

Our president had suggested that before leaving we had perhaps better see the Minister of Foreign Affairs and concert with him the attitude we were to observe in foreign parts in regard to statesmen or representatives of the press with whom we might come in contact. He had also taken steps to arrange for us an interview with Mr. Sazonoff. We were received by him, we seven members of the Upper House, *in corpore*, and after some desultory conversation he proceeded to give us an account of the negotiations he had been carrying on in the preceding year with the British and French Governments, which had resulted in the conclusion of a secret agreement by which these governments consented to our taking and retaining possession of Constantinople, of part of Thrace as far as the line Enos-Media, of the Asiatic shores of the Bosporus and the Dardanelles, and of two of the Ægean islands commanding the entrance to the straits. He showed us, with considerable naive satisfaction, on a large map, the future possessions which Russia was to receive.

This was the first disclosure made, very confidentially, of a secret agreement between the Allied Powers, which was to be followed by several others of no less remarkable and equally secret character.

Our journey to England was in all respects a very enjoyable one. We were apparently all happy to escape for a while from the atmosphere of nervous tension in which we had been living for nearly two years, and the utmost good feeling seemed to prevail among the members of our small party. The leader of the delegation from the lower house was Mr. Alexander Protopopoff, at the time vice president and a rather popular member of the Duma, who a few months later became notorious as the last Minister of the Interior under the old régime, whose downfall he not only failed to prevent but by his policy helped to achieve. I had not known him personally before, but as a traveling companion I found him all that could be desired. Mr. E. H. Wilcox, in his Russia's Ruin, says of him:

"Socially, Protopopoff was a great success. He was a glib and persuasive talker, with a wide range of conversational matter, a large fund of apposite quotations, and a considerable gift of humor. In England he became well known during his visit as a member of the delegation from the two houses of the Russian legislature, and he seems to have left behind him both a very favorable personal impression and a feeling of confidence as to his country's persistence in the war."

My own impression of him was that he was an amiable nonentity, a shifty politician in a small way, with no settled convictions and quite incapable of conceiving and carrying through any independent line of policy. His sudden elevation to the post of Minister of the Interior seems to have turned his head completely; so much so that at last serious doubts began to be entertained as to his sanity.

Among our traveling companions of the Duma, the most prominent were the leader of the Cadet Party, Mr. P. Miliukoff, and Mr. Shingareff, who in the year following became Minister of Agriculture and then of Finance in the Provisional Government, and ended by being shot in his bed in a prison hospital by the murderous bandits of Bolshevism.

Of my own colleagues of the Council of the Empire, one, a very wealthy land owner in South Russia, seems to have met last winter with a tragic and mysterious fate, according to newspaper accounts. His body and those of several members of his family and of some other relatives, together with the bodies of all the members of the crew, were found on a disabled little steamer on which they appear to have escaped from Odessa in the hope of being able to reach some port on the Black Sea coast. They had probably encountered very heavy weather, the steamer had become disabled on the high sea, and they had run short of provisions and water, until starvation stared them in the face, and nothing remained but to cut short their agony by shooting one another, the last one committing suicide. Thus ran the harrowing story as told by the papers.

What became of my other colleagues I have no means of ascertaining. Some of us, like myself, felt at the time that the days of the old Russia we loved were numbered, and that a catastrophe was due to overtake us; but no one could foresee its extent and atrocious character, unparalleled in the history of mankind.

After a long railroad journey through Finland, Sweden and Norway, we were to embark at Bergen for Newcastle, and we had had passages engaged for us on a Norwegian steamer still plying between those ports, unabashed by the risk of encountering German submarines. On arrival at the railroad station at Bergen, while we were clamoring for the steamship company's agent who was to have taken charge of our baggage, we were met by the Russian and British consuls, who in mysterious whispers imparted to us the information that we were not to embark on the mail steamer, as other means had been provided for taking us to England. We were hurried away in automobiles before the watchful eyes, as we were told, of some official of the German consulate, and were carried to a special landing stage where boats were waiting for us in charge of Norwegian naval officers to take us to the King of Norway's yacht, where we were most hospitably welcomed and treated to a luxurious luncheon. . . .

As soon as we had all come on board, the yacht weighed anchor and went out to sea, up a beautiful fiord, at the top of which, after about an hour's steaming, we descried in the shadow of a high mountain the imposing form of a large British cruiser, on which we were to embark. The Donegal had arrived the day before—a venial infraction of international law—and had spent the night at anchor, guarded against possible submarine attacks by several Norwegian torpedo boats.

We were made extremely comfortable on board, room was found for everybody, thanks to the kindness and courtesy of the captain and officers, some of whom gave up their cabins for the night. We were to have landed the following morning at some point up the Moray Firth; I believe it was Inverness, where a special train was waiting to take us to London. In the middle of the night, however, a wireless message was received from the commander in chief, Admiral Jellicoe, ordering the Donegal to proceed to Scapa Flow instead of Inverness. When we were told of it in the morning over our coffee we were delighted to find that we would have a chance to see the majestic spectacle of the Grand Fleet at anchor at its base.

However, on arrival at Scapa Flow we found that during the night the whole fleet had gone to sea, presumably in consequence of some alarm, and we saw only a small part of it returning to its anchorage. We were transferred to a small steamer and taken to the port of Thurso, where the special train ordered up from Inverness was waiting for us. On arrival at Thurso we learned that the reason why our destination had suddenly been altered was that it had been discovered that during the night German submarines had succeeded in barring the mouth of the Moray Firth with a chain of submerged mines.

From the moment we set foot on British soil until the time fixed for the departure of the delegation for Paris and Rome we were the guests of the government and nothing could have exceeded the courteous cordiality of the generous hospitality extended to us. A few days after our arrival we had the honor of being presented to Their Majesties, the King and Queen, at Buckingham Palace. Upon our entering the drawing-room, where we were assembled, the King addressed to us a brief speech of cordial welcome, after which the individual presentations took place and Their Majesties engaged each of us in turn in some minutes of animated conversation.

In the evening of the same day we were entertained at Lancaster House at a banquet presided over by the Prime Minister, Mr. Asquith, to which most of the prominent personages of the political world had been bidden. Being seated at table next to the Prime Minister I took occasion to tell him that on arrival in London I had received an invitation from the American Luncheon Club—an association of American residents and business men established in London and presided over by the American Ambassador—to be their guest at a luncheon, when I would be expected to deliver a speech. That luncheon was to take place the following day, and as I was anxious not to say on that occasion anything that might not be in entire harmony with the Prime Minister's views, and as there was plenty of time in the course of a very elaborate repast, I gave him a complete synopsis of the address I had prepared and intended to deliver before my American hosts.

Mr. Asquith listened to me attentively and was kind enough to say that he approved everything I intended to say, and reiterated the expression of his approval in a personal note to me when I had inclosed to him a clipping from the Daily Telegraph containing a verbatim report of my speech. The report appeared in the issue of that paper of June 6, 1916, under the caption: "Neutrals and the War. A Grave Responsibility." The main part of it ran as follows:

"In the course of his speech Baron Rosen said: 'I thank you most warmly for the cordial reception you have extended to me and for having given me the highly appreciated opportunity of meeting here so many distinguished citizens of the country where many of the happiest years of my life were spent, and to which I am warmly attached by so many ties of enduring friendship and sympathy. We are met here on the hospitable soil of a great and noble country, which neither to you nor to us can ever be a foreign country. You are united to this great nation by the ties of blood, and we by the bonds of a close political alliance, which I hope and trust will become a close and enduring union of hearts as well. We, therefore, witness with the same feelings of profound admiration the gigantic efforts this country is putting forth in the common cause for which the Allies are fighting.

"'It is not, indeed, the first time that Russia has been fighting side by side with England for the liberty of Europe. Little more than a century ago we were both leading a general coalition of European Powers in an endeavor, at last successful, to crush the power and to extinguish forever the insane ambition of one man of genius. Now we have to deal with a still graver situation, with a whole nation hypnotized by their rulers into the almost religious belief that they are superior to the rest of mankind and that it is their predestined destiny to achieve the overlordship of the world by force of arms. To what deeds may lead the teachings of a dominant caste maddened by the sense of its own irresponsible power, and dehumanized by the idolatrous cult of an ideal of blood and iron, we have witnessed and are still witnessing. These deeds have already created almost all over the world feelings against the German people which it will take them generations to live down. At the present moment the rulers of Germany must surely realize that their original plan of first crushing France and then dealing a death blow to Russia has totally and irretrievably failed, and that their dream of establishing by this means a German overlordship of the world has come to naught. The ultimate result is a foregone conclusion. The only question is, how long a time will it take, how many millions of lives of the flower of the manhood of Europe must perish, what oceans of blood and tears must still be shed before this result will be brought about?

(Continued on Page 141)

CHATHAM *and* WYNDHAM

TWO new Fall models of "Collegians"—the clothes that keep you looking your best. The Chatham is a smart, stylish suit, two-button, single-breasted; the Wyndham is a dressy one-button overcoat, two-button effect, velvet-piped. Both are for men of young appearance and good taste.

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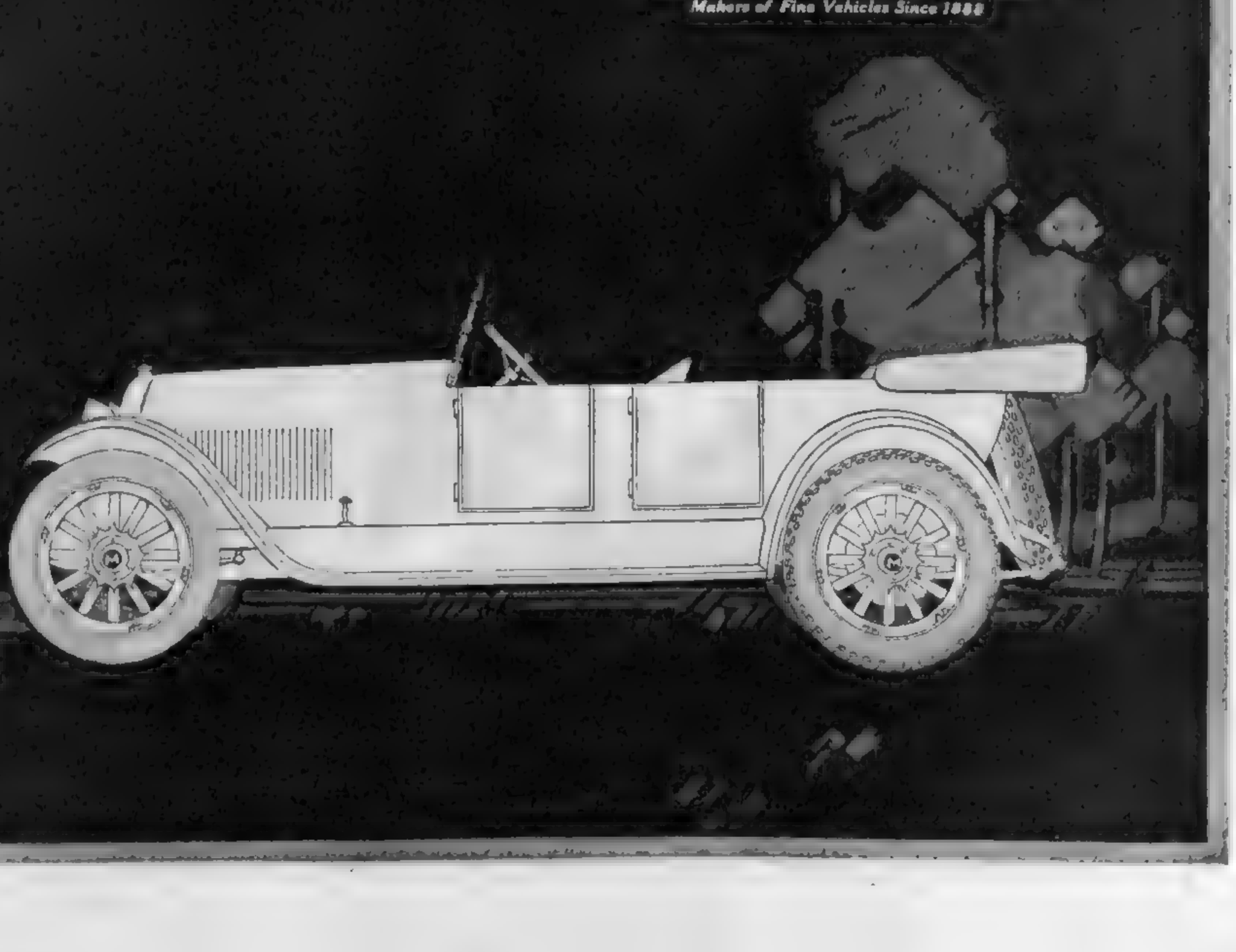

(Continued from Page 138)

"'Thus it is that a grave responsibility confronts the Powers who have hitherto remained neutral. For it is in their power to hasten the result and thereby to put an end to the world's agony, by coming forward boldly and squarely as a unit and taking up their stand by the side of the Allies. In a world war like the present one there can be no true neutrality. One of your foremost fellow citizens puts it in a nutshell in saying: "I do not believe in neutrality between right and wrong. I believe in justice!" Whichever way the sentimental leanings of one or the other neutral Power may point, duty to humanity as well as their own interests should command them to assist in closing as soon as possible this terrible episode in the world's history by joining the side whose aims have been so eloquently and with such sober dignity set forth in Mr. Asquith's address to the French parliamentarians on April tenth.

"'No one nation could afford to resist the unanimous will of united mankind. Nor would there be humiliation or disgrace for Germany in submitting to such verdict, which would be given not against the German people but against the dominant caste, whose insane ambition has brought down upon them and upon the world the untold misery of this terrible war.

"'The portentous and calamitous events we are witnessing should, it seems, impress civilized mankind with the necessity of organizing the life of the community of nations upon a different basis, designed so as to preclude the possibility of any one Power automatically involving all the others in a catastrophe such as Germany's overweening ambition has brought upon the civilized world.'"

It will be noticed that in the speech I refer to Russia's participation in the coalition formed in the beginning of the last century for the purpose of crushing the supremacy of Napoleonic France, and that I refer to it in a tone that might seem to be conflicting with my above-stated conviction that Russia had no call to take any part in the struggle for supremacy in Europe. In this regard I would point out that my reference to the participation of Russia in the Napoleonic Wars was a purely historical one, unaccompanied by any comment on its advisability or the reverse. As a matter of historical fact I may mention here that Field Marshal Prince Kutusoff, the commander in chief of our armies, after the successful expulsion from Russia of the hosts of Napoleon's invasion, was opposed to the Emperor Alexander's policy of continuing the war beyond the confines of the empire, and that he was opposed to it from the same point of view of purely Russian interests which I also hold to be alone rational and truly patriotic. I have no doubt that had his advice been listened to the history of our country would have taken a different and a happier turn.

It should, however, be kept in view that conditions in those days were widely different from what they are to-day. Alexander I was the absolute master of a country the bulk of whose population were serfs. It was open to him to pursue a purely personal policy, regardless of the feelings, wishes or needs of his subjects, and to carry it out by means of an armed force drafted from the peasantry for a twenty-five years' term of service, which was an absolutely reliable instrument in his hands, always ready at his bidding to fight any enemy anywhere and in any cause.

In the pursuit of that policy he was not inspired solely by the personal ambition of playing the part of the savior of Europe, but rather by the divine right of legitimate monarchy, which was an article of faith with him and in which he saw the salvation of the world.

It must also be owned that in carrying out his policy he displayed a spirit of true liberalism and wise statesmanship, which caused him to insist on the restored legitimate monarchy in France granting the French people a constitution, and also on that monarchy being at once received in the comity of European states as an equal and a friend, and on France being spared the dismemberment aimed at by one of his allies—in all of which he had the support of the greatest military leader of the time, the Duke of Wellington, who was also a great statesman.

It would seem but natural, therefore, that under the circumstances, speaking in London on a more or less public occasion, I should have alluded to a time when Great Britain and Russia had been fighting in the same cause and pursuing the same policy.

But the conditions which confronted the Emperor Nicholas with his advisers and our party leaders and politicians were, as I said, widely different from those which existed in the time of Alexander I and enabled him to pursue exclusively his own personal policy of meddling with and of exercising his preponderating influence in the affairs of the community of European states. The Russian people were no longer an inarticulate, ignorant herd of serfs, to be driven at the will of their masters. Inarticulate and ignorant they were still, and that mainly owing to the neglect of their rulers, who were mostly absorbed in the engrossing pursuit of dabbling in European and world politics with their clumsy and inexperienced hands, instead of devoting all their attention to the enlightenment and the prosperity of their people. But when it came to sending millions upon millions of their sons to shed their blood for a cause they could neither understand nor have sympathy with—for they felt it to be that of their rulers and of the Intelligentzia, and by no means their own—they would have their word to say: they would say it in their own inarticulate, chaotic, anarchic way, and they were going to say it soon, very soon, much sooner than the government and the Duma leaders, the politicians and the bourgeoisie ever expected. They all knew or ought to have known that the revolution was coming, but they did not or would not understand the reason why. They were living in a fool's paradise.

That was the real truth of the situation, which resident Entente diplomats failed to see, handicapped as they were by their ignorance of the language and their noncomprehension of the mentality of the Russian people, as well as by their habit of relying on the one-sided information imparted to them by their adherents among the Duma leaders, whom they took to be the true exponents of the nation's feelings and wishes.

I believe, however, that the Allied Governments had a vague inkling of an impending weakening of Russia's participation in the war; only, unable to understand its real causes, they attributed it to intrigues aiming at the conclusion of a separate peace with Germany and being engineered by supposedly German influences surrounding the unfortunate Empress, a belief in which they were presumably encouraged by rumors reaching them from equally misinformed Russian sources.

I also believe that the object of the invitations extended to delegations from our legislative chambers was to impress them with the colossal extent of the preparations being made in Allied countries for the effective continuation of the war, in the hope that by their reports and influence they would counteract the suspected pacifist tendencies of the government and encourage it to increased efforts and activity in the conduct of the war.

Be that as it may, all that I had been able to observe confirmed me in the conviction that the material resources of the Allies were so greatly and so palpably superior to those of the Central Powers as to render the ultimate outcome of the contest an absolutely foregone conclusion. It was, moreover, plain that the cause of the Entente, as far as it pursued the legitimate end of defeating the ambitious aims of the German ruling caste, was already won, and that the cause of the Central Powers, as far as it aimed at the establishment of Germany's military supremacy in Europe, was irretrievably lost, and had been practically lost ever since the French victory on the Marne. The specter of a threatened German overlordship of the world had no longer any basis in fact.

Two ways were open for bringing about negotiations with a view to the conclusion of a general peace. They were: The announcement by one of the belligerent sides of its readiness to enter into such negotiations; and an offer of mediation by a league of neutral Powers sufficiently powerful to make it sure that its offer would not be rejected by either side.

As regards the first mode of procedure it is plain that such an announcement could be safely made by the winning side without running any risk whatever of its initiative being treated as a trap, or a so-called peace offensive, as happened to the losing side when, under pressure of popular thirst—or perhaps one had better say literally, hunger—for peace, it ventured upon such a step. It

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was my settled and profound conviction that the time had come for Russia to raise with her Allies—as was her incontestable right—the question of the timeliness, nay, urgency of initiating serious steps with a view to the earliest possible conclusion of a general peace.

This conviction was based on the following considerations: The coming of a revolution in Russia was a matter of certainty; its coming was not dependent on the issue of the war, whether victorious or otherwise; indeed, it would not wait for such an issue to be decided one way or the other, since it would be primarily a revolt against the war itself; this revolt would be the resultant of elemental forces working among the inarticulate masses of the people—sick of a war, with all its attendant suffering and misery, inflicted on them by their rulers—and not of German intrigues in court or government circles, as propaganda with inconceivable purblindness would have it, presumably in the naïve belief that the fighting spirit of the people could be roused by such insinuations; the army was no longer composed of first-class troops such as by the hundred thousand had laid down their lives on the battlefields of East Prussia, Poland and Galicia; they were mainly reserve troops, commanded by a sadly thinned-out corps of officers also largely composed of officers of the reserve or promoted from the ranks; in a word, largely hordes of armed peasants, whose hearts were not at the front but in their abandoned homes, and who in case of a revolution would be sure to side with whosoever would bring them the peace they longed for.

The outbreak of the revolution was merely a question of time, of a few months at the utmost, and there was only one way in which it could be prevented and the country be saved from the catastrophe that was staring it in the face, and that was the conclusion of peace. When I say peace I always mean a general peace and not a separate peace with Germany. The moment was favorable for the initiation of peace negotiations; the brilliant campaign of General Yudenitch in Asia Minor and General Broussiloff's victorious advance in Galicia, which had helped to avert disaster from Italy, had redeemed the glory of the Russian arms, and Russia presented still—at least in appearance—a very formidable and threatening front to the enemy; it was no less to the interest of our Allies to seize the opportunity for the initiation of such negotiations whilst Russia was still standing erect, because a coalition being a chain the strength of which is dependent on the strength of its weakest link, prudent foresight would have suggested to them the advantage of not waiting until that weakness had become a breakdown inevitable in case of a revolution.

All these considerations, whose soundness subsequent events have confirmed, it was not my province to expose to the Allies. That, and not futile attempts at concealing from them the truth, was the plain duty of whosoever was responsible for the conduct of our foreign policy. It was a duty of honor and loyalty to our Allies no less than a sacred duty to our Sovereign, our country and our nation, whose salvation depended on the earliest possible conclusion of peace.

As for me, all I could do was to try to press these considerations upon the attention of those who were in charge of our policies.

I attempted to do so with Stuermer; with his successor, Pokroffsky; and, after the revolution, with the Provisional Government first of Prince Lwoff and then of Kerensky; and never ceased my efforts until the very eve of the Bolshevist revolution, of whose impending advent I warned them as an inevitable consequence of their obstinate persistence in a policy that could end only in throwing the country into the abyss of anarchy and civil war.

My expectation that our Allies, if approached in the proper way, would be willing to enter into our view of the situation and to act accordingly, was naturally based on the supposition that their statesmen would not consider the downfall and dismemberment of Russia to be desirable in the interest of their countries, as for various reasons some politicians in both countries seemed to think. Also, it was not in that quarter—if, as I said, approached in the proper way and with unreserved frankness—that I apprehended that the chief difficulty would be encountered, but rather in the fatuous blindness and glaring incompetence of those in whose hands a cruel fate had placed the conduct of Russia's foreign policy, an apprehension which subsequent events have proved to have been but too well founded.

There was, however, another way in which the initiation of peace negotiations could have been brought about, and that was through the intervention of a league of nations headed by the United States. Nothing short of such a league would have had sufficiently authoritative influence on the public mind in both belligerent camps to induce them to accept mediation with a view to the conclusion of a peace by negotiation.

No close observer of the political situation could have failed to realize that the direction of affairs on both sides had slipped, or was about to slip, from the hands of statesmanship, and would henceforth be swayed by that mentality which can see no other possible termination of a war but by a knock-out blow, crushing of the adversary and peace by dictation.

That is why the profound wisdom of President Wilson's eloquent words when he spoke of peace without victory failed of its effect on those for whose ears these words were intended, and merely excited the unlimited indignation of war propaganda. The results of the unrestrained workings of this kind of mentality the world is witnessing now, still apparently unable to realize the full extent of its catastrophal meaning.

In connection with the banquet that was given in our honor by the government at Lancaster House a little incident occurred which, quite insignificant in itself, represented nevertheless a little rift in the lute of our companionship in the parliamentary delegation, and which caused me, so as to avoid its possible widening, to remain behind when my colleagues left for Paris and Rome.

It happened in this way: On the day before the banquet our Ambassador sent me word that it had been decided, according to customary etiquette, that I as ranking member of the delegation from our upper house should reply to the Prime Minister's speech on behalf of the Council of the Empire. To this arrangement, however, three of my colleagues demurred on the ground that I was an appointed and therefore, properly speaking, not a representative member of the council, and that moreover my name was a German one. The unanswerable character of the first reason given I could only acknowledge; and to the second one I could not take exception, since in view of the war it had been considered advisable to rechristen St. Petersburg as Petrograd, and I could not repudiate my name, of which I had no reason to be ashamed.

Upon my return to Russia I found the situation by no means improved. The ship of state seemed to be drifting, rudderless and helpless; steersmen being changed to all appearances quite aimlessly; Sazonoff, a man, however incompetent as a statesman, at least experienced in the handling of the business of his office, was replaced by Stuermer, a man absolutely incapable and entirely ignorant of foreign affairs. Protopopoff was appointed Minister of the Interior, it was said because he had been recommended for the post by the Empress at the instigation of Rasputin. But the most important, and in its far-reaching consequences most fatal measure was decided upon at a council of ministers presided over by the Emperor at the headquarters of the army at Mohileff.

General Alexeeff, the Emperor's chief of staff and practically commander in chief of the army, had demanded the immediate mobilization of twelve million men to provide for the replenishing of possible losses during the year, without which he declared he could not undertake to continue the campaign.

All the ministers had energetically protested against this measure, to be taken at harvest time, when all available hands were needed for securing the crops, not to mention that the infallible effect of this mobilization would obviously be the creation of a gigantic army which could not be utilized at the front and would have to be spread all over the country in readiness for the coming revolution. General Alexeeff, however, remained obdurate, and the Emperor finally sided with him.

It seems as if nothing was to be left undone that could insure the downfall of the empire and the ruin of the nation.

Editor's Note—This is the twenty-fifth of a series of articles by Baron Rosen. The next will appear in an early issue.

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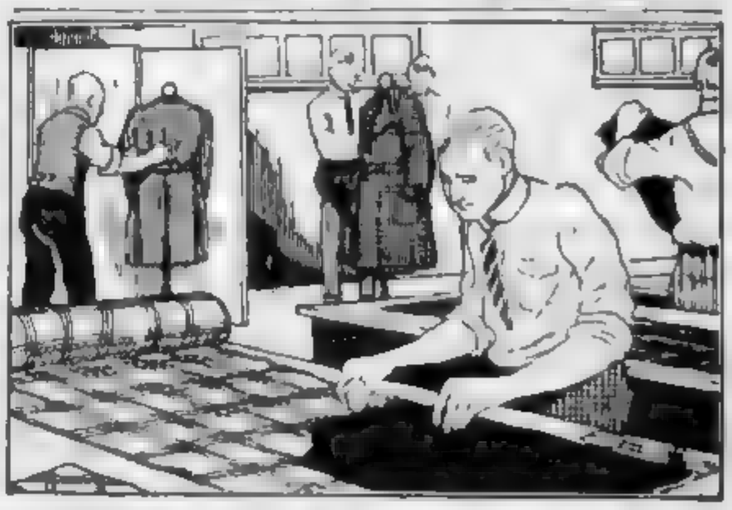

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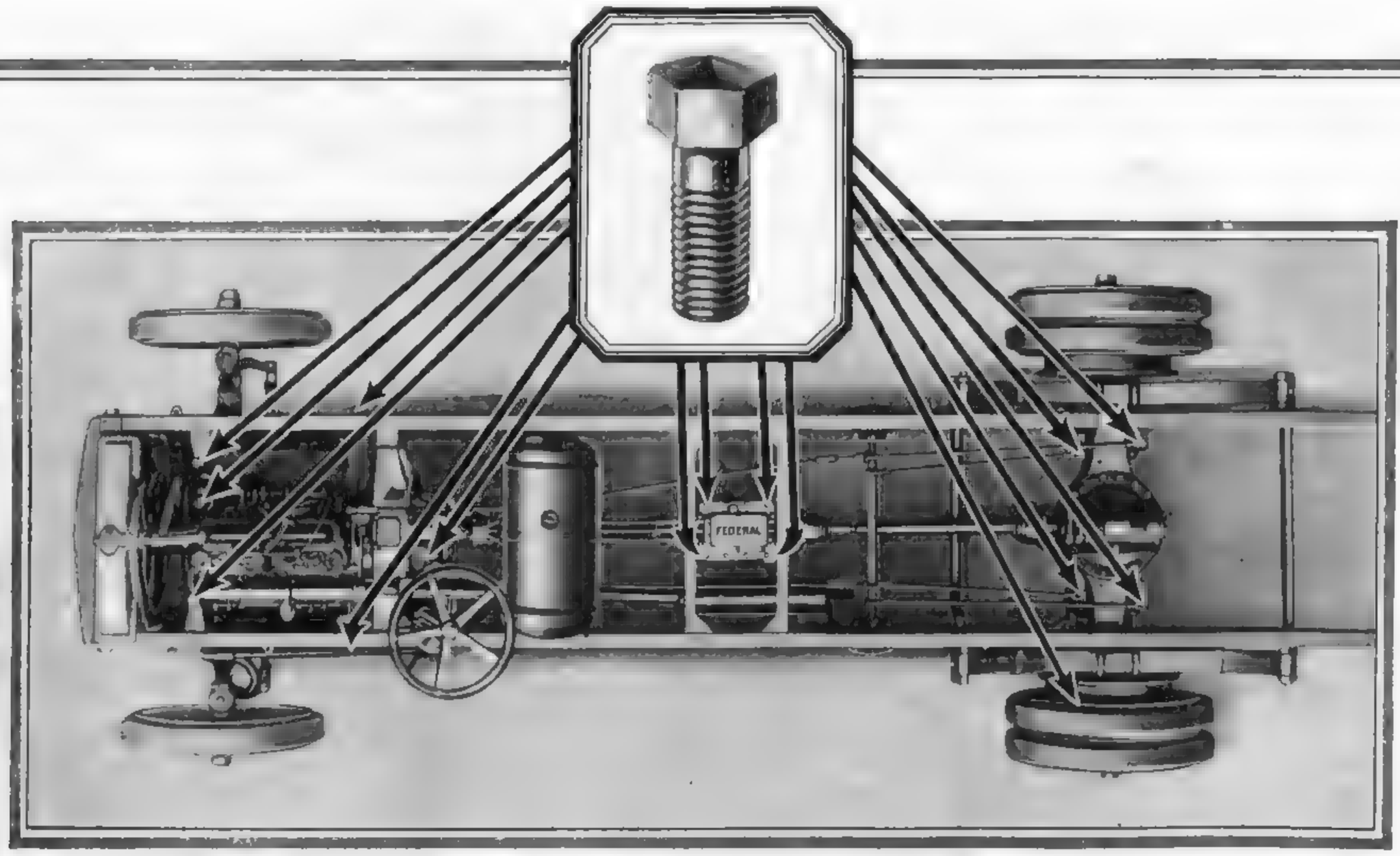
Weavers and Makers of—

Overcoats
Mackinaws
Flannel Shirts
Indian Robes
Motor Robes
Blankets



A test that proves the quality of Ferry Process Screws

THE stamina of Ferry Process Screws has been proved by nearly ten years of continuous rugged service in Federal trucks.

As shown above, the function of these screws is most important—for it is their task to hold the heavy Federal motor to the chassis. Only screws of the most flawless steel can be used for this purpose—screws that can stand the constant pounding of mighty driving pistons and the wrenching torsional strains that the truck must often undergo.

That Ferry Process Screws have successfully "stood up" under these strains is evidenced by the following letter from the Federal Motor Truck Company:

"For the past nine years we have had the pleasure of using Ferry products and feel that the efforts put forth by your organization in giving us real service and the material we want at all times is worthy of comment.

"Your organization has always handled our orders promptly and to our entire satisfaction both as to workmanship and material. We look forward to a continuance of our good business relations in the future."

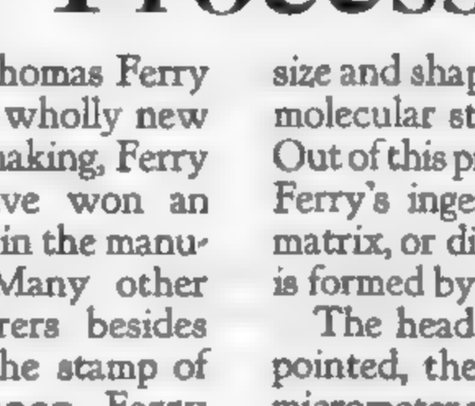
* * * *

Since 1907, when Thomas Ferry came forth with a wholly new principle in screw-making, Ferry Process Screws have won an enviable reputation in the manufacturing world. Many other leading manufacturers besides Federal have put the stamp of their approval upon Ferry methods and Ferry products.

This new principle in screw-making completely reverses the old method. Instead of taking a steel bar the *size of the head* and tediously milling it to the right size, the Ferry Process *begins* with a bar of steel the *size of the shank*, thus avoiding a great waste of both time and raw material.

The matrix-compression principle

But the real problem was to form the head. To batter on a shapeless knob, and then to cut it to size and shape would disturb the molecular structure of the steel. Out of this problem came Thomas Ferry's ingenious invention—a matrix, or die, in which the head is formed by proper compression.



The head is finished, the end pointed, the shank threaded to micrometer exactness, with Pratt & Whitney gauges as standard. The Ferry heat treatment insures uniformity in strength. These steps are performed by patented Ferry equipment—high-speed automatic machines and special tools. The result is the Ferry Process Screw—as perfect as modern science can make it.

* * * *

Ferry Process Screws are used in vast quantities, and for varying purposes, by many of the largest manufacturers in American industry. In many cases their use was specified only after the most thorough tests and comparisons. Among these important users, besides Federal, may be listed the following well-known concerns:

American Seeding Machine Co.
Buffalo Forge Company
Buick Motor Co.
Chain Belt Company
Chandler Motor Car Company
Dodge Steel Pulley Corporation
Eberhard Mfg. Co.
Gendron Wheel Co.
B. F. Goodrich Rubber Co.
Hinkley Motors Corporation
Holt Mfg. Co.
A. Y. McDonald Mfg. Co.
Maxwell Motor Car Co.
Oakland Motor Car Co.
Oliver Chilled Plow Works
Paige-Detroit Motor Car Co.
Scripps-Booth Corporation
Stewart-Warner Speedometer Corp.
Studebaker Corporation
Timken-Detroit Axle Co.
The White Company

Ferry Process Screws will meet your requirements just as they are meeting the requirements of these prominent manufacturing firms. Whatever your needs, standard or special—in cap screws, set screws, milled studs, connecting rod bolts and screw machine products—an opportunity to consider your specifications will be appreciated.

THE FERRY CAP AND SET SCREW COMPANY, 2151 Scranton Road, Cleveland, Ohio

FERRY PROCESS SCREWS

A SHORT NATURAL HISTORY

(Continued from Page 5)

he stood; all of which, as Red Hoss figured it, was none of his affair. Had he known more he might have moved more slowly; indeed might have stopped moving altogether. But—I ask you—how was Red Hoss to know that the chief bull handler for Powers Brothers was engaged in superintending the unloading of his large living charges from their traveling accommodations in the bull car?

There were three of these bulls, all of them being of the gentler sex. Perhaps it might be well to explain here that the word "bull," in the language of the white tops, means elephant. To a showman all cow elephants are bulls just as in a mid-Victorian day, more refined than this one, all authentic bulls were, to cultured people, cows.

Obeying the insistent request of their master, forth now and down a wooden runway filed the members of Powers Brothers' World Famous Troupe of Ponderous Pachydermic Performers. First came Lena, then Baby Doll and last of all the mighty Queenie; and in this order they lumberingly proceeded, upon huge but silent feet, to follow him alongside the cindered right of way, feeling their way through the fog.

Now it is a fact well established in natural history—and in this instance was to prove a lamentable one—that elephants, unlike lightning bugs, carry no tail lamps. Of a sudden Red Hoss was aware of a vast, indefinite, mouse-colored bulk looming directly in the path before him. He braked hard and tried to swing out, but he was too close upon the obstacle to avoid a collision.

With a loud metallic smack the bow of the swerving taxicab, coming up from the rear, treacherously smote the mastodonic Queenie right where her wrinkles were thickest. Her knees bent forward, and involuntarily she squatted. She squatted, as one might say, on all points south. Simultaneously there was an agonized squeal from Queenie and a crunching sound from behind and somewhat under her, and the tragic deed was done. The radiator of Red Hoss' car looked something like a concertina which had seen hard usage and something like a folded-in crush hat, but very little, if any, like a radiator.

At seven o'clock next morning, when Mr. Farrell arrived at his establishment, his stricken gaze fastened upon a new car of his which had become to all intents and purposes practically two-thirds of a car. The remnant stood at the curbing, where his service car, having towed it in, had left it as though the night foreman had been unwilling to give so complete a ruin storage space within the garage. Alongside the wreckage was Red Hoss, endeavoring more or less unsuccessfully to make himself small and inconspicuous. Upon him menacingly advanced his employer.

"The second time in forty-eight hours for you, eh?" said Mr. Farrell. "Well, boy, you do work fast! Come on now, and give me the cold facts. How did the whole front end of this car come to get mashed off?"

Tone and mien alike were threatening. Red Hoss realized there was no time for extended preliminary remarks. From him the truth came trippingly on the tongue.

"Boss, man, I ain't aimin' to tell you no lies dis time. I comes clean."

"Come clean and come fast."

"A elephint set down on it."

"What!"

"I sez, suh, a elephint set down on it."

In moments of stress, when tempted beyond his powers of self-control, Mr. Farrell was accustomed to punctuate physically, as it were, the spoken word. What he said—all he said—before emotion choked him was: "Why—you—you ——" What he did was this: His right arm crooked upward like a question mark; it straightened downward like an exclamation point; his fist made a period, or, as the term goes, a full stop on the point of Red Hoss Shackleford's jaw. What Red Hoss saw resembled this:

* * * * * * *

Only they were all printed flashingly in bright primary colors, reds and greens predominating.

As the last gay asterisk faded from before his blinking eyes Red Hoss found himself sitting down on a hard concrete sidewalk. Coincidentally other discoveries made themselves manifest to his understanding. One was that the truth which often is stranger than fiction may also on occasion be a more dangerous commodity to handle. Another was that abruptly he had severed all business connections with Mr. Lee Farrell's industry. His resignation had been accepted on the spot, and the spot was the bulge of his left jaw.

Somewhat dazed, filled with an inarticulate but none the less sincere conviction that there was neither right nor justice left in a misshapen world, Red Hoss got up and went away from there. He deemed it the part of prudence to go utterly and swiftly away from there. It seemed probable that at any moment Mr. Farrell might emerge from his inner office, whither, as might be noted through an open window, he had retired to pour cold water on his bruised knuckles, and get violent again. The language he was using so indicated.

Presently Red Hoss, with one side of his face slightly swollen and a curious taste in his mouth, might have been seen boarding a Locust Street car southbound. He was on his way to Mechanicsville. In the back part of his brain lurked vaguely a project to seek out the man who owned those elephants and plead for some fashion of redress for painful injuries innocently sustained. Perhaps the show gentleman might incline a charitable ear upon hearing Red Hoss' story. Just how the sufferer would go about the formality of presenting himself to the consideration of the visiting dignitary he did not yet know. It was all nebulous and cloudy; a contingency to be shaped by circumstances as they might develop. Really sympathy was the balm Red Hoss craved most.

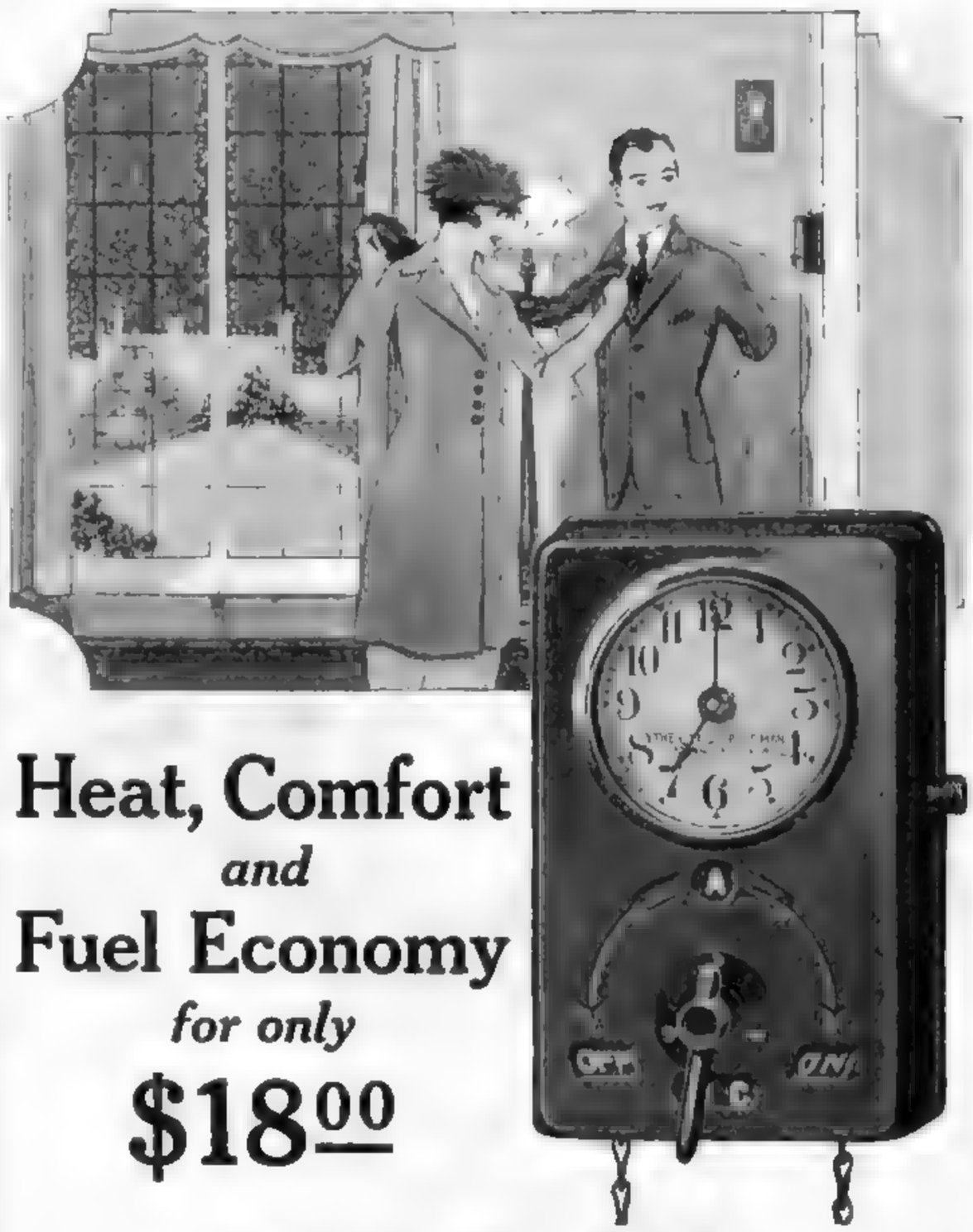
He quit the car when the car quit him—at the end of the line where the iron bridge across Island Creek marked the boundary between the municipality and its principal suburb. Even at this hour Mechanicsville's broadest highway abounded in fascinating sights and alluring zoölogical aromas. The carnival formally would not open till the afternoon, but by Powers Brothers' crews things already had been prepared against the coming of that time. In all available open spaces, such as vacant lots abutting upon the sidewalks and the junctions of cross streets, booths and tents and canvas-walled arenas had been set up. Boys of assorted sizes and colors hung in expectant clumps about marquees and show fronts. Also a numerous assemblage of adults of the resident leisure class, a majority of these being members of Red Hoss' own race, moved back and forth through the line of fairings, inspired by the prospect of seeing something interesting without having to pay for it.

Red Hoss forgot temporarily the more-or-less indefinite purpose which had brought him hither. He joined a cluster of watchful persons who hopefully had collected before the scrolled and ornamented wooden entrance of a tarpaulin structure larger than any of the rest. From beneath the red-and-gold portico of this edifice there issued a blocky man in a checkered suit, with a hard hat draped precariously over one ear and with a magnificent jewel gleaming out of the bosom of a collarless shirt. All things about this man stamped him as one having authority over the housed mysteries roundabout. Visibly he rayed that aura of proprietorship common to some monarchs and to practically all owners of traveling caravansaries. Seeing him, Red Hoss promptly detached himself from the group he had just joined, and advanced, having it in mind to seek speech with this superior-appearing personage. The white man beat him to it.

"Say, boy, that's right, keep a-coming," he called. His experienced eye appraised Red Hoss' muscular proportions. "Do you want a job?"

"Whut kinder job, boss?"

"Best job you ever had in your life," declared the white man. "You get fourteen a week and cakes. Get me? Fourteen dollars just as regular as Saturday night comes, and your scoffing free—all the chow you can eat thrown in. Then you hear the band play absolutely free of charge, and you see the big show six times a day without having to pay for it, and you travel round and see the country. Don't that acund good to you? Oh, yes, there's one thing else!" He dangled a yet more alluring temptation. "And you wear a red coat with brass buttons on it and a cap with a plume in it."



Heat, Comfort
and
Fuel Economy
for only
$18.00

The Little Draft-Man
Furnace Regulator

YOU CAN CUT FUEL BILLS this winter and yet be more comfortable than ever before. The "Little Draft-Man" Furnace Regulator accomplishes this because it provides just the right amount of air for perfect fuel combustion at all furnace heats. It so perfectly consumes fuel that no half-burned coals are left to fall into the ash-pit and be wasted.

Moreover, under "Little Draft-Man" control, furnace heat increases just rapidly enough to ignite gases and soot usually wasted through the chimney flue. Because the "Little Draft-Man" assures gradual warming and cooling of the furnace, dangerous warping of furnace parts is prevented and the life of the fire-pot and the entire furnace is lengthened. Besides saving fuel and furnace repair costs, the "Little Draft-Man" safeguards health; it provides uniform house temperatures.

The "Little Draft-Man" assures a warm house at 'rising time—it automatically opens the furnace at any pre-determined time and lets you sleep longer in the morning. Completing, as it does, the service of your heating plant, the "Little Draft-Man" increases property value, to say nothing of the time, labor and steps it saves.

The "Little Draft-Man" is a simple mechanical device without electrical connections or complicated mechanism which is mounted at elbow height on the wall of any room in the house and operates your furnace draft and damper by means of positive chain connections direct from its graduated control lever. It is set as simply as an alarm clock and operates like a self-starter on an automobile. It is installed in a few moments on any furnace and can be operated by any member of the family.

The "Little Draft-Man" is supplied as regular equipment on the products of leading furnace manufacturers. It is sold by progressive furnace and furnace supply dealers everywhere. If your dealer cannot supply you at once, write us direct.

Sahlin Manufacturing Company

21 Ottawa Avenue, N. W. Grand Rapids, Michigan

Canadian Distributors, McClary's, London, Ontario

"Please Taste Them"

Van Camp's—
The New-Way Baked Beans

Our Domestic Science experts delight in Van Camp's Pork and Beans. And to millions of homes they send out this urge to try them.

For decades we, like others, baked beans in old ways. Then we brought here famous chefs. Then college-trained scientific cooks. Then women schooled in modern culinary arts. And they worked for years to perfect this famous dish.

Then we built this kitchen—the finest in the world—at a cost of $1,700,000. And here, with every facility, they produce these new-style beans.

Ask the men

Men enjoy Van Camp's. Countless restaurants serve them now just to please the men. Watch the man when you serve Van Camp's. Mark how well he likes them.

The modern way

The beans are selected by analysis. The boiling water is freed from minerals which make skins tough.

The baking is done in steam ovens. Thus high heat can be long applied without bursting or crisping the beans. In the old ways of baking, beans were hard to digest.

They are baked in sealed containers so no flavor can escape. They are baked with a matchless sauce, so every atom shares the tang and zest.

The result is beans whole and mellow, flavory, zestful, easy to digest. It has brought to millions a new conception of baked beans. Compare it, for your own sake, with the beans you know.

VAN CAMP'S Pork and Beans

Three sizes, to serve 3, 5 or 10

Baked With the Van Camp Sauce—Also Without It

Other Van Camp Products Include

Soups · Evaporated Milk · Spaghetti · Peanut Butter
Chili Con Carne · Catsup · Chili Sauce, etc.

Prepared in the Van Camp Kitchens at Indianapolis

Van Camp's Tomato Soup

One of the 18 kinds—the finest soups created.

Van Camp's Spaghetti

Italian style, but made with the rarest ingredients.

Van Camp's Evaporated Milk

Fully twice as rich as milkman's milk—like cream.

"Sho' does sound good," said Red Hoss, warming. "Whut else I got to do, cunnel?"

"Oh, just odd jobs round this pitch here—this animal show."

"Hole on, please, boss! I don't have no truck wid elephints, does I?"

"Nope. The elephants are down the line in a separate outfit of their own. You work with this show—clean out the cages and little things like that. Don't get worried," he added quickly, interpreting aright a look of sudden concern upon Red Hoss' face. "You don't have to go inside the cages to clean 'em out. You stay outside and do it with a long-handled tool. I had a good man on this job, but he quit on me unexpectedly night before last."

The speaker failed to explain that the recent incumbent had quit thus abruptly as a result of having a forearm clawed by a lady leopard named Violet.

"'Bout how long is dis yere job liable to last?" inquired Red Hoss. "You see, cunnel, Ise 'spectin' to have some right important private business in dis town 'fore so very long."

"Then this is the very job you want. After we leave here to-morrow night we strike down across the state line and play three more stands, and then we wind up with a week in Memphis. We close up the season there and go into winter quarters, and you come on back home. What's your name?"

"My full entitled name is Roscoe Conklin' Shackleford, but 'count of my havin' a kinder brightish complexion dey mos' gin'rally calls me Red Hoss. I reckin mebbe dey's Injun blood flowin' in me."

"All right, Red Hoss, let it flow. You just come on with me and I'll show you what you'll have to do. My name is Powers—Captain Powers."

Proudly sensing that already he was an envied figure in the eyes of the group behind him, Red Hoss followed the commanding Powers back through a canvas-sided marquee into a circular two-poled tent. There were no seats. The middle spaces were empty. Against the side walls were ranged four cages. One housed a pair of black bears of a rather weather-beaten and travel-worn aspect. Next to the bears, the lady leopard, Violet, through the bars contemplated space, meanwhile wearing that air of intense boredom peculiar to most caged animals. A painted inscription above the front of the third cage identified its occupant as none other than The Educated Ostrich; the Bird That Thinks.

Red Hoss' conductor indicated these possessions with a lordly wave of his arm, then led the way to the fourth cage. It was the largest cage of all; it was painted a bright and passionate red. It had gilded scrollings on it. Upon the ornamented façade which crossed its front from side to side a lettered legend ran. Red Hoss spelled out the pronouncement:

Chieftain, King of Feline Acrobats! The Largest Black-maned Nubian Lion in Captivity! Danger!

The face of the cage was boarded halfway up, but above the top line of the planked cross panel Red Hoss could make out in the foreground of the dimmed interior a great tawny shape, and at the back, in one corner, an orderly clutter of objects painted a uniform circus blue. There was a barrel or two, an enormous wooden ball, a collapsible fold-up seesaw and other impedimenta of a trained-animal act. Red Hoss had heard that the lion was a noble brute—in short, was the king of beasts. He now was prepared to swear it had a noble smell. Beneath the cage a white man in overalls slumbered audibly upon a tarpaulin folded into a pallet.

"There's the man you take your orders from if you join us," explained Powers, flirting a thumb toward the sleeper. "Name of Riley, he is. But you draw your pay from me." With his arm he described a circle. "And here's the stock you help take care of. The only one you need to be careful about is that leopard over yonder. She gets a little peevish once in a while. Well, I would sort of keep an eye on the ostrich here alongside you too. The old bird's liable to cut loose when you ain't looking and kick the taste out of your mouth. You give them both their distances. But those bears behind you is just the same as a pair of puppies, and old Chieftain here—well, he looks pretty fierce and he acts sort of fierce too when he's called on for it, but it's just acting with him; he's trained to it. Off watch, he's just as gentle as an overgrown kitten. Riley handles him and works him, and all you've got to do when Riley is putting him through his stunts is to stand outside here and hand him things he wants in through the bars. Well, is it a go? Going to take the job?"

"Boss," said Red Hoss, "you speaks late—I done already tooken it."

"Good!" said Powers. "That's the way I love to do business—short and sweet. You hang round for an hour or two and sort of get acquainted with things until Riley has his nap out. When he wakes up, if I ain't back by that time, you tell him you're the new helper, and he'll wise you up."

"Yas suh," said Red Hoss. "But say, boss, 'scuse me, but did I understand you to mention dat eatin' was in de contract?"

"Sure! Hungry already?"

"Well, suh, you see I mos' gin'rally starts de day off wid breakfust, an' to tell you de truth I ain't had nary grain of breakfust yit!"

"Got the breakfast habit, eh? Well, come on with me to the cook house and I'll see if there ain't something left over."

Despite the nature of his calling as a tamer of ferocious denizens of the tropic jungle, Mr. Riley, upon wakening, proved to be a person of a fairly amiable disposition. He made it snappy but not unduly burdensome as he initiated Red Hoss into the rudimentary phases of the new employment. As the forenoon wore on the conviction became fixed in Red Hoss' mind that for an overlord he had a white man who would be apt to listen to reason touching on any proposition promising personal profits with no personal risks.

Sharp upon this diagnosis of his new master's character, a magnificent idea, descending without warning like a bolt from the blue, struck Red Hoss on top of his head and bored in through his skull and took prompt root in his entranced and dazzled brain. It was a gorgeous conception; one which promised opulent returns for comparatively minor exertions. To carry it out, though, required coöperation, and in Riley he saw with a divining glance—or thought he saw—the hope of that coöperation.

In paving the way for confidential relations he put to Riley certain leading questions artfully disguised, and at the beginning seemingly artlessly presented. By the very nature of Riley's answers he was further assured of the safety of the ground on which he trod, whereupon Red Hoss cautiously broached the project, going on to amplify it in glowing colors the while Riley hearkened attentively.

It was a sheer pleasure to outline a proposition to a white gentleman who received it so agreeably. Fifteen minutes after the first tentative overtures had been thrown out feelerwise, Red Hoss found that he and Riley were in complete accord on all salient points. Indeed they already were as partners jointly committed to a joint undertaking.

After the third and last afternoon performance, in which Red Hoss, wearing a proud mien and a somewhat spotty uniform coat, had acquitted himself in all regards creditably, Riley gave him a leave of absence of two hours, ostensibly for the purpose of quitting his boarding house and collecting his traveling wardrobe. As a matter of fact, these details really required but a few minutes, and it had been privily agreed between them that the rest of the time should be devoted by Red Hoss to setting in motion the actual preliminaries of their scheme.

This involved a personal call upon Mr. Moe Rosen, who conducted a hide, pelt, rag, junk, empty-bottle and old-iron emporium on lower Court Street, just off the Market Square. September's hurried twilight had descended upon the town when the scouting conspirator tapped for admission at the alley entrance to the back room of Mr. Rosen's establishment, where the owner sat amid a variegated assortment of choicer specimens culled from his collected wares. Mr. Rosen needed no sign above his door to inform the passing public of the nature of his business. When the wind was right you could stand two blocks away and know it without being told. Here at Mr. Rosen's side door Red Hoss smacked his nostrils appreciatively. Even to one newly come from a wild-animal show, and even when smelled through a brick wall, Mr. Rosen's place had a graphic and striking atmosphere which was all its own.

As one well acquainted with the undercurrents of community life, Red Hoss

(Continued on Page 149)

DORT

Quality Goes Clear Through

Over a period of time the majority of automobile buyers can be counted upon with certainty to single out the really good car from the mediocre with unerring accuracy.

And so it has come about that each year has recorded a very impressive increase in the number of buyers who register a decided preference for the Dort.

The faithful dependability of the car, its rare need for mechanical attention, its long performance life, and the uncommon calibre of its operative thrift have made their impression upon the minds and hearts of motorists.

Frankly, we regard the great national growth in Dort prestige as, in some ways, the most desirable endorsement the car could possibly receive.

For the monthly and yearly increases in sales while large have never been irregular. It has been a sure and steady mounting toward higher and higher totals.

The long list of Dort owners—numbering now well-nigh 80,000—is not the result of a fad but the conclusion of a serious search for the most desirable automobile investment.

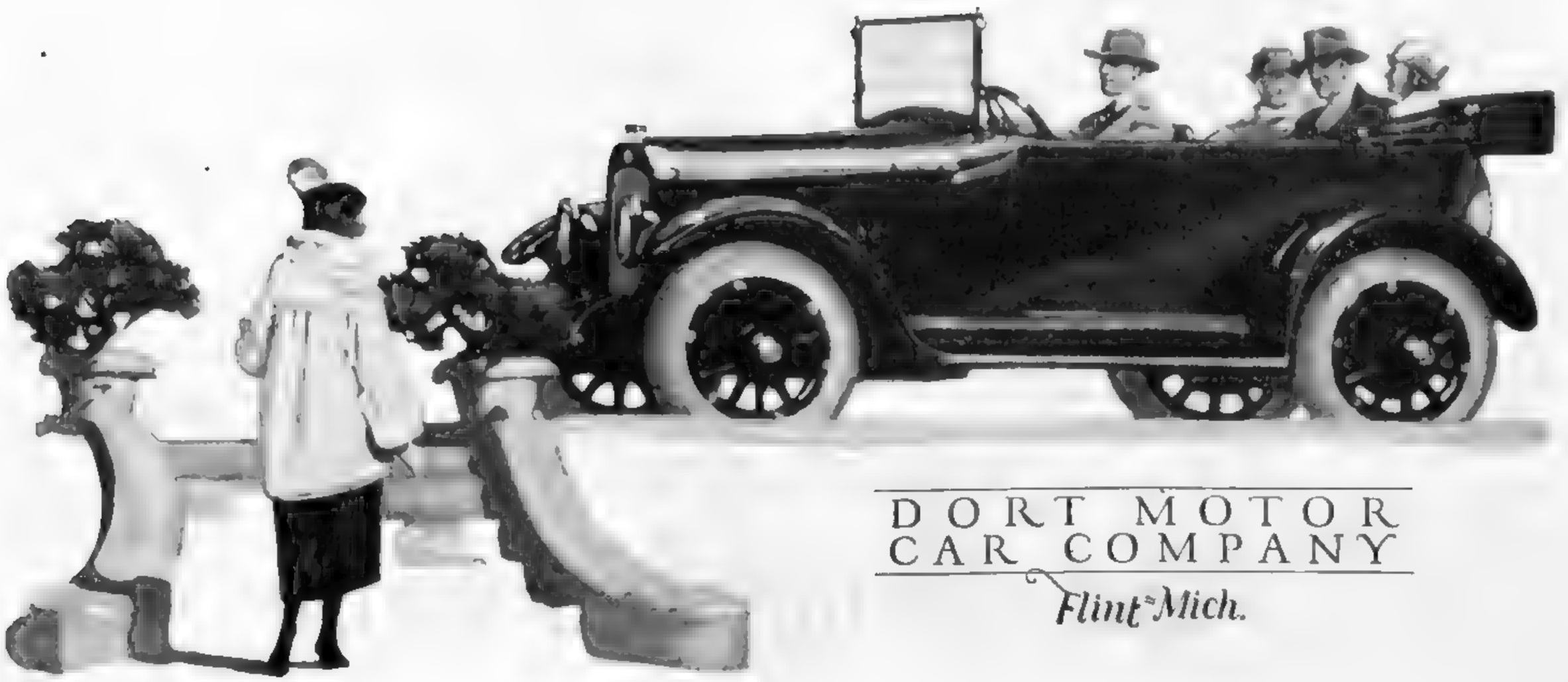
PRICES

Touring Car - - -	$1085
Roadster - - -	1085
Fourseason Sedan - -	1765
Fourseason Coupé - -	1765

F. O. B. Factory

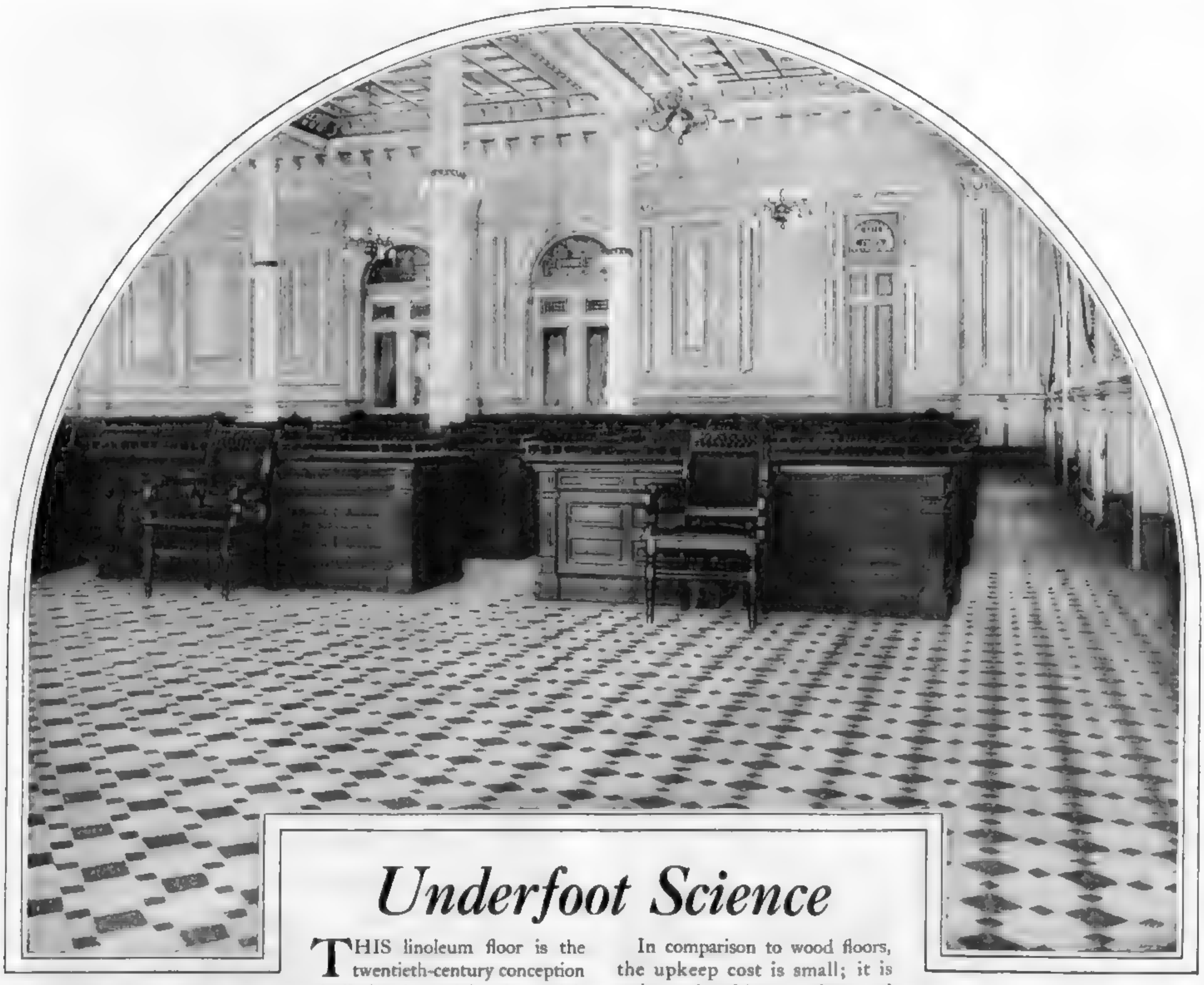
Wire wheels and spare tires extra

(561)



DORT MOTOR CAR COMPANY

Flint, Mich.



Floor of Armstrong's Linoleum in the new Oregon State Capitol, Salem, Ore.

Underfoot Science

THIS linoleum floor is the twentieth-century conception of all that is restful, safe, useful, lasting, warm, cleanly, silent, and beautiful in the underfoot part of building.

Cemented down firmly (over builders' deadening felt paper), Armstrong's Linoleum makes a permanent, long-wearing floor. Because of its durability and resiliency eight thousand yards were used on the decks of the new U. S. dreadnought, the Tennessee.

Armstrong's Linoleum is splendidly adapted to fireproof construction of public buildings, offices, hospitals, stores, libraries, churches, and schools. No sleepers are required. The linoleum relieves the hardness of the concrete base and provides a comfortable, resilient floor.

In comparison to wood floors, the upkeep cost is small; it is easier and quicker to clean and keep in good condition and does not require expensive refinishing.

If you are planning a new building, consult your architect about Armstrong's Linoleum floors. We can furnish him with data and specifications.

Write for our book, "Business Floors." It contains photographs of actual installations, plates of various colors and designs, and recommendations for different uses; also specifications for laying linoleum floors and directions for their care. Ask us to send you the name of a merchant near you who is equipped to furnish estimates and do satisfactory laying.

Look for the CIRCLE "A" trademark on the burlap back

For Business Floors

ARMSTRONG CORK COMPANY, LINOLEUM DEPARTMENT
914 Liberty Street, Lancaster, Pennsylvania

Armstrong's Linoleum

(Continued from Page 146)

shared, with many others, the knowledge that Mr. Rosen, while ostensibly engaged in one industry, carried on another as a sort of clandestine by-product. Now this side line, though surreptitiously conducted and perilous in certain of its aspects, was believed by the initiated to be really more lucrative than his legitimatized and avowed calling. Mr. Rosen was by way of being—by a roundabout way of being—what technically is known as a bootlegger. He bootlegged upon a larger scale than do most of those pursuing this precarious avocation.

It was stated in an earlier paragraph that national prohibition had not yet come to pass. But already local option held the adjoining commonwealth of Tennessee in a firm and arid grasp; wherefore Mr. Rosen's private dealings largely had to do with discreet clients thirstily residing below the state line. It was common rumor in certain quarters that lately this traffic had suffered a most disastrous interruption. Tennessee revenue agents suddenly had evinced an unfriendly curiosity touching on vehicular movements from the Kentucky side.

A considerable chunk of Mr. Rosen's profits for the current year had been irretrievably swallowed up when a squad of these suspicious excisemen laid their detaining hands upon a sizable order of case stuff which—disguised and broadly labeled as crated household goods—was traveling southward by nightfall in a truck, heading toward a destination in a district which that truck was destined never to reach.

Bottle by bottle the aromatic contents of the packages had been poured into the wayside ditch to be sucked up by an unappreciative if porous soil. The truck itself had been confiscated. Its driver barely had escaped, to return homeward afoot across country bearing dire tidings to his employer, who was reported, upon hearing the lamentable news, literally to have scrambled the air with disconsolate flappings of his hands, meanwhile uttering shrill cries of grief.

Moreover, as though to top this stroke of ill luck, further activities in the direction of his most profitable market practically had been brought to a standstill by reason of enhanced vigilance on the part of the Tennessee authorities along the main highroads running north and south. Between supply and demand, or perhaps one should say between purveyor and consumer, the boundary mark dividing the sister commonwealths stretched its dead line like a narrow river of despair. It was not to be wondered at, therefore, that the sorely pestered Mr. Rosen should be at this time a prey to care so carking as to border on forthright melancholia. Never a particularly cheerful person, at Red Hoss' soft knock upon his outer door he raised a countenance completely clothed in moroseness where not clothed in whiskers and grunted briefly—a sound which might or might not be taken as an invitation to enter. Nor was his greeting, following upon the caller's soft-footed entrance, calculated to promote cordial intercourse.

"What you want, nigger?" he demanded, breaking in on Red Hoss' politely phrased greeting. Then without waiting for a reply, "Well, whatever it is, you don't get it. Get out!"

Nevertheless, Red Hoss came right on in. Carefully he closed the door behind him, shutting himself in with Mr. Rosen and privacy and a symposium of strong, rich smells.

"'Scuse me, Mist' Rosen," he said, "fur bre'kin' in on you lak dis, but I got a little sumpin' to say to you in mos' strictes' confidence. Seems lak to me I heared tell lately dat you'd had a little trouble wid some white folkses down de line. Co'se dat ain't none o' my business. I jes' mentioned it so's you'd understan' whut it is I wants to talk wid you about."

He drew up an elbow length away from Mr. Rosen and sank his voice to an intimate half whisper.

"Mist' Rosen, le's you an' me do a little s'posin'. Le's s'posen' you has a bar'l of vinegar or molasses or sumpin' which you wants delivered to a frien' in Memphis, Tennessee. Seems lak I has heared somewhars dat you already is got a frien' or two in Memphis, Tennessee? All right den! S'posin', den, dat you wrote to your frien' dat dis yere bar'l would be comin' along to him inside of a week or ten days f'um now wid me in de full charge of it. S'posin', den, on top o' dat I could guarantee you to deliver dat bar'l to your frien' widout nobody botherin' dat bar'l on de way, and widout nobody 'spectin' whut wuz in dat bar'l, an' widout nobody axin' no hard questions about dat bar'l. S'posin' all dem things, ef you please, suh, an' den I axes you dis question: How much would dat favor be wuth to you in cash money?"

As a careful business man, Mr. Rosen very properly pressed for further particulars before in any way committing himself in the matter of the amount of remuneration to be paid for the accommodation proposed. At this evidence of interest on the other's part Red Hoss grinned in happy optimism.

"Mist' Rosen, 'twon't hardly be no trouble a-tall," he stated. "In de fust place, you teks a pot o' blue paint an' you paints dat bar'l blue f'um head to foot. De bluer dat bar'l is de more safer she'll be. An' to mek sure dat de color will be right yere's a sample fur you to go by."

With that, Red Hoss produced from a hip pocket a sliver of plank painted on both sides in the cerulean hue universally favored by circus folk for covering seat boards, tent poles and such paraphernalia of a portable caravansary as is subject to rough treatment and frequent handling. At this the shock of surprise was such as almost to lift Mr. Rosen up on top of the cluttered desk which separated him from his visitor. It did lift him halfway out of his chair.

"Nigger," he declared incredulously, "you talk foolishness! A mile away those dam Tennessee constables would be able to see a plain barrel which ain't got no paint on it at all, and now you tell me I should paint a barrel so blue as the sky, and yet it should get through from here to Memphis. Are you crazy in the head or something, or do you maybe think I am?"

"Nummine dat," went on Red Hoss. "You do lak I tells you, an' you paints de bar'l right away so de paint'll git good an' dry twixt now an' We'n'sday night. Come We'n'sday night, you loads dat blue bar'l in a waggin an' covers it up an' you fetches it to me at de back do' of de main wild animal tent of dat carnival show which is now gwine on up yere in Mechanicsville. Don't go to de tent whar de elephints is. Go to de tent whar de educated ostrich is. Dar you'll fin' me. I done tuk a job as de fust chief 'sistant wild-animal trainer, an' right dar I'll be waitin'. So den you turns de bar'l over to me an' you goes on back home an' you furgits all 'bout it. Den in 'bout two weeks mo' when I gits back yere I brings you a piece o' writin' f'um de gen'leman in Memphis sayin' dat de bar'l has been delivered to him in good order, an' den you pays me de rest o' de money dat's comin' to me." He had a canny second thought. "Mebbe," he added, "mebbe it would be better for all concern' ef you wrote to yore frien' in Memphis to hand me over de rest of de money when I delivers de bar'l. Yassuh, I reckins dat would be de best."

"The rest of what money?" demanded Mr. Rosen sharply. "I ain't said nothing about giving no money to nobody. What do you mean—money?"

"I mean de rest of de money which'll be comin' to me ez my share," explained Red Hoss patiently. "De white man dat's goin' to he'p me wid dis yere job, he 'sists p'intedly dat he must have his share paid down cash in advance 'count of him not bein' able to come back yere an' collek it fur hisse'f, an' likewise 'count of him not keerin' to have no truck wid de gen'leman at de other end of de line. De way he put it, he wants all of hissen 'fore he starts. But me, Ise willin' to wait fur de bes' part of mine anyhow. So dat's how it stands, Mist' Rosen, an' 'scusin' you an' me an' dis yere white man an' your frien' in Memphis, dey ain't nary pusson gwine know nothin' 'bout it a-tall, 'ceptin' mebbe hit's de lion. An' ez fur dat, w'y de lion don't count noways, 'count of him not talkin' no language 'ceptin' 'tis his own language."

"The lion?" echoed Mr. Rosen blankly. "What lion? First you tell me blue barrel and then you tell me lion."

"I means Chieftain—de larges' black-mangy Nubbin lion in captivation," stated Red Hoss grandly, quoting from memory his own recollection of an inscription he but lately had read for the first time. "Mist' Rosen, twixt you an' me, I reckins dey ain't no revenue officer in de whole state of Tennessee which is gwine go projeckin' round a lion cage lookin' fur evidence."

Disclosing the crux of his plot, his voice took on a jubilant tone. "Mist' Rosen, please, suh, lissen to me whut Ise revealin'

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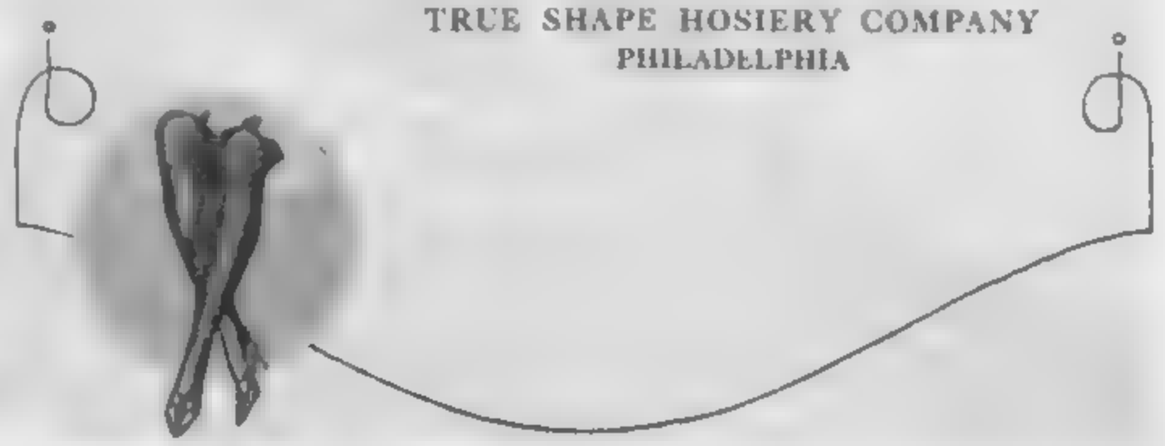

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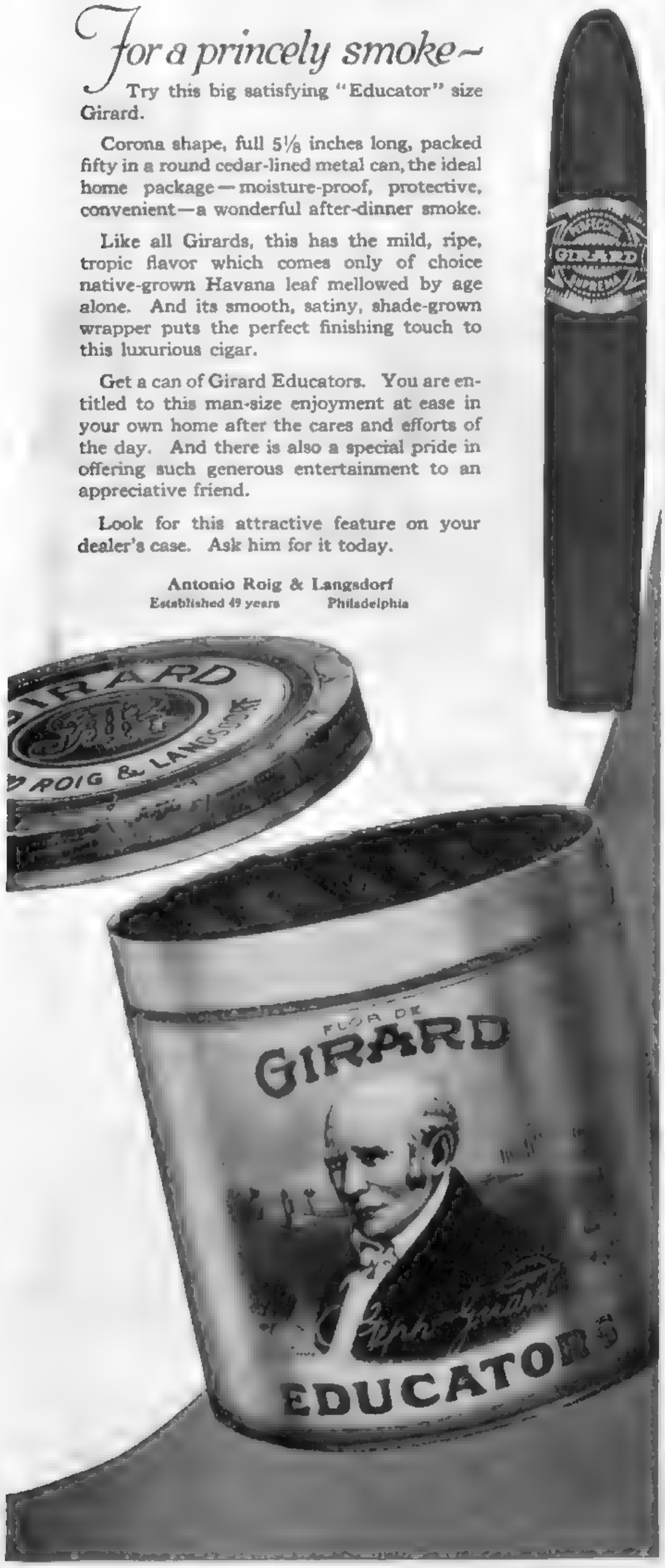

to you. Dat blue bar'l of yourn is gwine ride f'um yere plum' to Memphis, Tennessee, in a cage wid a lion'ez big ez ary two lions got ary right to be! An' now den, Mist' Rosen, le's you an' me talk 'bout de money part of it; 'cause when all is said an' done, dat's de principalest part, ain't it?"

The town of Wyattsville was, as the saying goes, all agog. Indeed, as the editor of the Wyattsville Tri-Weekly Statesman most aptly phrased it in the introductory sentence of a first-page, full-column article in his latest issue: "This week all roads run to Wyattsville."

The occasion for all this pleasurable excitement was the annual fair and races of the Forked Deer County Jockey Club, and superimposed upon that the street carnival conducted under the patronage and for the benefit of Wyattsville Herd Number 1002 of the Beneficent and Patriotic Order of American Bison. Each day would be a gala day replete with thrills and abounding in incident; in the forenoons grand free exhibitions upon the streets, also judgings and awards of prizes in various classes, such as farm products, livestock, poultry, needlework, pickles, preserves and art objects; in the afternoons, on the half-mile track out at the fair grounds, trotting, pacing and running events; in the evenings the carnival spirit running high and free, with opportunities for innocent mirth, merriment and entertainment afforded upon every hand.

This was Monday night, the opening night. The initial performance of the three on the nightly schedule of Powers Brothers' Trained Wild Animal Arena approached now its climax, the hour approximately being eight-forty-five. The ballyhoo upon the elevated platform without had been completed. Hard upon this an audience of townspeople and visitors which taxed the standing capacity of the tented enterprise had flowed in, after first complying with the necessary financial details at the ticket booth. The Educated Ostrich, the Bird That Thinks, had performed to the apparent satisfaction of all, though it might as well be confessed that if one might judge by the intelligent creature's expression, the things it thought while going through its paces scarcely would be printable. Violet, the lady leopard, had obliged by yowling in a spirited and spitty manner when stirred up with a broom handle. The two bears had given a complete if somewhat lackadaisical rendition of their act. And now the gentlemanly orator in charge, who, after his ballyhoos, doubled as master of ceremonies and announcer of events, directed the attention of the patrons to the largest cage of the four.

As was customary, the culminating feature of the program had been invested with several touches of skillful stage management, the purpose being to enhance the thrills provided and send the audience forth pleased and enthusiastic. In high boots and a tiger-skin tunic, Mr. Riley, armed with an iron bar held in one hand and a revolver loaded with blank cartridges in the other, stood poised and prepared to leap into the den at the ostensible peril of his life and put his ferocious charge through a repertoire of startling feats. His eye was set, his face determined; his lower jaw moved slowly. This steel-hearted man was chewing tobacco to hide any concern he might feel.

Red Hoss Shackleford, resplendent in his official trappings, made an elaborate ceremonial of undoing the pins and bolts which upheld the wooden panels across the front elevation of the cage. The announcer took advantage of the pause thus artfully contrived to urge upon the spectators the advisability of standing well back from the guard ropes. Every precaution had been taken, he informed them, every possible safeguard provided, but for their own sakes it were well to be on the prudent side in case the dauntless trainer should lose control over his dangerous pupil. This warning had its usual effect. With a forward rush everyone instantly pressed as closely as possible into the zone of supposed menace.

Here a curious psychological fact obtrudes. In each gathering of this character is at least one parent, generally a father, who habitually conveys his offsprings of tender years to places where they will be acutely uncomfortable, and by preference more especially to spots where there is a strong likelihood that they may meet with a sudden and violent end. Wyattsville numbered at least one such citizen within her enrolled midst. He was here now, jammed up against the creaking rope, holding fast with either clutch to a small and a sorely frightened child who wept.

Red Hoss finished with the iron catches. Behind the shielding falsework he heard and felt the rustle and the heave of a great sinewy body threshing about in a confined space. He turned his head toward the announcer, awaiting the ordained signal.

"Are you all ready?" clarioned that person. "Then go!"

With a clatter and crash down came the wooden frontage. It was a part of the mechanics intrusted to the docile and intelligent Chieftain that so soon as the woodwork had dropped he, counterfeiting an unappeasable bloodthirstiness, should fling himself headlong against the straining bars, uttering hair-raising roars. This also was the cue for Riley to wriggle nimbly through a door set in the end of the cage and slam the door behind him; then to outface the great beast and by threats, with bar and pistol both extended, to force him backward step by step, still snarling but seemingly daunted, round and round the cage. Finally, when through the demonstrated power of the human eye Chieftain had been sufficiently cowed, Riley would begin the stirring entertainment for which all this had been a spectacular overture. Such was the preliminary formula, but for once in his hitherto blameless life Chieftain failed to sustain his rôle.

He did not dash at his prison bars as though to rend them from their sockets; he did not growl in an amazingly deep bass, as per inculcated schooling; he did not bare the yellow fang nor yet unsheathe the cruel claw. With apparent difficulty, rising on his all fours from where he was crouched in the rear left-hand corner of his den, Chieftain advanced down stage with what might properly be called a rolling gait. Against the iron uprights he lurched, literally; then, as though grateful for their support, remained fixed there at a slanted angle for a brief space.

A faunal naturalist, versed in the ways of lions, would promptly have taken cognizance of the fact that Chieftain, upon his face, wore an expression unnatural for lions to wear. It was an expression which might be classified as dreamily good-natured. His eyes drooped heavily, his lips were wreathed in a jovial feline smile. Transfixed as he was by a shock of astonishment and chagrin, Riley under his breath snapped a word of command.

In subconscious obedience to his master's voice, Chieftain slowly straightened himself, came to an about face, and with his massive head canted far to one side and all adroop as though its weight had become to him suddenly burdensome, and his legs spraddled widely apart to hold him upright, he benignantly contemplated the sea of expectant and eager faces that stretched before him. Slowly he lifted a broad forefoot and with its padded under surface made a fumbling gesture which might have been interpreted as an attempt on his part to wipe his nose.

The effort proved too much for him. Lacking one important prop, he lost his balance, toppled over and fell heavily upon his side. The jar jolted his mouth widely ajar, and from the depths of his great throat was emitted an immense but unmistakable hiccup—a hiccup deep, sincere and sustained, having a high muzzle velocity and humidly freighted with an aroma as of a hundred hot mince pies.

From the spellbound crowd rose a concerted gasp of surprise. Chieftain heeded it not. With the indubitable air of just recalling a pleasant but novel experience, and filled with a newborn desire to renew the sensation, he groggily regained his feet and reeled back to the corner from whence he had come. Here, with the other properties of his act, a slickly painted blue barrel stood upended. Applying his nose to a spot at the base of it, he lapped greedily at a darkish aromatic liquid which, as the entranced watchers now were aware, oozed forth in a stream upon the cage floor through a cranny treacherously opened between two sprung staves. And all the while he tongued up the escaping runlet of fluid he purred and rumbled joyously and his tawny sides heaved and little tremors of pure ecstasy ran lengthwise through him to expire diminishingly in lesser wriggles at the tufted tip of his gently flapping tail.

Then all at once understanding descended upon the audience, and from them

(Concluded on Page 153)

The Brunswick Method of Reproduction

The ULTONA
PLAYING A BRUNSWICK RECORD

The TONE AMPLIFIER
WITH GRILL REMOVED

The more critical you are

the more you appreciate Brunswick tone

IT does not take a trained musician, however, to perceive the superiorities of The Brunswick. The difference in tone—the betterment—is easily recognizable.

Once you hear this superior instrument you will instantly award it first choice.

The several features of the Brunswick Method of Reproduction will prove highly interesting. One, for instance, will be the Ultona, our all-record reproducer. It is the only one of its kind. At a turn of the hand it presents to each type of record the proper needle, diaphragm and weight. The Ultona is *part* of The Brunswick, not an annoying attachment.

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Dependable Protection for Pedestrians and Car Owners

Weed Tire Chains

It seems unfair that a few careless owners and drivers who do not use Weed Tire Chains should imperil pedestrians and others who use this reasonable precaution to prevent skidding accidents.

When an automobile skids on a crowded thoroughfare it is more of a danger to other vehicles and persons than to itself and its occupants.

There is nothing so maddening or so nerve racking as to have another motorist skid into you, imperiling the lives of your passengers and smashing your car, especially when you know *it could have been prevented* by the use of Weed Tire Chains.

Some of the larger cities are greatly agitated over the skidding menace, and committees have been formed *to draft stringent ordinances* for the protection of pedestrians and road users.

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The courts should not regard skidding as an unavoidable accident when Weed Tire Chains, *the proven device for preventing it,* are so easily available and at so reasonable a price.

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(Concluded from Page 150)

together rose a tremendous whoop. A joyous whoop it was, yet tinged with a feather edging of jealous regret on the part of certain adult whoopers there. They had paid their quarters, these worthy folk, to see a lion perform certain tricks and antics; and lo, they had been vouchsafed the infinitely more unique spectacle of a lion with a jag on! It was a boon such as comes but once in many lifetimes, this opportunity to behold majestic Leo, converted into a confirmed inebriate by his first indulgence in strong and forbidden waters, returning to his tippling.

To some perhaps in this land of ours the scene would have served to point a moral and provide a text—a lamentable picture of the evils of intemperance as exemplified in its effects upon a mere unreasoning dumb brute. But in this assemblage were few or none holding the higher view. Unthoughtedly they yelled their appreciation, yelling all the louder when Chieftain, having copiously refreshed himself, upreared upon his hind legs, with both his forepaws winnowing the perfumed air, and after executing several steps of a patently impromptu dance movement, tumbled with a happy, intoxicated gurgle flat upon his back and lapsed into a coma of total insensibility.

But there was one among them who did not cheer. This one was a square-jawed person who, shoving and scrooging, cleft a passage through the applauding multitude, and slipped deftly under the ropes and laid a detaining grasp upon the peltry-clad shoulder of the astonished Riley. With his free hand he flipped back the lapel of his coat to display a badge of authority pinned on the breast of his waistcoat.

"What's the main idea?" His tone was rough. "Who's the chief booze smuggler of this outfit? How'd that barrel yonder come to be traveling across country with a soused lion?"

"You can search me!" lied Riley glibly. "So help me, Mike, all I know is that that barrel was slipped over on me by a big nigger that joined out with us up here in Kentucky a week ago! I told him to get me a barrel, meaning to teach the lion a new trick, and he stuck that one in there. But I hadn't never got round to using it yet, and I didn't know it was loaded—I'll swear to that!"

Cast in another environment, Mr. Riley might have made a good actor. Even here, in an embarrassing situation calling for lines spoken ad lib and without prior rehearsals, he had what the critics term sincerity. His fine dissembling deceived the revenue man.

"Well, that being the case, where is this here nigger, then?" demanded the officer.

Riley looked about him.

"I don't see him," he said. "He was right alongside just a moment ago too. I guess he's gone."

This, in a sense, was the truth, and in still another sense an exaggeration. Red Hoss was not exactly gone, but he certainly was going. A man on horseback might have overtaken him, but with the handicap of Red Hoss' flying start against the pursuing forces no number of men afoot possibly could hope to do so.

At the end of the second mile, and still going strong, the fugitive bethought him to part with his red coat. He already had run out from under his uniform cap, but a red coat with a double row of brass buttons and brass-topped epaulettes on it flashing next morning across a bland autumnal landscape would be calculated to attract undesired attention. So without slackening speed he took it off and cast it behind him into the darkness. Figuratively speaking, he breathed easier when he crossed the state line at or about five A.M. As a matter of fact, though, he was breathing harder. Some hours elapsed before he caught up with his panting.

Traveling in his shirt sleeves, he reached home too late for the wedding. Still, considering everything, he hardly would have cared to attend anyhow. Either he would have felt embarrassed to be present or else the couple would, or perhaps all three. On such occasions nothing is more superfluous than an extra bridegroom. The wedding in question was the one uniting Melissa Grider and Homer Milsaps. It was generally unexpected—in fact, sudden.

The marriage took place on a Wednesday at high noon in the office of Justice of the Peace Dycus. Red Hoss arrived the same afternoon, shortly after the departure of the happy pair for Cairo, Illinois, on a honeymoon tour. All along, Melissa had had her heart set on going to St. Louis; but after the license had been paid for and the magistrate had been remunerated there remained but thirty-four dollars of the fund she had been safeguarding, dollar by dollar, as her other, or regular, fiancé earned it. So she and Homer compromised on Cairo, and by their forethought in taking advantage of a popular excursion rate they had, on their return, enough cash left over to buy a hanging lamp with which to start up housekeeping.

Late that evening, while Red Hoss still wrestled mentally with the confusing problem of being engaged to a girl who just had been married to another, a disquieting thought came abruptly to him, jolting him like a blow. Looking back on events, he was reminded that the sequence of painful misadventures which had befallen him recently dated, all and sundry, from that time when he was coming back down the Blandville Road after delivering Mr. Dick Bell's new cow and acquired a fresh hind foot of a graveyard rabbit. He had been religiously toting that presumably infallible charm against disaster ever since—and yet just see what had happened to him! Surely here was a situation calling for interpretive treatment by one having the higher authority. In the person of the venerable Daddy Hannah—root, herb and conjure doctor—he found such a one.

Before going into consultation the patriarch forethoughtedly collected a fee of seventy-five cents from Red Hoss. At the outset he demanded two dollars, but accepted the six bits, because that happened to be all the money the client had. This formality concluded, he required it of Red Hoss that he recount in their proper chronological order those various strokes of ill fortune which lately had plagued him; after which Daddy Hannah asked to see the talisman which coincidentally had been in the victim's ownership from beginning to culmination of the enumerated catastrophes. He took it in his wrinkled hand and studied it, sides, top and bottom, the while Red Hoss detailed the exact circumstances attending the death of the bunny. Then slowly the ancient delivered his findings.

"In de fust an' fo'mos' place," stated Daddy Hannah, "dis yere warn't no reg'lar graveyard rabbit to start off wid. See dis li'l' teeny black spot on de und'neath part? Well, dat's a sho' sign of a witch rabbit. A witch rabbit he hang round a buryin' ground, but he don't go inside of one—naw, suh, not never nur nary. He ain't dare to. He stay outside an' frolic wid de ha'nts w'en dey comes fo'th, but da's all. De onliest thing which dey is to do when you kills a witch rabbit is to cut off de haid f'um de body an' bury de haid on de north side of a log, an' den bury de body on de south side so's dey can't jine together ag'in an' resume witchin'. So you havin' failed to do so, 'tain't no wonder you been havin' sech a powerful sorry time." He started to return the foot to its owner, but snatched it back.

"Hole on yere a minute, boy! Lemme tek' nuther look at dat thing." He took it, then burst forth with a volley of derisive chuckling. "Huh, huh, well ef dat ain't de beatenes' part of it all!" wheezed Daddy Hannah. "Red Hoss, you sho' muster been in one big hurry to git away f'um dat spot whar you kilt your rabbit and ketched your charm. Looky yere at dis yere shank j'int! Don't you see nothin' curious about de side of de leg whar de hock sticks out? Well den, cullid boy, ef you don't, all I got to say is you mus' be total blind ez well ez monst'ous ignunt. Dis ain't no lef' hind foot of no rabbit."

"Whut is it den?"

"It's de right hind foot, dat's whut 'tis!" He tossed it away contemptuously.

After a long minute Red Hoss, standing at Daddy Hannah's doorstep with his hands rammed deep in pockets which were both empty, spoke in tones of profound bitterness. He addressed his remarks to space, but Daddy Hannah couldn't help overhearing.

"Fust off, I gits fooled by de right laig of de wrong rabbit. Den a man-eatin' mule come a-browsin' on me an' gnaw a suit of close right offen my back. Den I runs into a elephint in a fog an' busts one of Mist' Lee Farrell's taxiscabs fur him an' he busts my jaw fur me. Den I gits tuk advantage of by a fool lion dat can't chamber his licker lak a gen'leman, in consequence of which I loses me a fancy job an' a chunk of money. Den Melissa, she up an'—well, suh, I merely wishes to say dat f'um now on, so fur ez I is concerned, natchel history is a utter failure."

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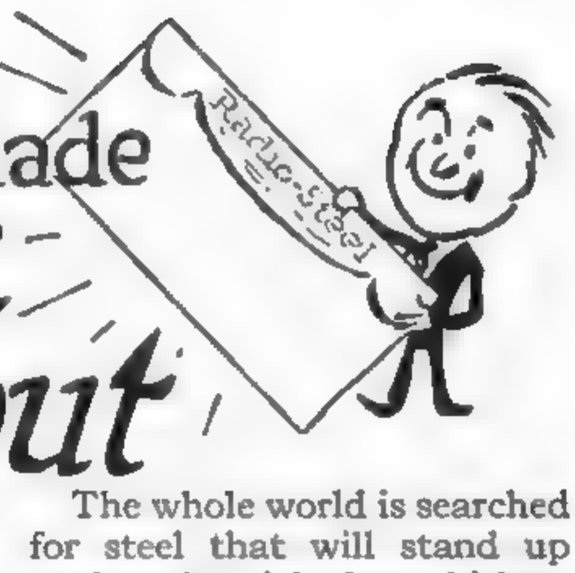

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THE LURE

(Continued from Page 13)

deliver toasts to all the mixed riffraff of celebrity that came to his board, to the actresses, the moving-picture producers, the critics, the Broadway parasites, the promoters, the gamblers, the cuddling ladies from the borderland of society, the spurious or reduced English and Russian nobility, always spread out through and over all some strange awe, some suggestion of vast, unending sobriety and integrity and gentleness and humility.

"Do you think I am making an impression upon our New York?" Brayley once asked, looking solemnly out of his clear blue eyes. "You know I'm willing to spend a good deal—not for show, but just to know people and do whatever is necessary to be well dressed and have *savoir-faire* and give people a good time."

Rathbun threw his hands in the air.

"Let's put it this way, Dick, old man," he said. "Let's say that Broadway seldom sees anyone like you."

"I enjoy the night life," Brayley said, rubbing his great hands.

"I suppose you just want to be a man about town," Rathbun bantered.

"Yes," said our rare bird innocently, "I want to."

"Well, I'll say this," said the real-estate operator, laughing: "You can drink as much as any man I ever saw."

"I don't like it much," said Brayley. "It doesn't affect me as I thought it was going to."

"The worst of it is that it never affects anyone else when you are round," Rathbun added with feeling. After a moment of reflection he added some advice. He said, "You entertain very good-looking ladies, Brayley, but you don't love any of them. I think it would be a good thing for you to love somebody—not all—one!"

"I certainly like the women I know," said the young manufacturer. "I've found them pretty refined too."

"Well, you listen to me," went on Rathbun, tapping his cigar. "Even if you can't love one, try it. You spend about a thousand dollars a week entertaining and going round to first nights and having tables engaged at two supper dances and a midnight frolic and running a big limousine here and there and on tailors' bills. Well, a lot of people do that. I think the thing for you to do is to get a lady. Get a lady with a reputation. Take her. Be seen with her. Capture her—or appear to. Climb up on her fame."

"You're not joking?" asked the other.

"Joking?" said Rathbun. "No, I'm not joking. Have you ever been in love?"

Brayley grinned.

"Well, there's Vera Savarin."

"Vera Savarin!" we all exclaimed. "The Golden Lure!"

"Sure!" said Rathbun. "Do any of you know her personally?"

"I've met her," Brisco said. "I shall say that I wished I'd been a broker."

"Have you seen her act in Everlasting?" added King, the talking-machine magnate. "She's a siren of sirens."

"The sirenest!" admitted Rathbun. "There's your bird of paradise, Brayley! Be seen everywhere with Vera Savarin—breakfast, luncheon, the dansant, dinner, supper. I understand she is going back to the movies, and she isn't playing at all now. It's your chance. She will have the time for you now."

"But how to meet her?" asked Brayley.

Rathbun swung his head round looking from table to table at Durin's. He said, "Don Osgude, her manager, is usually here. There he is now!"

The music whined and wailed and poised its notes at that moment, and then fell with crashes into a whirlpool of emotions and passions as if it were intelligent about the effect that Brayley would have on the life of the Savarin girl. Rathbun had gone over to speak to the fat and sleek Osgude.

He said to him after a moment, "Well?"

"Oh, I think he'd amuse her all right," replied the manager. "But, Rathbun, you know about her, eh? You're one of the half dozen that know."

"What?"

"Why, the secret."

"Oh—that?"

"Well, it would cost a pretty penny if the truth got out," Osgude said with feeling. "Our publicity man would go crazy! He'd faint in his tracks! We've spent thousands of dollars building against it."

Rathbun nodded.

"I've fixed it," he said when he returned. "Belloc Graeme, the moving-picture feller, is having a little Christmas party at his house in Oyster Bay. Vera Savarin will be there and me—and you, Brayley. I can get it done."

Vera Savarin, if Destiny Had Allowed Her to Go On, Would Have Become More Famous Than Any Other Vampire Woman Known to the Stage or Screen

Vera Savarin, if destiny had allowed her to go on, would have become more famous than any other vampire woman known to the stage or screen. She would have broken the hearts of those who ever saw her in a close-up. She was on the way to making a fortune. Her name would have become synonymous with the soul-wrecking profession. No one who had ever seen her ever forgot her. Nature had relieved her of effort. She was The Golden Lure by birth, contour and expression. Difficult as it is to analyze the features and personality that go to make up a rarity like Vera Savarin, anyone who ever met her face to face wondered how many men had killed themselves when she was through with them.

Her figure was of a strange perfection made up of strength, symmetry and graceful line, full but seemingly slender, and capable of appearing at times tall, sinewy and snakelike, and at other times luxurious, complacent and almost plump. No pair of eyes, whether they be green, blue or brown, ever could open quite so wide in innocence or narrow quite so viciously in terrible, sophisticated, hypnotic concentration of a horrid, irresistible will power for evil. Round those eyes other features—her nose, with its delicate nostrils, the high, white forehead, the flexible, delicate lips, the slightly incurving cheek—all were subservient attributes of perfection in a beauty that was not flat and insipid, but filled to the brim with the suggestion of all that a human being can express of heights—and depths.

"It is indeed a great pleasure to meet you," said Dick Brayley when he was introduced.

Somehow those who saw them gained the impression that if either trembled or hesitated or showed any signs of fear it was not "The Man who would be a Prince." The woman who was known as The Golden Lure because her hair, dark red in certain lights, could burst into blond brilliance at times as if a magic was at work—well, she was the one who looked into Dick's eyes with sudden doubt and gave him a hand suddenly cold from nervous tension. Perhaps she knew then by some strange intuition that he would uncover that secret of which her manager had spoken so solemnly.

Later in the evening of that first day someone asked where Vera Savarin and Dick had gone.

"They've taken a sled away from the gardener's boy," said Graeme. "They're coasting down the incline and across the tennis courts into the sunken garden. Remind me of a couple of kids. But let Vera do it. She can do it!"

"Do you know her well?" asked Rathbun.

"Not very—no," the host admitted. "But who does? She picks her own victims, I guess."

Rathbun nodded enigmatically.

A week later, when he stood among the flowering azalea plants at the entrance of Durin's putting his hat check into the pocket of his white waistcoat, the cloakroom girl, recognizing him as one of the veteran insiders of the white-light district, said to him, "This will put a big eyestrain on the guests, Mr. R."

"What's that, Nancy?"

"Vera Savarin is in to-night, sir. It isn't often the boobs get a chance to see her. You ought to heard 'em buzz when she came in with a millionaire."

She was sitting in the corner on one of the seats that ran along the wall, but turning to talk with "The Man who would be a Prince" so that her back with its fine rippling muscles and its marble whiteness made everything else in that Babylonian café appear lacking in distinction. The gown she wore was like a reptile's skin—the wet and glistening skin of a chameleon.

"Osgude, her manager, is some picker of costumers!" said Brisco. "She is certainly Stop, Look and Listen to-night. Look at that head of hair—that flash of red and gold above that tinkling green fabric!"

"That's nothing," replied Rathbun. "As we pass their table look at the emerald she wears! Brayley paid three thousand for it, and she is just wearing it to-night to please him. She has refused it as a gift—positively refused it."

"Refused it! What are you talking about? How do you know?" asked Brisco.

"How do I know a lot of the gossip of our little village?" Rathbun asked with a gesture of frank conceit.

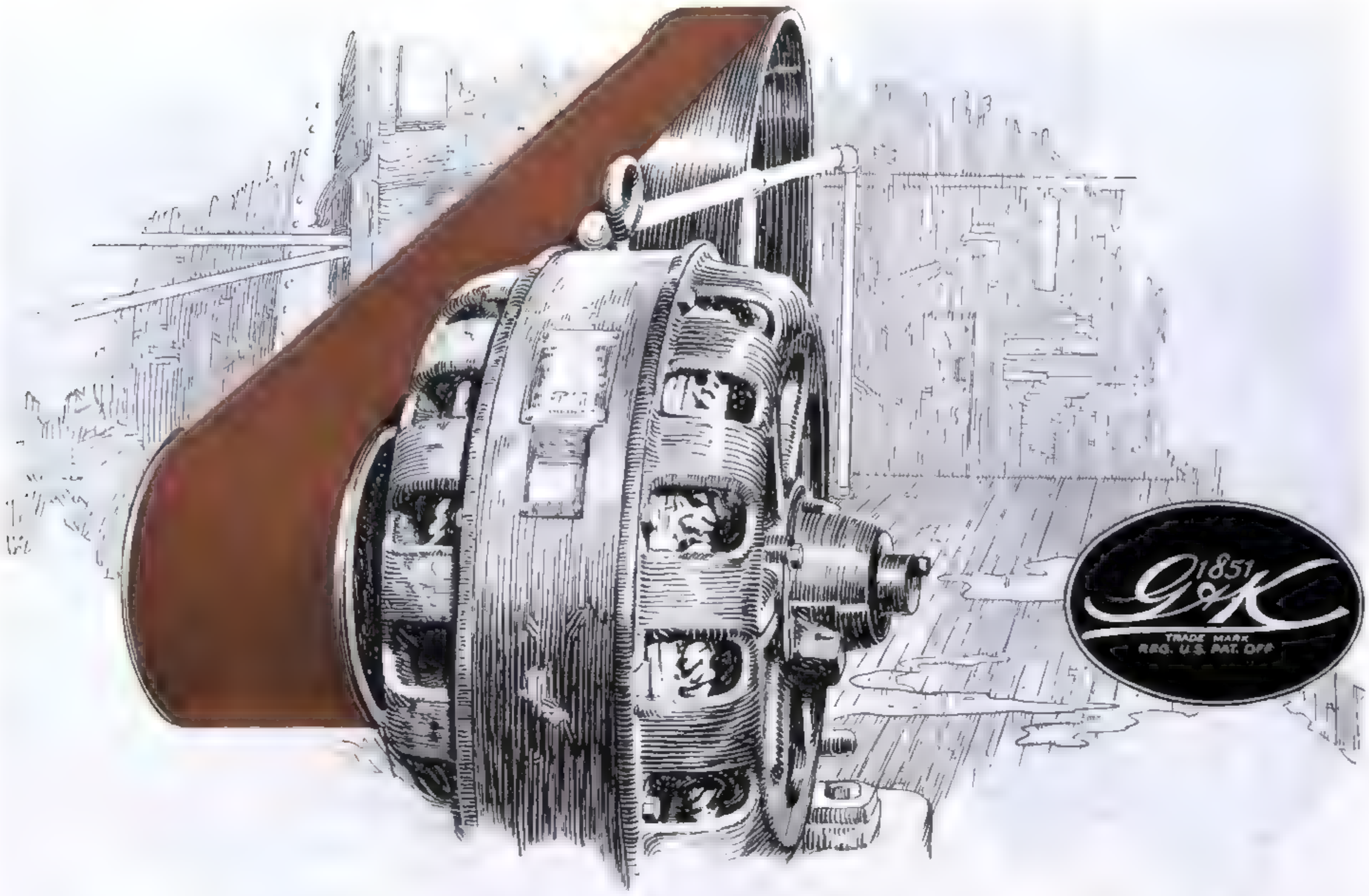
Of course it was evident that Brayley was ensnared. He fairly basked in the warmth of her smiles and the attention they attracted as they sat at dinners at the Ambervelt or Durin's or Colversan's and under the staring eyes that followed them at the dansants when the young manufacturer, who had learned to dance as he had learned all the other smart accomplishments of the smart and so-called vicious world of manners and modernity, moved among the unknowns with The Golden Lure fixing her great eyes upon his. She was creating a superb semblance of admiration that would feast upon the simplicity of this strange personality that was carried about in Brayley's big clean-limbed body.

Love? Well, who could know about that? Dick Brayley did not disclose the state of his heart to anyone.

Some woman of no consequence who had been a guest at many of his spendthrift parties said to him with catlike whining, "It must be quite wonderful to spend your time with the wickedest woman in America."

"Oh, she isn't wicked," said the simple soul. "I guess she isn't wicked."

(Continued on Page 157)



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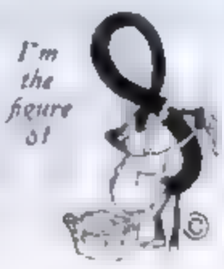

Write for the interesting book, "George Brinton's Wife." You'll enjoy it immensely—and you'll learn some very interesting facts told in story form.

(Continued from Page 154)

"She is very beautiful."

"Well, I like to hear her voice," he answered. "She has a wonderful voice to listen to."

Rathbun, however, began to be worried. He said, "I wonder what I've started? Not a tragedy, I hope."

We asked him what he meant—a playwright, a teacher of English at Harvard, and one or two others who knew Vera Savarin.

"I'll tell you," he said. "It was all right while he was spending money to be seen with her, and was showing her in the audiences of first-night performances and riding Central Park in a silk-lined motor. But Thursday night I saw them riding on a bus down Fifth Avenue, and they had dinner together on corned-beef hash in a cafeteria. What's that mean to me? Why, it's a cinch that one or the other of them has ceased to care about being seen and is more interested in the other than in all the rest of the world. I'm asking myself whether it is he or she."

Osgude, her manager, showed alarm too. He said to Rathbun: "You better call off your Newfoundland dog."

"Call off your own icicle," replied the old real-estate operator. "You control her, don't you?"

"No, I don't, Rathbun," whined the other. "You know how things are, darn it! I've got the biggest gold mine in America, but it's full of dynamite, as you know. You know her weakness. If I ever could get on a personal basis with her, why, it would be all right maybe. But look how I'm fixed!"

Rathbun just laughed with a note of satanic derision. Perhaps he knew that the inevitable, as it concerned the two, was slowly ripening like a luscious fruit filled with the juices of promise or filled with a deadly poison. Perhaps he foresaw that the end was near, hanging, ready to drop.

In point of fact, it could not have been many days after this when Brayley told Vera Savarin. He had been allowed twice to take her home to her apartment, and even to sit up in the living room of that strangely simple little retreat of The Golden Lure, talking to her till long after midnight, with the goldfish in the globe swimming about under the lamp in eternal restlessness, like the restlessness of the spirit of mankind, and the lights of the city winking white and blinking yellow beyond the roofs and roofs and roofs stretching to endlessness downtown. Each light was an eye of knowingness.

Just what they found to talk about remains perhaps a mystery—certainly their pasts had little of common ground. Perhaps they did not talk at all. Perhaps Brayley, when he could drag his eyes away from her, looked about at the simple furnishings of that nest and wondered. Perhaps she looked with that vampire look into the simplicity of his eyes and wondered too.

They were there again after midnight, and Brayley stared out the window, down the river, where the ice cakes floated like scraps of torn messages under the winter moonlight. At last he said the first word of it he had ever breathed—he said, "V, I love you."

"Oh!" said Miss Savarin as if someone had drawn a knife across her bare white arm.

"I guess it kind of bores you to hear me say that. You must have heard it till you're sick of hearing it."

"Not like that, Dick," she said, staring at him. "Nobody has ever said it—like that."

"Haven't they?"

"No, never! Always—different."

He scowled as if she had uncovered something.

"I would offer you the kind of things you'd like if I could," he said. "I've been carrying on a kind of a battle inside myself about you. I guess you will think I am a little green, after all. You'd probably think so even if I had not told you all about myself—about Spurley and mother and all. But now you're sure to think so when I—when I—well, what I was going to speak to you about was—marriage."

He blurted it out as if he were some kind of a culprit.

"You mean you want me to marry you?"

He nodded, adding, "Somehow marriage is about all that would seem to satisfy me—that would seem kind of complete."

The Golden Lure rose and stood with her white and wonderful and notorious back turned toward him, and the fine muscles under the skin rippled as if with some emotion.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Nothing," she said in a choking voice. "I want to marry you, Dick."

He put his arms round her and felt her grow limp as a runner who at the end of some grilling Marathon race yields to fatigue and exhaustion. They remained like that a long time, with Dick's lips pressed against that wealth of glistening hair that was known to ten million pairs of American eyes.

"I can't believe it," he said at last. "I thought maybe you wouldn't want me to get—well, sentimental, instead of being a man of the world."

Miss Savarin put her arms round his neck. The gesture had none of the finish that she could use in displaying her emotions upon the stage or before the camera.

"When will you take me to Spurley?" she asked.

"Spurley!" he exclaimed. "Spurley? Why, you poor dear girl, did you think marriage with me meant living in Spurley?"

He could not speak he was so astonished! She loved him enough to go to Spurley!

"Bless your heart, you don't have to go to Spurley," he said. "Why, I wouldn't go back to Spurley for twenty million dollars!"

He stopped there, because the sound of the door knob indicated that Mrs. Taussig, the old property woman of the Seager Theater, who was now maid and guardian for The Golden Lure, was coming in.

He looked up at the old woman, with her peering, curious face lined deeply with laughter and sorrow, the face that reminded one of a portrait of some old Dutch grandmother by Frans Hals. She had been an actress once, and she carried the atmosphere of ancient triumphs and glories and lost beauty, youth and power that the world had long ago forgotten. Then, with a suggestion of raising both palms in an expression of horror mingled with resignation, she shuffled out as she had come.

"Spurley," "The Man who would be a Prince" went on. "Why, I never dreamed of it! New York's the place for us. It's the garden of glamour—the place where you grew."

"I grew everywhere," said Vera. "You know my family were with the red wagon—that we were circus people."

"No, Vera," he went on, disregarding all else and suddenly eloquent, his eyes glistening with triumph and with expectancy. "Together we shall know the life I've always wanted. We shall live in luxurious comfort—not for ourselves, but for others. Everybody who sees us will know who we are. I used to think I'd kind of like vice, but I didn't, I guess. All I wanted was the *savoir-faire* and dressing well and having the celebrities come to my dinners. I can afford it too. I'm richer than you think I am. I want to be known, Vera. I want to live at night. I want to be where there is light and life and gayety. I want to hear those orchestras talking and screaming and whispering about life, and we can do that. We can always be together, dining here and there and seeing all that goes on and knowing all the big Bohemian people—the creators of modern art and literature—and dance together and—live!

"Oh, I waited a long time for it!" he said. "I never told you that. I was ashamed to tell you everything. But I wanted life. And now—well, now—with you to be with me year after year—I've found it!"

"Spurley——" she began.

"Spurley? Spurley nothing!" he said. "Not for me! Not for you! Not for us! What an idea! We'll have an apartment with some magnificence, I tell you—in the center of things. We'll rub elbows with the best and the worst. We'll lead the big life—right here in New York."

His face was flushed; he was almost out of breath. He had seen Vera put her hands with their rings over her face, but he did not know why. He only stopped when he heard her sob. Down he dropped on his knees beside her.

"What's the matter, dear?"

"Don't ask me! Don't ask me to tell you the truth!" she whispered.

"No, no!" he replied. "That's all right. I don't ask you to. That's nothing—whatever it is."

She put her hand in his hair and let her fingers, as acting on their own will, go rumpling round.

"It's gone now, dear," she said at last, gazing down at him through tears. "See, I'm smiling! I'm the happiest woman in the world!"

That night he could sleep but little. He was planning their life together. He had reached out for the top of that world which years of imagination had created for him, and his fingers had closed upon the topmost rung of his ladder! It never concerned Brayley that there were any disadvantages in being the husband of one who was known as The Golden Lure. She was beautiful, she was charming, she was lovely, she was kind and she was the soul, the essence, the living symbol of the glamour.

Brayley was triumphant.

He was still triumphant, with wide and gleaming eyes of expectancy, when he went to her apartment the next evening. He had not seen her all day. She had gone with Osgude, her manager, to some conference with a theatrical producer who happened to be in Philadelphia. She went to tell them that certain reasons had come up why she could make no contract for the rest of the season. Mrs. Taussig had let him in and asked him if he would like some coffee. He had rubbed his cold hands as he had taken off his gloves and pulled at his cold nose as he said, "God bless you, Mrs. Taussig, yes!"

And now the old actress and property woman had come with the smoking cup into the living room, and as a grandmother who feeds a yardful of chickens had stopped with her hands on her hips to watch Brayley drink it.

After he had put down the cup he looked up with that boyish smile of his, and seeing that she licked her thin dry old lips twice, he said, "What is it?"

"You aren't going to keep her in New York?" she asked suddenly as if the warning spit of steam that precedes an explosion had found its vent.

"Keep her in New York?" said he, puzzled.

The old woman suddenly walked to him, and breaking down all the artifice of a wall between them took one of his great hands between her own wrinkled, crosshatched palms.

"I'll tell you if they kill me for it," she said. "I'll tell you the truth."

He stared at her.

"You are a good man," she said. "You'll listen and you'll do what's right. Do you know the big secret about Vera—my Vera, as I call her now?"

"No."

"You must know it," she said.

"Go on."

"You know how she was born under canvas? Yes, sir! Her father was a springboard-and-elephant jumper in the circus. That's how he was killed. The mother was a bareback rider. Yes, sir. And this child—well, she had nothing but night performances and moving on and on from the beginning. She never liked it. She hates music even now, because she hated the sound of the circus band. Before she was five she was always making clothes for dolls. She wanted to play house. She wanted to get away from crowds. And when she was famous for two seasons as a child trapeze performer and her picture was on the boards as Marvella, the Child Butterfly, and people would see her on the street and say, 'That's the child—Marvella,' she would hide her face with her arms—like this—and burst into tears."

"Well?" said Brayley.

"Well, she never changed, Mr. Brayley. No, sir. She was born with that in her. Of course she never could get away from that life. How could she? That was the cross she bore, sir."

The old woman clung to his hand.

"Yes, sir," she went on, looking up into his face, "life is often like that. We all want the thing we haven't got, maybe. But think of a girl who wants a home and an evening lamp and slippers out for a husband and nice, quiet, respectable neighbors and the sound of the same church bells every Sunday morning and a house and position in some small place where she can get up in the morning and sing after breakfast is over and maybe weed the flower garden!"

"She says that?" he said in an awed and apprehensive voice.

"Yes, sir. And think of her always doomed to being where there is nothing but lights and dancing and the theatrical world and late suppers and all that dull and stupid business that goes on day after day like an old worn-out, creaking mill! Why, sir, it's heartbreaking—so it is!"

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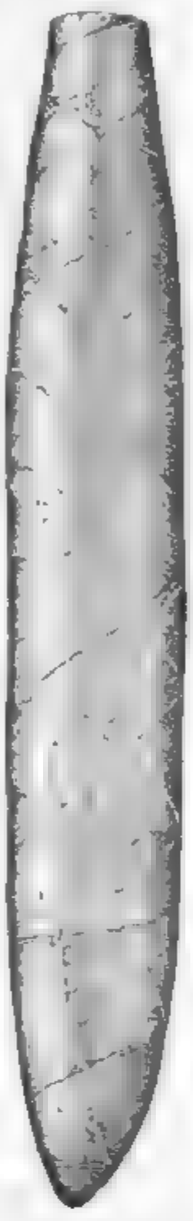

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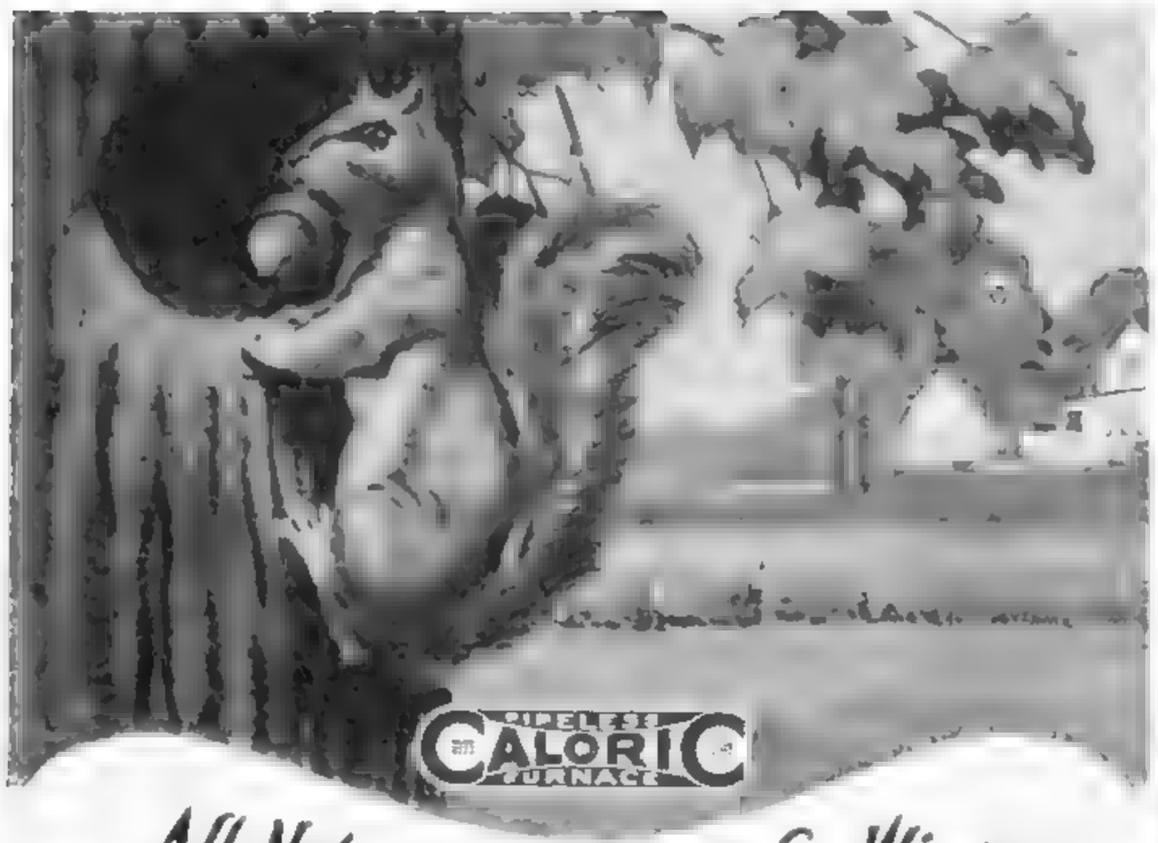

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The old lady was patting his hand now eagerly and for emphasis.

"And think of her—who is as good as gold—being made out a vampire and a wrecker of homes, when evening after evening she sits right here with me embroidering things for a home she may never have—the kind of a home she wants. Well, that's the secret, Mr. Brayley. Mr. Osgude would kill me if I told you, because if it ever got out, where would we all be for sneers and money, eh? See how she is trapped—just because she can narrow her beautiful eyes and look like Cleopatra and Boadicea and Lucrezia Borgia! And when all she wants—and all she has ever wanted—is someone to come and take her away where all's quiet and homelike, and she can go to bed at ten and maybe have a few hens in the back yard."

"Why, this can't be so!" "The Man who would be a Prince" said doubtingly.

"But it is, sir! Otherwise may I be struck down in my own blood. What do you suppose that canary and these goldfish mean? If it isn't so, why are those cabinet drawers over there filled with her embroideries and plans she has drawn for houses where she would like to live and sketches of homes under big arched trees?"

"You mean she draws pictures?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Let me see one."

Mrs. Taussig rose rheumatically and produced a sheet of drawing paper from the desk. He looked at it long and hard, several times passing his hand over his forehead as if to brush away some confusion of ideas that pressed forward from within his head.

"I'll be dog-goned!" he said, holding the sketch out from him. "When did she draw this?"

"Just last November, sir."

"Huh! A big square house—a picket fence—and trees hanging over—nasturtiums, maybe. Well, I'll be dog-goned!"

He looked up suddenly at Mrs. Taussig. He asked, "Then she isn't?"

"No, sir, she isn't. She isn't any vampire, I suppose you mean. No, sir, she's just a soul all draped over with lies. God put a kind of lie into her body and her face—and Osgude and the others did the rest, sir."

Brayley was silent.

"Well," said he finally, "you said that some of us want just the thing we haven't got. I suppose maybe that's the real lure of life—the real lure."

"Yes, sir, it is!" said the old woman. "It is, until we get settled, sir. That's why she cried so last night after you'd gone. Not that she didn't love you. Only, when it was you—and she thought you were different and meant different when you spoke of love—why, at first she thought you meant to give her all she'd ever wanted and take her back to Ohio, and all of that. And when you spoke as you did, sir ——"

She threw her old arms apart in a gesture of tragedy.

"But look here!" exclaimed Brayley. "She never said a word to me!"

"And why?" said Mrs. Taussig. "Why? Because she loves you, sir. Because you told her your happiness was lying here, right in the very midst of all she wants to leave! Because she put your happiness first, Mr. Brayley—heaven bless her for that!"

He may have turned a little white as he jumped up and stood with clenched hands.

"Just let me alone to think," he said.

Mrs. Taussig took her hands off her hips, and taking the little Japanese tray with the empty cup and the cream she tiptoed out.

He went to the window and stood with his forehead pressed against the icy pane, gazing out, down the river at the many-eyed city that he had thought he could love so well. There was the life he thought he could love and that he thought would be his only love! There was the life that he had hoped would learn to love him! There it was, with all its glamour and all its mystery!

"But, after all, life is life," he said aloud.

He had his struggle. Perhaps with him and all he could give her he could satisfy her here after all. But he thought of all her dreams. They had been like his—secret, long, unsatisfied, unfulfilled.

"No, by heaven!" he said at last. "There can't be two ways in this!"

He went to the telephone.

"Gimme long distance."

After a few moments he said, "I want to get Spurley, Ohio."

When she came in she was rosy with the cold.

"I thought you'd be here," she said; and added, "Yes—waiting for me."

"I was."

Throwing aside her wraps and furs, she kissed him.

"Maybe I ought to tell you I've kind of changed my mind," he said. "I guess that we don't want to live in New York, do we? How'd you like a small town out West. And say a big, square, white house under some maples, eh? Perhaps we'd really—well, kind of enjoy each other more in the long run in quiet, where we could have a regular home and so on. I guess maybe you were right about it. Anyhow ——"

She gasped.

"Well, we can try it and see," he answered.

"You don't mean it, Dick!"

"Sure I do! Look here! I've got a photograph of the place I left. I took it to remember it by. That's our old home in Spurley. I guess I've done Spurley an injustice. It's in a lovely country."

She looked and looked and looked at the picture.

"Oh, Dick!" she exclaimed.

"I suppose I ought to tell you I'd sold the place. Yes, to the undertaker—to Daniels, the undertaker. But that's all right.

"Don't you get scared. No. I just telephoned out to Spurley and bought it back. I thought maybe you'd like to live in a place like Spurley, where ——"

"What?"

"Where you could be the first lady of the town and have a little garden out back and ——"

Her chin was on his shoulder, her cheek—the cheek of the famous Vera Savarin—was next to his.

"And then what?" she asked like a child hearing a fairy story and looking at the soiled picture.

"Maple trees!" he said. "And two of them are sugar maples. You see, there's a picket fence, painted white. There'd be a good place to plant a row of nasturtiums!"

He pointed.

"And then what?" she asked.

"There's a place for a swing between those two trees. It would be a good place for a child to play."

"One?" she asked.

"Yes."

"A thousand!" she exclaimed.

After a moment she said, "So I'm going to have it after all?" as if she could not believe it.

"Sure!" said he with a sudden note of understanding and pure joy. "The whole darn lure!"

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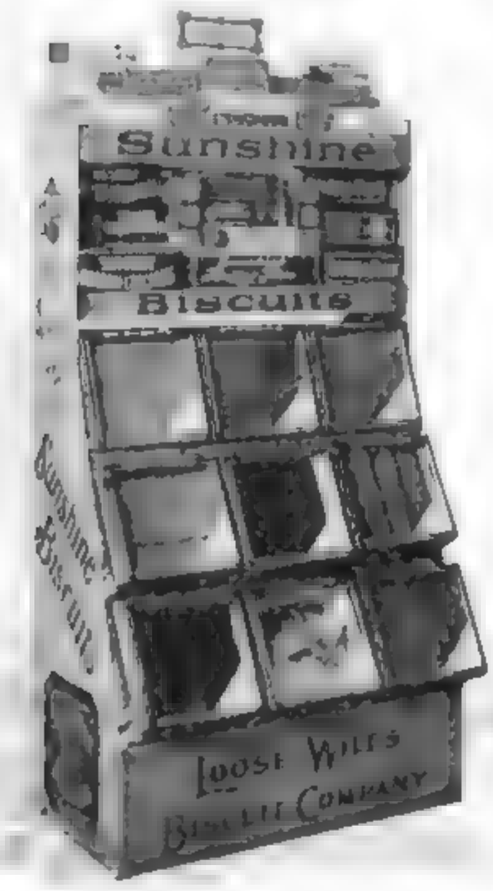
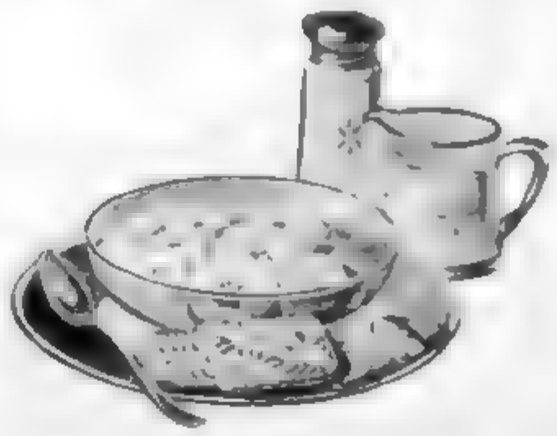


Sunshine Orbits with Fruit Punch

Make one quart of lemonade. To this add ½ glass of cherry syrup. Pour into glasses and add candied cherries, cubes of pineapple and top with thin slices of orange. Serve with Sunshine Orbits.



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DOINGS IN THE DOLDRUMS

(Continued from Page 15)

by a considerable and widely distributed inquiry, is that it would make no difference to the general result if both the candidates remained parked on their porches, both went out stampeding round, or both went fishing.

However, there must be campaigns to justify the existence of the campaigners, and national committees and state committees and all down the line. How could the speakers speak if there were no speakers' bureaus? What sort of a quarters would a Western or an Eastern headquarters be without a head, and what would become of the great engines of publicity and propaganda? How would a candidate know he really was a candidate, all nominated and everything, unless a herd of solemn notifiers notified him four or five weeks after the event, and gave him an opportunity to tell the world that the hands of his opponents are daubed with perfidy and that they are no better otherwise than they should be in several particulars?

These things must be done, else the whole political fabric is rent asunder—the house falls—the stuff is off. Thus we attach momentous importance to the mechanics of it all and pay slight heed to the manifestations. Think of the vast concern and comfort it is to the American people to feel sure that Will Hays is right there on the job directing the campaign for Harding; and of the enormous consequence to us all it is to know that Homer Cummings isn't Democratic chairman now and George White is!

Of course, there emerged one day a personal advisory committee selected by the Republican candidate, and consisting of John W. Weeks, of Massachusetts; Charles D. Hilles, of New York; A. Tobias Hert, of Kentucky; Raymond Robins, of Illinois, and Harry Daugherty, of Ohio, to advise the management or manage the advisement, whichever it may be; and James M. Cox is his own executive committee, advisory committee and manager, but Will Hays is the Republican chairman and George White is the Democratic chairman. We cannot escape that. Neither can the candidates.

Nothing Like Coördination

This then leads us to the important subjects of coördination and conference, without which no campaign can be conducted or any conductor campalgned. This is a solemn hour, as Bill Borah said after he threatened to bolt for the twenty-seventh time and Henry Cabot Lodge, in a cold but cultured manner, told him to be on his way. Conference and coördination are solemn subjects, befitting to the solemnity of the hour. Also they are the end, aim, object, occupation and excuse for national and other Presidential campaign committees. To coördinate properly there must be frequent conference, and to confer correctly there must be complete coördination. The work of coördination begins each morning at nine o'clock and is done at conferences that last until supper time. No person at a national headquarters talks, speaks, converses or holds any oral, vocal or audible discourse with any other person. They all confer, and while conferring they coördinate.

It is inspiring to see Will Hays come into headquarters, active, eager, enthusiastic, and to note him plunge into a series of conferences one right after the other—and conferences with Harry New and the janitor and everybody; and it makes one feel that the Cox campaign is in safe hands to watch George White hasten to confer with Pat Harrison, and Wilbur Marsh coördinating with Norman E. Mack.

"And what is doing," I asked one of the chiefest of the chief men at the Republican headquarters, "in this busy hive of political industry?"

"The work of coördinating is going on," he told me, and his words were full of grave import.

"Coördinating what?" I inquired.

"Why, coördinating the national committee and the executive committee and the advisory committee and the senatorial campaign committee and the congressional campaign committee and the various bureaus."

"But we outsiders had thought that this organization was a going concern, ready to take hold the minute the candidate was nominated, and here it is almost the first of September and you are not coördinated yet."

"You do not understand," he replied. "Coördination is necessary imperative, indeed. Without coördination we cannot win; with it ——"

"You can confer," I broke in.

"Exactly," he said. "Conference and coördination—those are the essentials for victory."

That being the case, I am prepared to state that this present Republican National Committee is heavily surcharged with both—saturated, indeed. And over at the abiding place of the Democratic conferees and coördinators, though the work at the time of writing is not so far advanced, it may be said to be well under way. They are pretty nifty coördinators on the Democratic side also—pretty nifty. It is just possible they do not get out so many blanks or have so many forms to fill in as the Republicans, but give them time—give them time.

It is most instructive and interesting. The chairman confers with the vice chairman and the vice chairman confers with the executive chairman and the advisory committee, which was chosen by the candidate and is composed exclusively of chairmen, confers all over the place. The treasurer confers with all the chairmen—and condoles with them too. The head of each bureau confers with his assistant. The assistant confers with his hired help. The hired help confer with the messengers. The messengers confer with the doorkeepers. The doorkeepers confer with the office boys. The office boys confer with the elevator conductors, and down at Marion, Ohio, in the pale moonlight that silvers the historic porch, the candidate confers with his cigar, or out on a train, speeding from one talking place to another, the other candidate confers with himself, while coordination goes on apace.

Coördination, in its high political sense, is comparatively new in our campaigns. Mark Hanna knew little about it, and it is doubtful if Frank Hitchcock or Joe Dixon or Norman Mack or Tom Taggart used it extensively. There was considerable of it in the 1916 campaign, when Brethren Willcox and McCormick utilized it impressively, and it has burst forth this year in full flower and form. After a careful study I am able to define it thus: Coördination is either getting everybody to do nothing or nobody to do everything. Also it is a scientific manner of giving a man of authority no responsibility, or a man of responsibility no authority. When specific coördination is observed it means that somebody is getting the hook, and when there is most coördination it means that everybody is passing the buck.

The General-Staff Idea

Generally speaking, there are more Republican conferences and more Republican coördination than Democratic, not because the Republicans have more to confer about or more to coördinate, but because the Republicans have been officered and directed by a general staff, while the Democrats have been led by a general. There hasn't been much in the line of Democratic conference in the last eight years, and what coördination has been done has been coordination with, not coördination of, if you get what is meant; and all those who did not coördinate with were soon without. Nor does it seem likely that the Democratic Party is in much better case this year, for there are signs that the Democratic managers, however earnestly they seek to do their own coördinating, will find it done for them. The general-staff idea makes no hit with James M. Cox. He will have a staff, but it will not be general—same as with an illustrious party colleague of his for the past eight years.

"The leadership of the party has passed to you," said the President to Cox, when Cox made his visit to the White House.

It is a good thing it passed quietly and in an orderly manner. J. Cox would have taken it, anyhow, being that sort of a man and going after what he needs in his business rather than waiting for what he wants to seek him out. As will be observed, Mr. Cox will be his own manager. He will run his campaign. His conception of leadership is to lead. That is what he will do. This will give his associates ample time for

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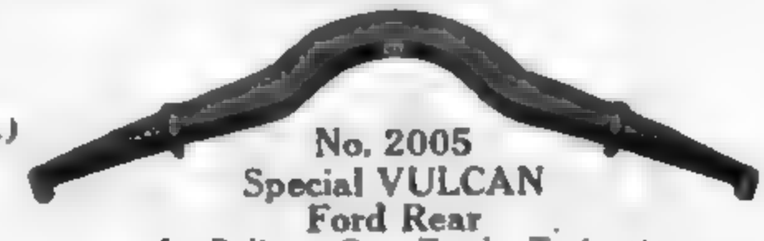

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conference and coördination. They may be getting all coördinated up by November. Meantime Cox will attend to details.

Many of the men who were most active for Cox at San Francisco and who did most to bring about his nomination cannot justly be classed as Wilson Democrats. They are Democrats without the definitive designation. But there are large numbers of Democrats who are Wilson Democrats, including Mr. Wilson himself. Underneath there is quite a sharp division on the matter of the label. Some like it and some do not. Those who do not were not in favor of any very marked tabbing of himself by Cox as of the Wilsonian variety of Democrat, and there was considerable discussion, but not with Cox, as to the proper course for the candidate. Should he go to Washington or not?

The astute and loyal politicians who are of the personal staff of the President never contemplated for a moment that such a slight should be put on the President as would be indicated by a Democratic candidate remaining away from the White House; nor did the astute candidate contemplate any such slight. He is as good a politician as any in Washington—better than most. On the matter of the peace treaty he had set forth two reservations himself, which in effect would undot several i's and uncross several t's, but he was sure there was a common ground. There was. He went to Washington, and it was announced that he and the President were in full accord.

Cox is a courteous gentleman, not a boor or a blinded partisan. As nominee of his party for President, it was due to the man who has been leader of that party for eight years, and who is now President, to call on him, especially as he is ill. Therefore no matter what the blinded partisans said, he made the call. Also, Cox is a practical politician. He knows that it requires money to run a campaign, and that since 1912 the men who have been supplying the necessary money to the Democratic campaign are all friends of Wilson. For practical reasons, and in addition to the courtesy due to the President, Cox could not, as a politician, offend and close that source of supply—and he didn't.

Mr. Cox and His Chairman

It was all neatly and expertly done. Mr. Wilson expressed sufficient interest in Cox and Mr. Cox expressed sufficient interest in Wilson. They had the common ground of the Democratic platform to stand on, and it takes no equilibrist to maintain himself on that broad and comprehensive document. Then some of the Wilson men tried to press it a bit, but found difficulties in their way. Homer Cummings, chairman of the Democratic National Committee, is a Wilson man, and was one of the foremost representatives of the President at San Francisco. His speech as temporary chairman of the convention was read and approved by the President before Cummings delivered it, and he was Wilsonian always at the convention. Some of his friends and some of Mr. Wilson's friends thought that Cox should continue Cummings as chairman of the committee, to run the Cox campaign. Thus the question of tying Cox in closer with Wilson came up again.

There was much pother about this. Though it is doubtful if the President bothered his head about it, the politicians bothered their heads considerably, and certain of them said this would be too much—this further evidence of Cox's being chained to the Wilson chariot, this further subordination that naming a man for chairman who was so closely identified with the President would indicate.

It was pointed out that Cox had rendered all necessary homage to the President, and there has been no statement that the White House is not of this opinion also; albeit up to the time of writing nothing has come from the White House about the Cox speech of acceptance in which he set forth his conception of the issues of the campaign. However, that may come, or it may not. In any event, Cummings was not made chairman, and the anti-Wilson men had their way. Thus, it will be observed, do politics enter into our presidential campaigns—enter and emerge; and thus again, it will be noted that James M. Cox politically has passed the period of youth and is a good handy journeyman worker.

Senator Harding had no such concern over his chairman. He obtained a chairman by eleven P. M. on the day he was nominated, and he wasn't nominated until along about six P. M. It was felt in some quarters that the senator had many pressing matters to occupy him, and that he really should not be bothered—much—over his chairmanship.

However, as the campaign progressed it was noted that former Senator John W. Weeks, of Massachusetts, a large, calm and deliberate man, was frequently in consultation with the candidate, and that Charles Dewey Hilles, not so large, but calm and deliberate also, and with the experience of a chairmanship or two as an asset, was called in—and some others. And the work of coördination progresses.

It is an absurd but prevailing obsession of the men who nominate candidates for President that they make the issues for a campaign also. This obsession was never more marked than in the preliminaries of the present campaign. Supporters of the President, deeply concerned over the failure of the Senate to ratify his peace treaty and his League of Nations, held the ratification and indorsement of the presidential idea to be paramount. Similarly the men, especially the Republicans in the Senate, who opposed the presidential idea and refused ratification except with their own amendments, reservations and interpretations, held their views to be the paramount issue before the people—the indorsement of their action. Both of these views were and are intensive, and due to the Washington environment.

Blindness to National Opinion

The most marked effect of official life in Washington is the conviction that comes to all the men who are stationed there in high official positions that as Washington thinks so must the country think. They lose their perspective. They get out of touch with the people. They are cooped up, one with another, and presently and invariably they come to think that all that is important, governmentally and politically, in this country is what they deem important and what they put forward as important. The fight over the League of Nations and the treaty went on for months, to the exclusion of almost every other topic of legislative or executive interest. They thought of nothing else, talked of nothing else, worked at nothing else, and they felt that the people must be as interested and as concerned as they were. The President felt the same way. As Washington thinks, so must the nation think—and act.

Now the people were interested for a time, as much as a people can be in an academic question of this sort, in the League of Nations, Article Ten, reservations, interpretations and all the rest of it, but only for a time. Presently they came to be bored stiff with the whole business. They are bored stiff with it now. They were bored stiff when the Republicans made their platform and more bored than that when the Democrats made their platform. They did not understand it, did not want to understand it and do not give a hoot about it—as a whole, I mean. Of course there are plenty of individuals who are lined up one way or another, but the people in the voting mass passed the whole matter up long ago and turned to other things.

The senatorial politicians on both sides could not see this. They were so saturated with the question in all its aspects that it was inconceivable to them that the people should not be intensely interested in, on tiptoe about the league and the treaty, and that this would be the great issue. However, they ran very true to platform form when they made that platform pronouncement about it. The Republicans formulated a statement of this issue elastic enough to let everybody in, and the Democrats made their platform with the idea of keeping nobody out.

It was the same with the wet-and-dry issue. The men from the big cities came to the conventions insisting that the wet-and-dry issue was the great issue in the minds of the people. This was particularly so at the Democratic convention. It was held by many of the best politicians there that the Democrats must make a decided stand on the question. This was another case of intensive view. It was the view of the men from the big cities. It prevailed to some extent at Chicago also, but not to the San Francisco degree.

To the great amazement, it was discovered that the people, as represented by a majority of the delegates, did not think the

(Concluded on Page 165)

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(Concluded from Page 162)

wet-and-dry issue a predominant issue. They looked on prohibition as water over the dam and, as a matter of fact, were in favor of it largely. This dry sentiment, as represented in both conventions, precluded any direct action on the wet side of it; but the wets at San Francisco thought they won a partial victory by the nomination of Cox, who is held to be liberal in his liquor views.

The pronouncements of both candidates on the wet-and-dry issue are made, and they are sufficiently moral and sufficiently vague to hold party wets and not discourage party drys. We find both candidates standing for law enforcement, but both hedging a little along the lines of lighter beverages—not much, but with a slight slant. The determination of some of the big city politicians to rally their wet boys on the basis that, no matter what the Democratic platform does say or does not say, the candidate is the platform on the question, made it necessary apparently for Chairman White, of the Democratic committee, to issue this statement:

"The Democratic Party is not going to base its campaign on a beer-and-light-wines policy. It will stand squarely on the national platform and for law enforcement. The wets can interpret this platform any way they choose."

Certainly! So can everybody else, but it is to be noted that the candidate did not make this announcement. The chairman made it. Still, that isn't the point. The wet-and-dry outcome proves again what was proved by the league issue. The politicians thought wet and dry the most important matter. The senators thought the league the most important issue. So did the President. They thought their view was the popular, the national view.

There are evidences, especially in the cities, that there will be a pressing of the wet-and-dry matter by the Democrats, and that a sort of thirst-to-thirst campaign will be made in states like New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Illinois and California, where it is thought the wet sentiment can be capitalized politically. A campaign of this sort must necessarily be a sort of *sub rosa* campaign. It may happen that in this way the Republicans will be more or less forced to a dry stand in certain states, and the Democrats take the wet end of it. This will not be a national demonstration, but work by states, behind a smoke screen of the league, industrial unrest, and so on.

The Senatorial Situation

What has happened only goes to prove again that though politicians can propose issues the people make issues. This has already dawned on the campaign managers, for we find on both sides a reaching round for other issues, for new stuff. The fact of this situation, as evident late in August, is that the league issue is not the important popular issue. We observe each candidate trying out other things. Candidate Harding has made a tentative cast of the tar ff into the situation, and Candidate Cox is reaching about for more vital talking points.

The Republicans are beginning to subordinate the league to Democratic extravagance, and the Democrats are proposing tax reform.

Meantime there come solemn warnings from the campaigners of the Senate and the House urging the people not to overlook the importance of the Senate and House elections.

"What boots it," the Republicans say, "if we elect a President and do not support him with a Republican Senate and a Republican House?"

Then they show that it will not boot a single solitary boot, because if Harding is elected and the Senate is Democratic, Harding will be in the same case President Wilson has been in for the past two years—inoperative to a large degree.

Looking at it from this angle, the Republicans seem to be in a parlous position. As the Senate stands now, the two parties split practically even, for of the two Republican majority that normally exists Senator Newberry is not active, owing to the investigation of his election and his conviction under the Corrupt Practices Act, and Senator La Follette, whose vote is imperative to hold the Senate for the Republicans, is not now counted as other than an individualist, as likely to vote against the Republicans as with them. Gronna, of North Dakota, was defeated by a Non-Partisan League man, and this vote must be held to be similar to the La Follette vote so far as upholding Republicanism is concerned.

In addition to this, the seats of Brandegee, of Connecticut; the Ohio successor to Harding; Lenroot, of Wisconsin; Moses, of New Hampshire; Smoot, of Utah; Spencer, of Missouri; and Wadsworth, of New York, are none too sure, owing to various political causes and effects. However, the Democrats are uneasy about Chamberlain, of Oregon; Beckham, of Kentucky; Nugent, of Idaho; Phelan, of California; Smith, of Maryland, and the candidate in Colorado to succeed Thomas.

The Senate is considerably more important to the senators than the presidency. Senators will have a large say in this campaign on the Republican side.

Harding is a senator and was nominated by his colleagues He announced after his nomination that he considers the vice presidency a most important office, and if elected will invite the Vice President to sit in the Cabinet meetings, thus tying the Senate in very closely to his administration, as the Vice President is practically a senatorial appendage to our Government and is the presiding officer of that body, with the deciding vote in case of a tie. Contrawise to this, Candidate Cox is reported to have said to Franklin D. Roosevelt, the Democratic candidate for Vice President: "Frank, you are a fine man, and I like you; but don't get the idea into your head that if we are elected you will sit in the Cabinet, for you will not."

The One Basic Issue

Hays is held in high esteem by the senators who nominated Harding, and was considered by them and some others as a possible candidate for President this year. Hays is young, energetic and has ideas. In all probability his share of the conduct of the campaign will be senatorial in its aspects, and so far as outward appearances go, the Republican senators will be responsible for the campaign, but there may be interior demonstrations of a different character.

Admitting that the senators who will be so powerful in the Republican campaign will endeavor to keep the league as the paramount issue, and admitting that the friends of the President will make the same endeavor in the Democratic campaign, and that both candidates will go as far as may be necessary along those lines, the fact remains that neither the league nor any other issue, save one, will be the paramount issue. All issues have been bunched by the American people, made relative and incidental to the one main issue, and that issue is the issue of Wilson and Wilsonism.

The people will be lined up at the ballot box either in indorsement of the President and his policies—all of them, not alone the league—or against his policies. That was determined long ago. This campaign, at the time of writing, is over so far as the result is concerned.

It may be contended that if the people support Wilson and Wilsonism they will support the league. Certainly, but the league isn't the only thing they will support. It is an incidental thing. The issue is Wilson and all his works and all his workers. Similarly, if the people do not support Wilson, that will not mean so much a league repudiation as it will mean a Wilson repudiation *in toto*. Wilson may stand for the league, but the people will not allow the league to stand for Wilson. They are either for or against many other policies and performances. Cox and Harding are the instruments for the expression of that support or repudiation. Just that.

The game will continue for some weeks yet, but the score was determined some time ago. You may put pin wheels on the Washington Monument, and they will make a great splutter and spark and show, but they won't affect the stability or the solidity or the immutability of the monument. Not at all. It would take an earthquake to topple that structure.

It's the same with the popular determination in this campaign. Pin wheels will be pinned on it unceasingly from now to election day, but unless there is an earthquake that determination will continue as at present. The people make the issues, and they have made this one. It is comprehensive, all-embracing. It will be decisively handled. Verbum and three ringing saps!

Cribbage Players! Is 6-8-7 a 3-card run?

LEARN Cribbage. It is as interesting for two people as Auction Bridge for four. Send for the book, "The Official Rules of Card Games." It will teach you how to play this game and any other. Contains 300 games. 20 cents postpaid. With this book and a pack of

BICYCLE PLAYING CARDS

you are equipped for clean, wholesome, spirited amusement all the time. Bicycles are preferred by card players everywhere because of their large indexes, their smooth finish, and their long-wearing qualities. They eliminate eye-strain, make shuffling easy, and dealing accurate.

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Please send postpaid the new Official Rules of Card Games and "Auction at a Glance." I enclose 20

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Two popular Bicycle backs, Rider and Club

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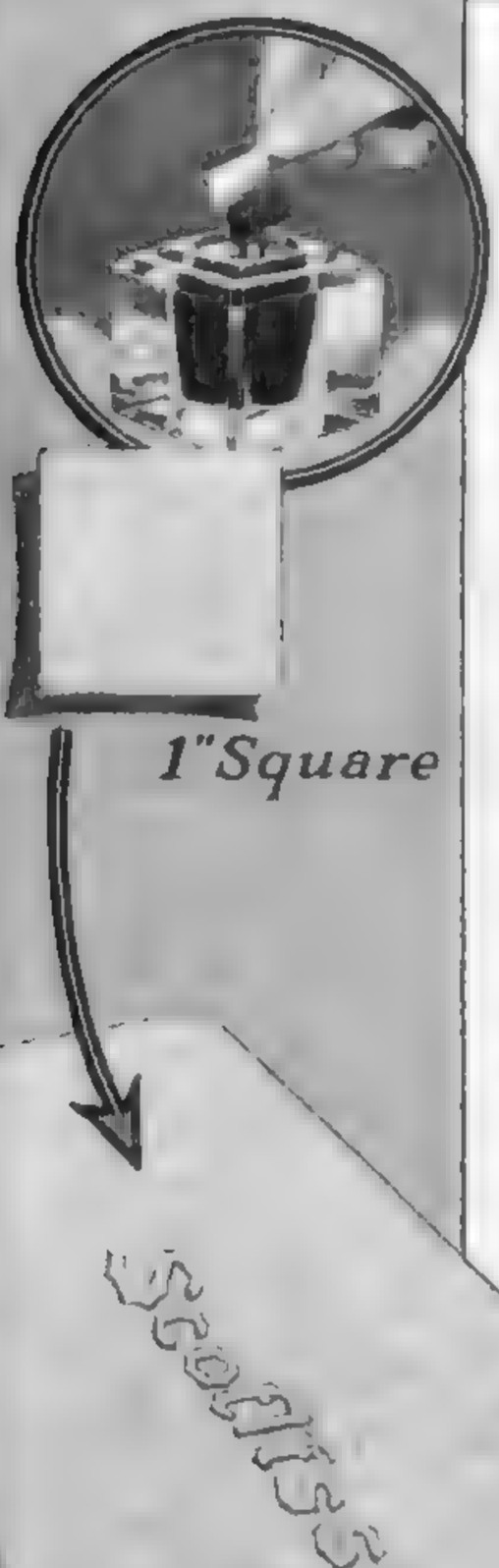

Every square inch in every ScotTissue Towel stands for thorough drying power—positive ability to absorb more than its own weight in moisture. Just dip a piece of ScotTissue Towel in your ink well, you'll see.

That is why one ScotTissue Towel, folded once, is enough for the hands; another for the face. ScotTissue Towels "feel" better, go further and save more money than ordinary towels in factory, office, hotel and public places.

Write on your business letterhead for trial test offer.

Scott Paper Company

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ScotTissue Products for Personal Hygiene

For your protection—the name Scot Tissue on every towel.

Scotissue Towels "they dry"

THE RUNT

(Continued from Page 34)

"I don't know that I ever broke my neck trying to make him like me. He's a pompous Irishman—he likes to boss people. I haven't much use for him."

"He's capable, Mr. Blackbarn."

"Oh, I don't doubt that! But I just don't get along with people of his type. I guess I'll land something much better when I get ready. For the present I don't propose to worry."

Miss Gilfred looked puzzled. It was beyond her comprehension that anyone could be content under the conditions outlined by the Runt.

"But what will you do with your time? You'll be terribly bored."

"No, I think not. I've a plan. Do you care for the fish? I think they always serve cod here, but call it a new name each night. If you don't care for it—oh, of course, if you think it's nice.

"Well, as I was saying, I have a plan. I'm going to "

The Runt hesitated. He hadn't intended to spring the thing until the entrée, and here they were, only as far along as the fish.

"It's delicious, I think," said Browny. "Going to what?"

"Get married."

"Oh, my goodness! Who ever heard—aren't you rather reckless for a young man without a job?"

"Why, no; I don't see that I am. I'm getting forty dollars a week, and we could surely do nicely on that. And think of all the time we'd have together! I think it would be immense."

"Who is the other party to this delightful arrangement?"

It has been said that Miss Gilfred had a rather serious mouth. At the first announcement of the Runt's intention this mouth had smiled with an amusement that also twinkled in Browny's eyes. Now abruptly she had sobered. Thereupon the Runt lost his poise. There was something in his companion's face that took away all his complacence.

"Why," he stammered, "I thought—I was going to ask—I meant to suggest that we—that you ——"

"Why, Philip Blackbarn! What in the world—are you crazy?"

"Certainly not," Philip assured her. "I never was saner in my life. I mean every word of it. It's a dandy arrangement, seems to me. You must be as sick of that acidy old dump as I am. You don't need to go on and let Haggerty tyrannize over you. You can step right into a little home."

Browny Gilfred, her first surprise somewhat moderated, laid down her fork, propped her elbows on the table and rested a round chin on the backs of her interlocked hands. The amused light had returned to her eyes, her mouth had once more resumed its becoming curve of good nature. After all, the Runt was only a ——

"How old are you, Philip—Mr. Blackbarn?"

"Twenty-two. Lots of fellows marry when they're no older than that."

Browny puckered her lips thoughtfully and scrutinized the entrée.

"What is it, do you think?" she asked

"Some kind of veal thingumbob, I guess. It's the way they fix it. The sauce is wonderful. Don't you like it?"

Browny, with surprising self-possession for a girl who had just received quite a headlong proposal, tested the viand daintily.

"Why, yes, it's delicious. Oh, of course, lots of men marry when they're young, but not always with good judgment. They should at least have jobs."

"But I've got—well, the equivalent of a job; only it's better in most ways. And you must admit it gives me plenty of time to look round and get something permanent."

"Something in line with your talents?"

"Well, I guess that about hits it."

"I suppose in four years the Pennsylvania Railroad or the National City Bank might happen to need a president. Almost anything can occur in that length of time. It is convenient not to have to accept the first offer that comes your way."

"Now please, Miss Gilfred—that's not at all nice of you."

"I begin to sympathize with Mr. Haggerty."

The Runt flushed.

"Do you mean you agree with that overbearing martinet, with his fool rules and everlasting time clocks?"

"Not entirely. I have some sympathy for you too, Philip. But I think you have behaved like—like a spoiled infant."

"If anyone but you said that to me I'd consider it insulting."

"I suppose so. Probably I shouldn't have said it, but—Philip, don't you want to be successful? Do you mean to say you would be contented to settle down with a wife and live on money you didn't earn? And do you believe you could really like a girl who would be satisfied with that kind of life?"

"I could really like you, if you were the girl."

"No, if I were that kind you wouldn't have any use for me. And let me tell you, I'm not. Furthermore, I wouldn't marry a loafer if he had four thousand a week instead of forty dollars. I don't like loafers! I hate 'em!"

"Aw, Browny!"

"You needn't Browny me, Mister Blackbarn!"

"But not two minutes ago you Philiped me!"

"I'm older than you—and I've heaps more sense. But I won't do it again."

"And you won't marry me?"

"I should say not!"

"Because I'm a loafer?"

"For that and other reasons."

"But I love ——"

"Oh, bunk, Philip—Mr. Blackbarn. You don't love anyone but yourself. Now I suppose I'm horrid."

"You said it! But—I like you anyhow."

"There, now you're more reasonable—and I like you, Philip. I'd like you better if you weren't a—a ——"

"A bum, eh? Well, suppose I promised you I'd turn over a new leaf and plunge furiously into a life of industry and frugality and earnest endeavor and all that sort of rot? Suppose I got serious and ran round with my coat tails standing out in the breeze and honest perspiration bedewing my brow like the rest of the unfortunates? Murderation! They behave as if they actually believed in work for work's sake. Darned if I do! But if I thought you'd marry me ."

"Goodness gracious! Why pick on me? Why make me responsible for your future? Isn't success worth something for itself?"

"Why, no!" almost snorted the Runt. "That's all piffle! Say, let me tell you something. You've been reading a lot of this uplift stuff—the man-building twaddle. Don't let it fool you. Men work for two reasons. The first is because idleness bores a chap to death; the second is because he wants something. Success is only incidental. I don't care two hoots about success, unless by being successful I could have something I really do crave—see? You know I'm right, Browny Gilfred! Do you like Camembert? And pass the sugar, that's a nice girl!"

"I suppose if I drink coffee I shan't sleep a wink to-night! No, you're absolutely wrong. Absolutely! What time is it, Phil? I oughtn't to stay out late, because I'm making myself a new frock."

"Can't help that. I've got two seats for The Kid and the Kiss. Frock'll have to wait. Now about this success thing ——"

A boy brought Mr. Ingalls Plunkett, of Plunkett & Plunkett, large edition printers, the card of Philip O. Blackbarn.

"See him in a minute," said Plunkett. He picked up the inside phone. "Gould? Are we buying anything from Blackbarn? . . . I see. . . . Right."

Presently the Runt was seated by Plunkett's desk.

"I knew your father very well," said the printer. "He built up a fine business. So you stayed on with the company when he sold out, did you? Getting a pretty good grasp of your job?"

"Well, just now I'm a—a sort of—outside man. I'm running round knocking on doors and trying to get acquainted, especially with the bigger people like yourself."

"I see. Not trying to sell plates?"

"Oh, yes, I am. I most certainly am. I want a nice order from Plunkett & Plunkett. Have you tried our new convex half tones?"

"I don't think so. Haven't any faith in 'em. What kind of a freak notion is a convex half tone, anyhow? Do you mean to say anyone can print with 'em?"

(Continued on Page 169)

REGAL SHOES

The "NEWPORT" for Women

A mannish Oxford in Genuine Shell Cordovan. Rich Brown in color and exquisitely tailored

And now in Fall Shoes—

again illustrating how Regal meets your demand for Style, Quality and Value

YOU who are trying to find sure ground amid this confusion of shoe values and prices—consider what Regal can do for you today as always.

A case in point—the "Newport," *man-tailored* for Women, in genuine Shell Cordovan. Styled to the minute—yet priced strictly on the basis of cost. So for this "Newport" you pay—not $16.00, $18.00 or $20.00—but only $13.00.

Never was it more important for you to remember this time-tried Regal program—many pairs, with only a conservative profit on each pair.

Sixty Regal Stores in the Great Metropolitan Cities

REGAL SHOE COMPANY
268 SUMMER ST., BOSTON, MASS.

Agency Stores in other Cities and Towns

1847 ROGERS BROS.

SILVERWARE

LOUVAIN *is the pattern illustrated in this correct table setting for the luncheon service. The chop dish is suggested as one of the several silver dishes which make very sensible gifts.*

Making the Silver Service DISTINCTIVE

A SILVER Tea or Coffee Set, or a Vegetable Dish, lines up closer with prevailing ideas on harmony in interior arrangements and decoration when it is of the same pattern as the Spoons, Knives and Forks.

It has not always been possible to have this harmony. The brand of silverplate which made it possible is the old and reliable, yet new and distinctive "1847 Rogers Bros."—the silverplate which is made in one quality only, the best, and so good that it is guaranteed without qualification.

You need not wait until the complete service can be purchased. A piece at a time can be selected. This makes it ideal as an anniversary gift.

Sold by leading dealers. Write for folder "X-90," illustrating other patterns, to the International Silver Co., Meriden, Conn.

The Family Plate for Seventy Years

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

(Continued from Page 166)

"For some classes of work they're immense. Did you see the catalogue Burchell Brothers did for Skyblue Stores?"

"Yes; nice piece of printing too."

"Done with convex half tones, Mr. Plunkett. I tell you, they're a big success. You know it was an idea of father's, though he never got it worked out to suit him. We call 'em convex, but that's only a name; they're not really convex. It's our method of blocking—patented fastening, you know. Our Mr. Haggerty perfected it. Wonderful chap, Mr. Haggerty. Fighting Irishman, you know; won't give up a thing until he has it licked. The idea is, of course, to overcome the vacuum you get from the squeeze of the presses. The poor grades of paper you have to put up with nowadays ——"

"Poor is no name for 'em, my boy. I don't know what we're going to do"

"That's it. Well, our plates don't pick up the surface of the paper—fact. They give much cleaner work, don't require wash-up nearly so frequently during the run, even on dull-coated stocks."

"Young man, my superintendent tells me that the last order of plates we had from your house were three days late in delivery."

"Oh, but Mr. Plunkett, that was three years ago! Things are a good deal improved with us now.

"Why, we've got a system over there that can't be beaten! Every order moves through just like clockwork—production scheme my father evolved—result of all his years of experience. Say, it's the nearest thing to an air-tight factory plan you ever heard of."

"Don't care anything about your system; we know all about system in our business. It's the human equation that'll put out of business any system that was ever invented. Sometimes just one person in your plant who won't follow procedure will upset all your calculations. I know to my sorrow. We have to keep weeding 'em out. If your man Haggerty can offset the negligence and carelessness and indifference ——"

"Haggerty? Let me tell you, Mr. Plunkett, Haggerty's there! It's the morale that counts, and Haggerty's one great little morale builder. Of course no system's one hundred per cent efficient unless you have the morale back of it. But I guess we're getting off the subject. Did I understand you to say you'd ask Mr. Gould to give me an order for half tones?"

"If I do, can you absolutely guarantee satisfactory plates? Can you give me your personal assurance, Mr. Blackbarn? Of course, knowing your father as I did, I should naturally have confidence in you."

"Oh, sure Mr. Plunkett! That goes without saying. Any orders I take personally—well, to tell you the truth, I'm out for a record, just to show Mr. Haggerty the value of our name and a personal following—you know, service. That's what counts, isn't it? Thanks, Mr. Plunkett. You tip Mr. Gould off I'm on my way out back, and I'll see him and get his instructions. I'm a thousand times obliged, especially as we haven't been doing very much for you in the last two or three years. G'-by, Mr. Plunkett."

A shadow lay athwart the desk of Joe Haggerty, manager of the Blackbarn Engraving Company.

"Hello, Phil. Drop in for your money?"

"Partly."

"Boy, you don't know how peaceful it's been here since you blew."

The Runt laid a big batch of copy on Haggerty's desk. It included both drawings and photographs, each accompanied by Plunkett & Plunkett's formal order.

"There," said the Runt, "see if you can put that stuff through on time and have it come along right, will you? I gave Mr. Plunkett my personal assurance ——"

"But see here, Phil Blackbarn, you're not monkeying with our trade, are you? Great Scott! You lay off or we'll be ruined. We've got salesmen to take care of that, and I don't want you messing round, balling things up."

"Salesmen? What d'you mean, salesmen? Belcher and Evans? Why, those birds can't get out of their own dust—only they don't move fast enough to stir up a dust. Plunkett & Plunkett haven't bought a square inch of engraving of us for three years—not since we fell down on a delivery that was promised.

"I got these orders right from headquarters—instructions of Mr. Ingalls Plunkett himself—friend of dad's. I always wondered why you were satisfied with a couple of dead ones calling on the trade. As salesmen, Belcher and Evans are first-rate Kelly pool play ——"

"But I tell you, Phil, you can't butt in like this! I'm afraid of you. You're a born blunderer."

"I'm on the pay roll, Haggerty; and my conscience won't let me accept money without doing a little something to earn it. Gee! Our agreement says I'm to stay only fifteen minutes a week, and I have just five minutes to collect my forty bucks. But say, Haggerty, I'll send in a lot of other work I've got promised—Archer & Vix's big catalogue job, with a slather of art work, and some small stuff from the Baxter & Alden Advertising Agency—take good care of it. I've staked my rep on your performance, old bean. So long. Got to make the cashier's window in three minutes."

The Runt dashed out, tipping over a chair and Haggerty's clothes tree. He glanced over his shoulder as he hastened through the main office, waved his hand at Browny Gilfred and was gone. Mr. Haggerty's buzzer sounded and Browny reported in the manager's room with her notebook.

"Take a letter, please," said Haggerty gruffly. . . . "Mr. Ingalls Plunkett, President, Plunkett & Plunkett Company, et cetera, et cetera—if you don't know the address, look it up in the telephone book—Dear Mr. Plunkett: This acknowledges receipt to-day of valued orders for engraving, which will have our best attention. However, I desire to inform you that though we are deeply appreciative of your patronage and will give you at all times the finest grade of work, we trust that hereafter you will permit us to send one of our duly accredited business getters, Mr. Belcher or Mr. Evans, to handle your orders, as Mr. Philip Blackbarn is no longer ——"

"Oh, Mr. Haggerty!"

"Well, what's the matter?"

Haggerty looked truculently at his pretty steno.

"Do you think you're fair? If Phil—Mr. Blackbarn does manage to do something worth while—and then, what about the customer? Perhaps he will be offended if you try to dictate what salesman goes to solicit his business."

Haggerty got up hastily and began pacing the floor.

"Now see here, Miss Gilfred," he began, "I'm running this business, and besides I know how you feel toward Phil. The other day when he got out, you ——"

"Why, Mr. Haggerty, I didn't say a thing!"

"Didn't you? Seems to me I remember—but you—oh, damn—no, no, I don't mean that. Please excuse me—and have your own way about that Runt. Scratch out what you've written and take this: Dear Mr. Plunkett: This is to acknowledge your esteemed order of the thirteenth instant brought in by—er—our representative, Mr. Philip Blackbarn, and you have our assurance that any business of yours will receive our best attention. We take this occasion to thank you for a resumption of your dealings with us and to express the hope that they may be continued with mutual satisfaction. Faithfully yours. . . . There, that suit you any better? I hope he doesn't get us into trouble—and if he does, Miss Gilfred, you'll hear from me, because I listened to you when my better judgment warned me. That's all, thanks."

When Browny had retired Haggerty caught up the inside phone.

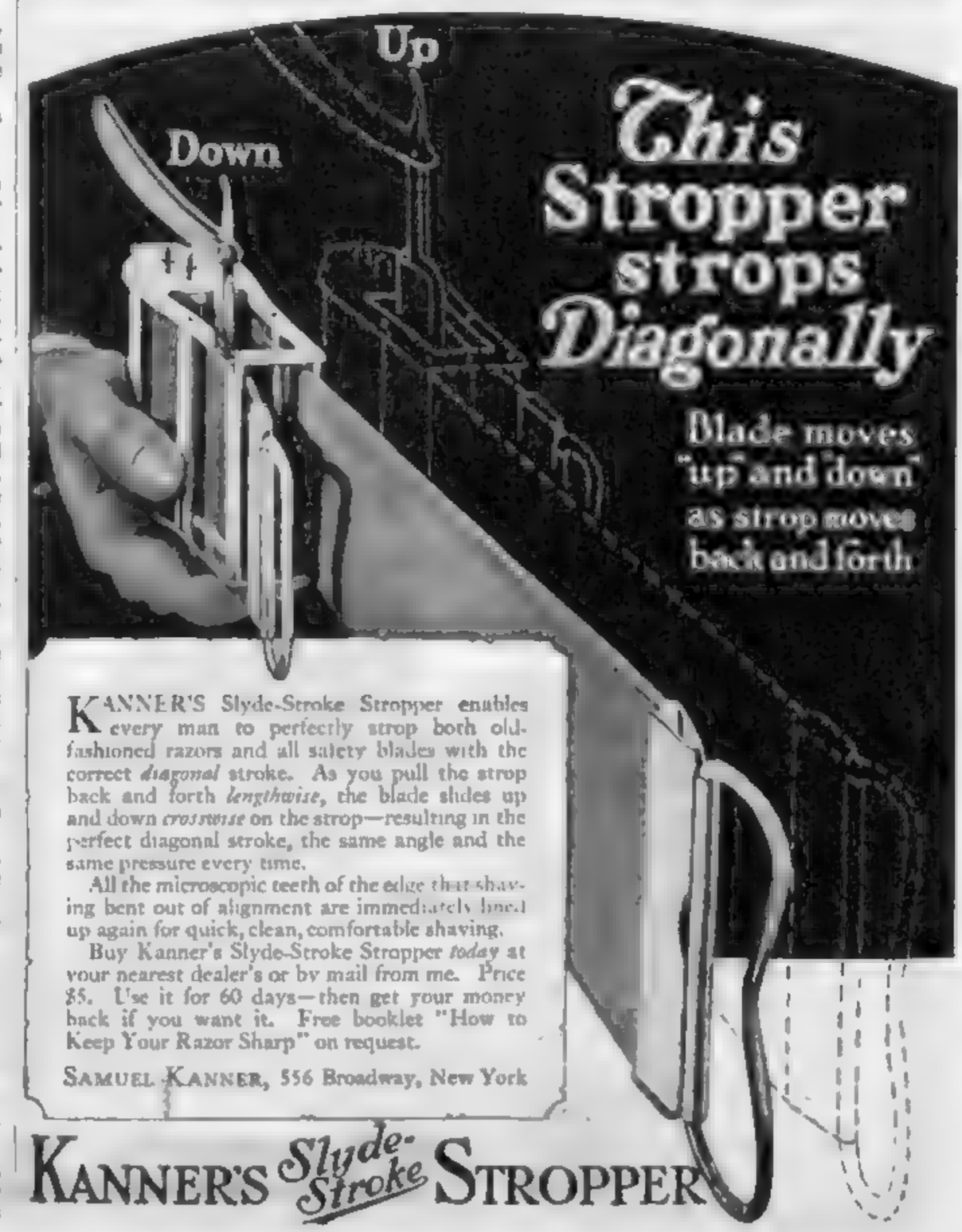
"That you, Belcher? Well, what have you or Evans been doing about Plunkett & Plunkett? Ever try to get their business back? . . . Hard nut? . . . Well, just because he wouldn't see you—is that any reason why you shouldn't keep trying? . . . Oh, you will! . . . Well, allow me to tell you you're about twenty-four hours too late. The Runt beat you to it. And say, Belcher, tell Evans that I believe there's a lot of good business round town that we might have that you boys aren't getting. And hereafter remember nights were made to sleep in, not daytimes. G'by!"

"If you don't mind, Haggerty, I wish you'd get after that last order of work for the Potter Press. They complain that we haven't been quite up to snuff on their deliveries."

"Oh, forget it, will you, Phil? Who's running this shop? You're always promising these birds a lot of things."

"Nothing unreasonable, Mr. Haggerty, nothing unreasonable. My extensive inside experience in our various departments

The few men who have not bought their second pair of
PARIS GARTERS
No metal can touch you
are the ones still wearing their first.
A. STEIN & COMPANY
CHICAGO NEW YORK



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All the microscopic teeth of the edge that shaving bent out of alignment are immediately lined up again for quick, clean, comfortable shaving.

Buy Kanner's Slyde-Stroke Stropper *today* at your nearest dealer's or by mail from me. Price $5. Use it for 60 days—then get your money back if you want it. Free booklet "How to Keep Your Razor Sharp" on request.

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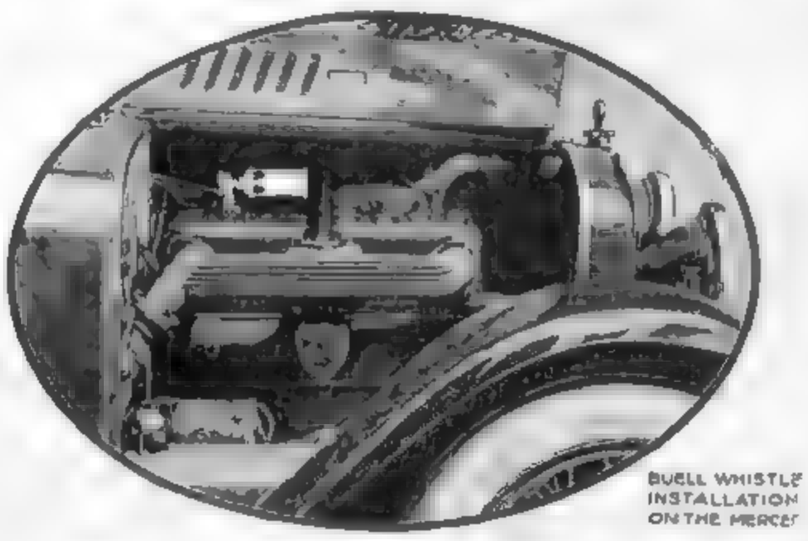

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Did your warning signal ever fail?

The Buell explosion whistle guaranteed for ten years, perfectly fulfills the dual function of warning effectively and operating with absolute certainty.

Install one on your car and appreciate real warning efficiency.

Avoid imitations. Look for the name Buell stamped on every whistle.

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-- Chicago --

BUELL
EXPLOSION WHISTLE
WARNS EVERY TIME

GILBERT

Outdoor Wheel Toy

This new toy of mine rings the bell of boy happiness. With these outfits any boy, with only a screw driver and a wrench, can build strong, swift, finely finished wagons, gliders, coasters, racers, trucks and many other toys. Outfits contain extra strong steel disc wheels, axles, plates and all other parts.

The crackerjack $10 set ($15 in Canada) contains gears and pinions and extra parts with which a real geared speedster can be built. Then there's a $6.50 set ($9.75 in Canada) and a big $15 set ($22.50 in Canada).

BOYS' MAGAZINE FREE—Full of good stories, articles on outdoor and indoor games, athletics, etc. "Gilbert Boy Engineering," the greatest boys' book in years, sent at cost—25c.

A. C. Gilbert, President

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qualifies me to judge about how long we should take to fill a given order."

"You talk like a chump, Phil."

"Yeah, I guess so. Well, it's that kind of talk that gets the business; that and my resemblance to dad, and the inescapable conviction that I am there, which our customers gain from the cut of my jib, Haggerty—there with the goods to back up my reputation. In justice to you, I will say that as a rule your excellent shop system has justified itself in the service you have been able to render the customers who make up my personal following."

"Aw, Phil, help, help! Have a heart!"

"I know, Joe. But honest, see if you can't speed up that Potter stuff, won't you? I was in their place this morning, and they hopped on me with both feet. But they're nuts about our convex plates, and they think you're some baby, Haggerty, because I told 'em all about how you perfected the process."

The manager grinned.

"Phil, how do you do it?" he inquired. "Well, I'll get after Pete and see what's the trouble. I guess we're out of blocks for some of that big work. Don't worry."

"Say, Joe."

"Well, spill it."

"Sam Yeager, of the Right Engraving Company, has made me a proposition."

"Oh, I suppose so. What is it?"

"Hundred a week and a small interest in the business."

"You wouldn't be worth it."

"Wouldn't I? My name's Blackbarn—that cuts ice in our game."

"Not to the same extent that convex plates do."

"No? Well, the Right people have a process that will give our convex half tones a darned stiff battle, let me tell you. I could sell 'em—don't worry."

"What do you want, Phil?"

"Oh, I don't know! I thought I'd just tell you. I'm not making any demands. You think it over. It hasn't been but four months since you—er—politely handed me my hat. I realize I was a terrible lemon, Joe. But—well, you've got to admit I've shown some improvement; at least I'm not inflating your overhead. Oh, criminy! My fifteen minutes are most up—me for the pay window."

"Never mind the fifteen minutes, Phil. Sit down and let's talk this thing over. Here, have a cigar?"

"So you're coming back into the office, Phil? Isn't that fine?"

The Runt had inveigled Miss Browny Gilfred into dining with him at the same table where once before they had debated the fundamentals of success.

"Yeah, goin' to be sales manager. Not that I'm qualified of course. Too blame' young. That's the trouble with me—acute attack of youthful egoitis. But I guess it's curable. Haggerty's going to help me. Smart chap, Haggerty."

"You didn't like him very well a while ago."

"No. But I sold him so hard to my customers I got myself into quite a different frame of mind about him. I like him all right now."

"I'm glad you approve of him, Philip."

"I surely do, Browny. Say, it doesn't jar you a bit to have me call you Browny, does it? Yes, I must say Joe Haggerty has my unanimous consent. As a systematizer he's immense. Doesn't our office run smoothly? I'll say so! But say, 's funny about Haggerty, don't you think? You'd expect an ambitious chap like him would want to get married."

"I suspect he does. But—what do you mean by 'an ambitious chap like him'? Do you consider marrying a matter of ambition?"

"Well, don't you, Browny? If you were married to a fellow, wouldn't you want him to be ambitious? Wouldn't you help him to succeed? I tell you, a good wife is a big help."

"Oh, you regard a wife as a stepping-stone to success, do you?"

"Now, Browny, that's a terrible way to interpret an entirely innocent remark. But any wise man will agree that a fellow ought to have the right sort of girl if he expects to make good."

"But Mr. Haggerty's already successful, Phil; and now he finds himself in a position to offer ——"

"That's all right, Browny—that's all right, too, for a man Haggerty's age. He's made his success without any girl to help him. But it would have been easier —— Oh, well, it's all in the point of view. You don't mean to say he's slipping, do you—not at this late date?"

"He's slipped already."

"No! Cupid must have thought Joe was a rhinoceros. Bet he busted a lot of arrows before he penetrated that hide. Who's the lucky lady? Did he tell you?"

Browny's eyes were laughing, though her lips were still serious.

"No, he didn't tell me—he asked me."

"Huh?"

"I say, Phil, he asked me."

The Runt gazed across the table in wide-eyed amazement. Then he burst forth:

"Well, can you beat that? Can you beat it? Well, well! You and Joe Haggerty! That's what comes of my not having been about the office much lately. It's the Haggerty system, that's what it is. And I thought—I was fathead enough to imagine I had a chance! Browny, let me shake the hand that takes down the great man's letters. You and good old Joe! Now isn't that grand? Why, Browny, it's simply immense! And what did I tell you? Did Joe go and pick out some doll baby, some butterfly, that didn't know a wood block from a piece of chocolate fudge? No, indeed—trust that boy to land a real one! Browny, I'm tickled pink, honestly I am, tickled pink! Too bad about that Eighteenth Amendment, because I think the occasion calls for something very special. We'll have to drink it in coffee—two lumps in my cup and—believe me, Browny, one in my throat!"

Miss Gilfred watched her companion as he drained his cup.

"Phil," she said soberly, "I'm disappointed in you. Not so long ago you proposed to me across this very table. I thought you were going out and landing all those wonderful orders to show me what a good woman's influence had done for you; and now you don't even speak of jumping into the East River or taking a few grains of cyanide. You just sit there and cheer."

Phil grinned.

"I'm trying to conceal my broken heart beneath a gay exterior. I shall go on living my life as best I may and suffering in silence. When you are yanking Joe Haggerty to church Sunday mornings I shall be seeking forgetfulness in the well-known hay.

"As you see me rise to wealth and power, still a bachelor and still nursing in my bosom the faded blossoms of the old love, you will perhaps pity me—unless you're too darned busy tending Joe's kids.

"But never mind; you can say to yourself if it hadn't been for the bawling out you once gave me the engraving business would never have had a young Napoleon to lead it out of the wilderness—or was it General Grant? I always did have a poor memory for dates."

"It's nice to have your feelings under such perfect control, isn't it?" observed Browny Gilfred cuttingly.

"Isn't it?" agreed the Runt.

"Bud, I'll lend you anything of mine except this razor"

USERS of other razors are surprised at the way a man gets to prizing a *regular* razor.

A regular razor—such as every barber uses—shaves a man so coolly, smoothly, and economically that he immediately regards it as a find.

This is particularly true of GENCO Razors. You can shave yourself quickly with a GENCO, and you can renew its keen cutting edge with three or four light strokes upon the strop.

Anybody Can Strop a GENCO Razor

Most men know that any blade should be stropped before shaving. Notice how carefully the professionals—the barbers—strop first.

Three features make stropping a GENCO Razor unusually easy: (1) Its broad back; (2) its hollow-ground blade; (3) the bevel right behind the edge. These compel a GENCO Razor to meet a taut strop at just the correct angle.

Call on your dealer and take a GENCO Razor in your hand. Note the beautifully tempered steel in it, feel how perfectly it balances. You will be surprised to learn the reasonable prices at which GENCO Razors are sold. Buy one and you will regard it as a find beyond price—a razor you won't think of lending. And remember that "GENCO Razors must make good, or we will."

If your dealer is out of GENCO Razors, write to us for one.

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Largest Manufacturers of High-Grade Razors in the World

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Inquiries and orders for GENCO Razors arrive by every mail. We prefer to send you those coming from your town. Our handsome GENCO Display Cabinet, free with your first order, will make big sales for you. Write today for additional information.

Note how GENCO Razors meet the strop in just the proper way to get a perfect shaving edge every time. The back and bevel guide the blade correctly along the strop. There's a difference in strops. It's better to use a GENCO Strop

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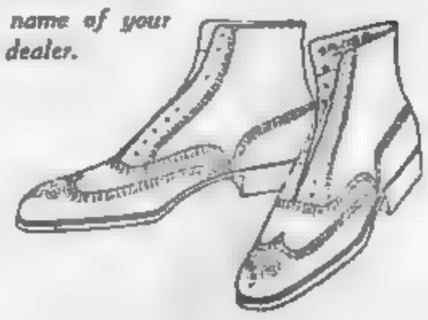
TO maintain a reputation for unswerving ideals, the shoe manufacturer cannot afford to compromise with circumstances. Good leathers are high and not too plentiful. The Nettleton class of workmanship is to be had only from a personnel trained in tradition as well as skill of hand. And a Nettleton shoe will retain its individuality and integrity long after cheaper shoes demand repair or replacement.

The Aberdeen

Shown, together with other Nettleton types of fine footgear, in select boot shops. If you are not sure where to find Nettletons, write us for name of your nearest dealer.



A. E. NETTLETON COMPANY, SYRACUSE, N. Y., U. S. A.

Nettleton

Shoes of Worth

WHAT THE CREDIT MAN LOOKS AT

(Continued from Page 10)

money it had outstanding in accounts among the farmers. The bank would always advance three-quarters of the amount on the ledger; sometimes more.

When Walker had nearly ten thousand dollars on his books he felt that he ought to borrow some money on it, and so he carried his ledger over to the cashier and said he guessed he would like to get a loan of a few thousand with the accounts as security.

But to Walker's surprise the cashier did not take to the idea. He pointed out that accounts against farmers were at best slow assets, and that in the present unsettled state of the country a bank must have its affairs well in hand. Walker told him that the bank had always done it for the old concern, but the cashier only smiled and said the old concern was a customer of long standing and, of course, must be taken care of at all times.

Then for the first time Walker remembered that the stockholders in the old concern were the same men who controlled the policy of the bank. It was not in human nature that they should go out of their way to boost the fortunes of a competitor. But that did not help matters any; it was the only bank in town. Walker therefore tried to make banking connections in a near-by town, but the cashier there told him truly that it was his first duty to take care of the requirements of local merchants and business men.

This put Walker up against it for sure. His stock was badly run down and needed replenishing. He wrote to the wholesalers who had extended him the ten-thousand-dollar line of credit, explaining matters and asking them to ship him goods enough to fill in the holes in his stock. Their reply seemed to put the finishing touch on Walker's misfortunes. They wrote that they did not feel like increasing his line of credit at that time; they had gone very carefully over the statement which he had sent them and it did not seem to warrant their shipping him any more goods until his present indebtedness had been cut down. The letter ended by saying that they would not press for immediate payment of the money already due, but they positively must hold him to the line of credit originally agreed upon.

The fact that they weren't going to sue him right away for what he owed them did not help Walker a great deal. His stock was run down to such an extent that he could not supply his customers' wants. Every day he lost business; people would come into his store all set to buy from him, and when they found out that he did not have what they wanted would march straight across the square to trade with his big competitor. It was several months before he could hope to get in much of the money he had outstanding on his books. The chances were that by the time he had collected his money he wouldn't have any store.

An Embarrassing Question

In this crisis Walker got on the train and came to New York. He first went to the concern which had staked him to the ten-thousand-dollar credit, thinking a personal interview might accomplish what he had failed to do by writing letters. The credit man was very polite, but very firm. He said he was awfully sorry Walker's affairs were in such a fix, but really he did not see what he could do about it. He took steps to protect his firm's interests by having Walker sign some notes, payable in the fall when the farmers would have begun to sell their crops and start to settling their bills.

For two days after this interview Walker went unhappily round the streets of New York wondering what he was going to do. He had never been in a larger city than Atlanta before, and New York seemed mighty hard and impersonal. He had never realized how little a single individual is, compared with all the rest of the people in the world. He looked up at the buildings in the wholesale district, which bore the signs of great firms whose names he had seen in the trade papers. It seemed too presumptuous for him to go up to any of them and ask for credit for his little one-horse business down in Georgia.

But at last he worked his courage up to do it. He decided to try the house first where Elliot was the credit man. He had never done any business with them, but their traveling man had called on him a couple of times, and he thought it might be a little of an opening wedge if he should go in and mention the traveling man's name, saying that he knew him personally. He was just in the act of carrying this plan into effect when I first saw him in front of the elevators on the ground floor of the big office building trying to decide which elevator would carry him to the eighteenth floor.

He was a little afraid of Elliot, the credit man, at first. The New Yorker was such a polished individual, with his clothes perfectly pressed, his finger nails manicured and a green-gold watch chain strung across his upper vest pockets. He appeared as though all his fifty years had been spent in the atmosphere of big business, fashionable hotels and week-end parties at rich people's houses.

Walker was especially embarrassed when Elliot asked him the question about what kind of automobile he ran. He was afraid it might lower him in the big man's estimation if he confessed that he was such a piker that he did not run any kind of car at all. For a moment he thought it might be wise to say that he had just sold the old car because it was too small and was thinking about buying a larger one. But he took the more straightforward path and confessed the humiliating truth.

The Piker Gets Credit

Later, when they went out to lunch together, Walker learned that the credit man was not the pampered child of fortune that he had imagined. Elliot told him that he, too, had been a clerk in a country store when he first went to work—in Ohio somewhere. He knew a surprising lot about small business. He asked Walker how much store rent he had to pay, what wages a good clerk got in Georgia and whether Saturday was the big day for farmer trade.

Almost before he knew it Walker was talking to the big man with no more embarrassment than he would have felt in conversation with one of his neighbors back home. He told how he himself opened up the store, and swept out at half past six every morning, and then went home to breakfast after the clerks had come. He confessed that he did not even keep a bookkeeper, because he and his wife could do that work in an hour's time every evening.

Walker was a little disappointed that the credit man did not give him a positive answer that day, but told him to come back next morning. All that afternoon he walked round the streets looking at the sights and thinking how much better impression he would have made if he had just talked big and given the idea that he was an important man in his community. He felt like kicking himself for telling the credit man about the miserable little economies he practiced. If Elliot turned him down it would certainly be on account of his appearing like a small-town piker.

His interview with the credit man next morning was very brief. Elliot was busy with some other men, but broke away for a moment as Walker came in the office and advanced to shake hands.

"I guess we can do business with you, Mr. Walker," he said. "I have set you down for a credit of twenty thousand dollars. One of the boys will take you into the salesrooms if you want to start buying."

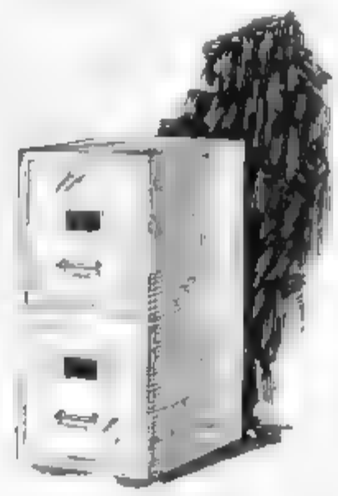
Walker spent the rest of the day buying goods. At closing time the salesman who had waited on him drew some money from the office and invited him to go to an uptown hotel for dinner and see a show afterward. Just as they were leaving the hotel to go to the theater Walker permitted himself an unusual extravagance. He got the salesman to help him compose a night telegram, which he sent to his wife, prepaid, informing her that he had tied up with the strongest wholesale house in New York City. The message was couched in words that were just a little boastful; not overly so, but just enough to let her know that he was something of a wonder when it came to going up against big business men.

In such manner Walker got his affairs fixed up, and went back to Georgia, where,

Where's that letter?

You sent it to the files and now it can't be found. It's exasperating. Sometimes the system is wrong—right equipment lacking. The delay may be your fault—not the file clerk's.

This posting machine cabinet is a big help on machine bookkeeping. It's one of many Baker-Vawter steel filing cabinets.



Baker-Vawter men know a lot about best office practice. You can get their counsel by asking for it. Offices in 47 cities.

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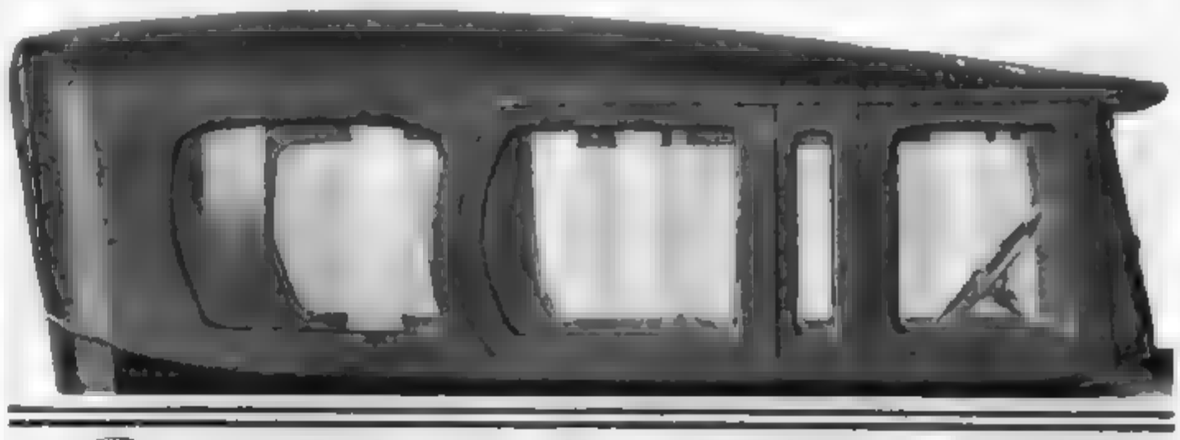

Badger DeLuxe All Season TOPS

A closed car at a touring car price.
Comfort supreme—in all weather.
The last touch that lends distinction to your car.

In these things motorists will find the underlying purpose of Badger DeLuxe Tops. Built of highest grade materials by expert workmen, strikingly beautiful in finish, California design, securely and permanently attached to your car.

Now built for Nash—Buick—Essex—Studebaker—Hudson.

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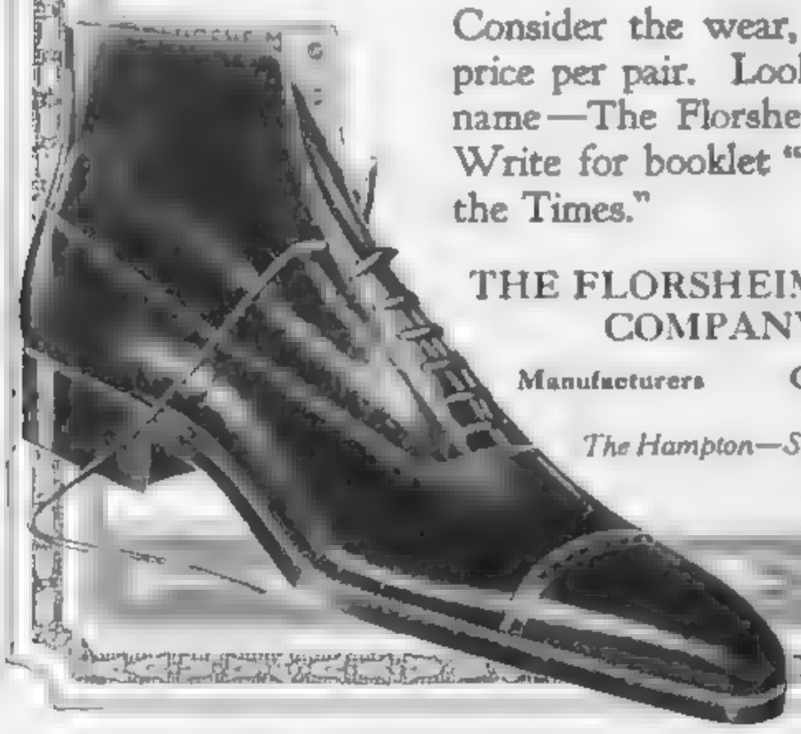
FOR THE MAN WHO CARES

The Florsheim SHOE

WHEREVER shoe prices go, up or down, you can know one thing: you get most for your money when you buy The Florsheim Shoe—style, good looks, fit, comfort, long wear, at a reasonable price, based on what it costs to make shoes good.



Consider the wear, not the price per pair. Look for the name—The Florsheim Shoe. Write for booklet "Styles of the Times."

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TRADE MULTIKOPY MARK

The Carbon Paper That Gives Satisfaction

WHAT is the largest number of good carbon copies you can make with one typing? How sharp can carbon copies be—how clean, and *lastingly* readable? What brand of carbon paper does the most work per sheet?

To answer these questions,

Send for Samples of MultiKopy Carbon Paper

MultiKopy will delight you. Write for sample sheets today

MultiKopy Carbon Paper, and the equally superior Star Typewriter Ribbons, sold by principal dealers the world over.

F. S. WEBSTER COMPANY

335 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.

according to latest reports, he is doing well and sending enough money to his creditors each month to keep everyone contented. He says it will not be long before he will again be able to have a car without the guilty feeling that he is owning it at the risk of his creditors.

What I had seen of the affair stimulated my curiosity for more. It seemed an unusual proceeding that a man could drop in off the street and get himself staked to a twenty-thousand-dollar credit without proving in the least that he was a wonder of a business man. As a matter of fact, Walker had appeared to be just an ordinary sort of man; a good honest plugger perhaps, but decidedly not of the type which one would call brilliant.

I knew Elliot, the credit man, fairly well and one afternoon a few days later I happened in on him when he did not appear to be particularly busy.

"How come," I said, "that you extended credit so easily to Mr. Walker of Georgia? I never heard your house mentioned as a charitable institution. Did he work on your feelings by crying or something?"

This was merely my little joke. Elliot did not look like one who would put out his firm's money on sentiment, and I knew that the firm's credit losses averaged less than one-fifth of one per cent.

"No, Mr. Walker of Georgia did not have to cry to get credit," replied Elliot. "I put him on our books because we are mighty glad to get him as a customer.

"I guess you are like a lot of other people," Elliot went on, "who have very little idea of what a credit man really is for. You think that my main occupation is to sit up here in my office and look over people's credit ratings, carefully turning down any business that isn't backed up by a strong financial statement. Our traveling men are pretty sarcastic about me sometimes. Only a few days ago I overheard one of them telling a friend that he could do twenty per cent more business in his territory if it wasn't for that tightwad of a credit man who only wants to play sure things.

"I suppose there really are some credit men who will only do business with high-rated concerns, but you can take it from me that such wholesalers do not make much progress. Suppose, for instance, that I have a rule to sell goods on credit only to concerns which are worth twenty-five thousand dollars or more. It is easy to see how such a policy would work out."

The Analysis of Walker

"For the first year or two we should go along fine. We shouldn't be caught in any failure, and we shouldn't be worried by a lot of letters from fellows who write in that business is pretty dull with them and asking if it will be all right to take another thirty days on the part of the account which is already past due. But we have got to remember that this is a big and growing country. In towns everywhere, big and little, there are fellows starting up in business who are going to hustle themselves into strong competition with the old concerns.

"Suppose I refuse to do business with any of these young fellows until they can show me they are worth twenty-five thousand dollars. The result would simply be this: When they got to be worth that much, and we tried to do business with them, they would probably throw our traveling man out the door. They would reason, and with entire justice, that we waited for someone else to put them on their feet, and we could wait a while longer. Then in a few years more, as our old customers began to go out of business, we should start to dry up, and eventually have to get out of business ourselves.

"A wholesale house has got to take some chances if it is going to progress. It is a foregone conclusion that there are going to be some losses. The main thing is to weed out the chances so carefully that the losses won't amount to much."

Elliot sat back in his chair and gave himself up to reflection for a few minutes.

"Now in regard to Mr. Walker of Georgia," he finally went on. "I do not consider that I took any chances at all with him. I talked with him for two solid hours, and found that he took his obligations very seriously. He is willing to work, and he is doing his best to keep expenses down.

"Did you hear me ask him what kind of an automobile he runs? I always ask some question like that to find out how much a man is willing to sacrifice. I don't say I should have turned Walker down if he had answered differently, but as soon as he told me that he had sold his car to keep down expenses I made up my mind that he was a safe gamble.

"It isn't especially the car that I care about. In fact I believe every man ought to own one when he can afford it. But I don't believe he ought to own one on other people's money.

"Of course the same thing applies to any expensive luxury. In Walker's case it showed decided character that he was willing to sell his car because he was owing money. In a small town like his an automobile means a great deal more than it would here in New York. It was a mark of social distinction; his wife and children were awfully fond of it. When he gave it up it was evidence that he felt his business obligations very strongly, and was willing to sacrifice a good deal to be able to meet them.

"No wholesaler is going to lose much money on men like Walker. It is the plunger that we are afraid of. If anyone is going to plunge on our money we want to do it ourselves. In my two hours' talk with Walker I learned that he knew his business thoroughly; that he was working early and late; and that he was not spending a dollar unnecessarily. Then I told him to come back the next morning. This gave me time to telegraph the credit-agency representative in his county asking for verification of the conditions as Walker had described them. The credit-agency man's reply was satisfactory. After that there was nothing to it but tell Walker to go ahead and buy our goods."

False Economies

"I figure that I did a mighty good day's work in getting his name on our books. We shall have to carry him along for a while, but a man like that is going to get ahead. One of these days Walker is going to be on a cash basis, and we will have made a valuable customer who will stick to us. Though we are going to have to wait several months before we get any money on this first purchase of his, I wouldn't sell the account for a hundred cents on the dollar."

What I saw of the turning point in the life of Mr. Walker of Georgia opened up a whole vista of thought. Elliot, the credit man, had taken him on as a customer because he had shown himself to be economical in his business operations. Was this merely a fad on the part of Elliot, or do credit men generally have the same ideas? Just what do credit men consider extravagance anyhow? The only way to find out was to go and ask them. The opportunity came on a recent trip during which I talked with credit men in a dozen different lines of business and in cities widely separated.

Invariably each credit executive said that a debtor's habits of economy or extravagance had a direct bearing on his standing with the firms he wants to do business with. The different credit men had all sorts of ideas as to what is considered extravagance in a business man.

The credit dispenser of a wholesale grocery firm stated that he considered the most expensive thing a merchant could do was to get along without hired clerks, working the various members of his family in the store instead. He said he always watched very closely the account of a business run that way.

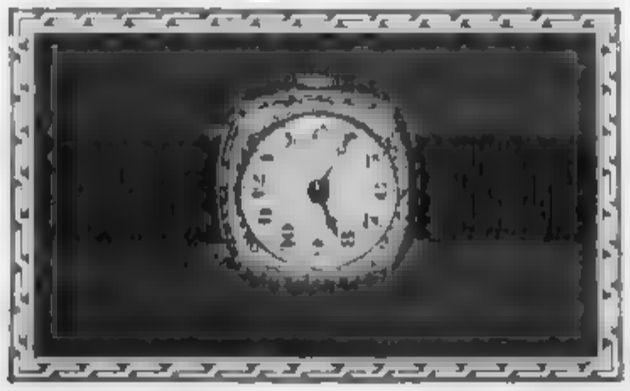
"On the surface it looks as though the merchant might be economizing when he gets along without hired clerks," said this executive, "but it doesn't work out that way. None of the family draws any regular amount. They take the money out of the cash drawer to pay bills with, and if they need anything out of stock they just take it. This always makes for unbusinesslike methods and extravagance. One of the first questions I always ask a man who comes in here for credit is how many clerks he employs and how much he pays them. If he tells me he is getting along cheap because his boys and girls work in the store for nothing I usually find some excuse for not opening an account with him."

Another credit manager, also in the wholesale grocery line, carries the same theory even further. "He will not extend credit to any merchant who pays his clerks less than good living wages. Cheap help, he contends, is an extravagance that will

(Continued on Page 177)

Wadsworth Cases

FOR FINE WATCHES



What care do you give your watch?

Do you wind it up fully at the same hour each day?

Do you have your jeweler examine and oil it at least once a year and, if necessary, clean and adjust the parts?

How to get better service from your watch

THE owner of an automobile realizes that the motor must be constantly lubricated and occasionally inspected and adjusted. And yet this same man, perhaps, may allow his watch — a mechanism infinitely more sensitive — to run year after year without attention.

The observance of a few simple rules will give your watch a longer life. In the conviction that a knowledge of these rules will benefit each owner of a watch, Wadsworth, maker of cases for fine watches, is bringing them to your attention.

On the care of your watch

MAKE it a regular habit to wind your watch fully at the same hour each day — remember, it has to run for twenty-four long hours.

If your watch is to run at highest efficiency and with the least amount of wear, it should be taken to the jeweler for oiling and inspection at least once a year. It is especially important that a watch should have this attention before the last particle of oil has disappeared from the bearings. Occasionally, have your jeweler take the movement apart and clean it thoroughly. Every watch accumulates dirt particles which, in time, impede its performance.

The fit of the case

IT is important, therefore, to have a case that does accurately fit the movement and protect it in order to reduce the accumulation of dust to a minimum.

For 30 years Wadsworth has been making cases for fine watches — cases designed to fit exactly; cases as dust-proof and air-tight as it is possible to make them. For 30 years leading manufacturers and importers of watch movements have been using Wadsworth cases. To Wadsworth also is due much of the credit for the development of style and artistic beauty in watch cases.

When you buy a watch, select any standard movement that your jeweler recommends and have him "dress" it in a Wadsworth case. The name Wadsworth in a watch case is your guarantee of correctness and beauty of design — of highest quality materials and best workmanship.

THE WADSWORTH WATCH CASE CO., CINCINNATI, OHIO

FACTORIES: DAYTON, KENTUCKY

HARDING AND COOLIDGE

—AND EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

THE business of this nation is not "big business." The big business of this nation is little business. That is the view of the Republican Party and its leaders. It is the view of the American people.

Business is not something that stands apart from any of us. It is the intimate, vital concern of every man, woman and child. American business is everybody's business.

The business of America is the business of the hundreds of thousands. Almost everyone runs a business. The big corporation runs a business, but so does the woman who runs the home. The employer runs a business, and so do all the millions of workers.

* * * *

ANY unit of creative work is a business. The man who operates a single machine in a factory ought to look upon himself and be regarded by others as a business man. He is a little manufacturer. His single operation is the subject for unit cost studies, for bookkeeping, for special efficiency, for profit or loss, for success or failure.

The whole fabric of American business is made up of the threads of effort of the American people—all the people.

* * * *

WHEN a government, instead of confining itself to the exaction of high standards of honorable dealing, which are the standards of America, begins by legislation and by extraordinary war powers to unravel the fabric, every thread in the fabric feels the pulling and hauling. You feel it.

You will feel, with the rest of us, that we need the best minds the Republican Party can draw—those of the banker, and those of the farmer, those of the railroad worker, and those of the steamship owner, those of the manufacturer, and those of the women—to restore American business to sanity and health.

Let's be done with wiggle and wobble.

Let's be done with meddle and muddle.

Let's be done with wiggle and wobble

From Boston Herald

BIRD OFFERS $1000 FOR G. O. P. VICTORY

Rakes Democrats in Telegram to Will H. Hays

Charles Sumner Bird yesterday sent the following telegram to Will H. Hays, chairman of the Republican National Committee:

"I have not been asked to subscribe one dollar for the Republican campaign, but you may call on me for $1000, which I understand is the limit you will accept from one individual. This subscription is but a feeble expression of my supreme contempt for the campaign of misrepresentation and hypocrisy which Cox and Roosevelt are conducting. The business of the country, both big and little, has been muzzled by the Democratic administration which Gov. Cox supports and would perpetuate

"My business has never asked for tariff protection or government patronage, but we resent unnecessary government interference and obstruction which all business has received from the Democratic administration. Every dollar honestly applied by you to insure an overwhelming and decisive Republican victory will be to the advantage of the American employer, the American wage earner and the American people. I am not in politics. I am not in Wall Street. I speak as a business man for American business, which one more Democratic administration would strangle and bury. Get them out. Save business. Keep them out."

The telegram, clipped from a newspaper and printed in the adjoining column, sounds in large part as if it were the voice of the whole of the American people.

* * * *

MR. BIRD is a manufacturer. He is not a juggler with securities. He is a producer—a big and honest producer. His labor record stands high. He was a Democrat all his life until he followed Roosevelt in the Progressive movement. Note what he says in the article reproduced here.

* * * *

THERE is not a farmer in the United States who does not know how the Democratic administration has tinkered with his business.

There is not a manufacturer in the United States who has not had his boat rocked by the interference of the Democratic administration.

There is not a retailer in the country who today can be sure whether he is on his feet or whether the Democratic bungling has stood him on his head.

There is not a laborer who can be sure that a little more meddling by muddlers would not close his shop, along with the other shops, and set him out on the bricks walking for a job.

* * * *

THERE is not a voter, and certainly not a taxpayer, who cannot see, if he looks back, these things:

1. Billions lost because of unpreparedness for war.
2. Billions lost because of unpreparedness for peace.
3. Billions lost wiggling and wobbling.
4. Bungling of the League of Nations idea in Paris.
5. A government that not only showed itself unfitted to run the business of the country, but a government that could not run its own business.

The Republican Party will restore:

Government by representation.

Government by able men.

Government that consults the people.

Government with a business organization.

Government that sets a high standard of honor for American business, but stops pulling American business toward the precipice. **Republican National Committee**

Let's be done with meddle and muddle

(Continued from Page 174)

down any business sooner or later. To support his argument he showed me the figures on a bankruptcy case that had just occurred in his trade territory.

The bankrupt was a man established in a town of about twenty thousand population. He had started in a small way fifteen years before, and prospered along with the town, which had grown very rapidly. He did so well in fact that he eventually added a wholesale department, and at the time of his failure was doing a business of more than forty thousand dollars a month.

The man himself was a hard worker and economical in his personal habits. He was at his place of business every morning before seven o'clock, and usually put in a couple of hours' work after closing time. As his business developed he had to employ clerks, but figured that he would employ cheap ones and make just that much more money.

He was such an active worker himself that he thought he could overlook everything. He waited on customers; he would run back to explain things to the bookkeeper; and he would dash out to the back yard to superintend the loading of a shipment of goods.

Fleming's Fatal Mania

But his personal industry could not make up for the losses incurred through his extravagant habit of employing cheap help. He never paid his clerks anything near the money which other concerns were paying. If a man developed into a valuable employee, and asked for salary commensurate with his worth, the merchant let him go and filled the position with someone willing to work cheap.

At the time bankruptcy proceedings were started his bookkeeper, handling a business of forty thousand dollars a month, was drawing a salary of twenty-two dollars and fifty cents a week.

Cheap help meant confusion, mistakes—and worse. When the expert sent by the creditors to investigate the merchant's affairs arrived he learned among other things that the store porter was getting six dollars a week. The man, an ignorant old foreigner, had been in the merchant's employ for twelve years, and in addition to his wages was allowed to live rent free in a shack back of the store. He was allowed also to have the goods boxes for his firewood.

All this was explained to the representative of the creditors. The second day of his visit, however, he saw the old porter struggling out the back door with a goods box which appeared heavier than it should be, and he called the merchant's attention to it, suggesting that it might be well to investigate. The old man was stopped just as he was going into the door of his wooden shack, and the box which had appeared so unusually heavy was taken away from him. In it was found a hundred-pound bag of sugar.

The merchant, shocked at the ingratitude of an employee of twelve years' standing, spoke to the old man sadly.

"How could you do a thing like that, Pete," he said, "after working for me all these years?"

Old Pete made a melancholy picture as he stood there in front of his shack in the back yard of the grocery store, his character gone and nothing else to fall back on.

"I am awful sorry," he said, "but I didn't get much wages, and I was scared you would fire me if I asked for more; and it was so easy to take things that I pretty near couldn't help it."

Old Pete and his boss had both gone bankrupt, victims of a pernicious business policy.

It was in the office of a prominent wholesale hardware concern in a city of the Middle West that the credit manager leaned back in his chair and reflected a few minutes before he answered my question as to what he considered the worst thing a business man can do from a credit standpoint.

"I guess about the most dangerous habit a business man can acquire," he said finally, "is to become overfond of seeing his name in the papers of his home town. A lot of men go down to failure from no other reason than that.

"Of course a man ought to be public-spirited," the credit executive continued, "but not so public-spirited that his creditors may have to suffer for it later on. With some men it becomes sort of a disease to run round doing things that will get their pictures in the paper; to be mentioned in the public prints as a live wire is meat and drink to them."

The credit executive reached in his desk and drew out a file of papers, which he spread out for my inspection. Among the papers were a number of newspaper clippings, letters, telegrams and photographs. They were exhibits in the case of a man who may as well be called Fleming, and revealed how disastrous it can be sometimes for a man who cannot afford it to become a live wire.

"Fleming used to be a customer of ours," explained the credit man, "having a hardware store in a town of about fifteen thousand inhabitants a couple of hundred miles from this city.

"Fleming became one of the community's most ardent boosters. Whenever there was money to be raised for any public purpose he was always chairman of the committee which went from store to store on Main Street wringing subscriptions from less willing merchants. He got to be president of the retail merchants, a director of the chamber of commerce and chairman of the spring carnival association. There is no quicker way to become prominent in a town than to do things that are too much trouble for other people to do. Fleming began to get his name in the paper almost every day in connection with some public enterprise.

"Meanwhile his hardware store was not doing very well. He was owing for more than half his stock, and when bills fell due he always had to scramble to meet them. His usual method was to let a bill run as long as possible or until the creditor began to write disagreeable letters about it; then he would send a ninety-day note.

"My house was selling Fleming a great deal of merchandise at that time, and the account grew so large that I finally wrote him to come up to the city and talk matters over with me. He came, bringing his scrapbook of personal clippings with him. We spent several hours together, during which time Fleming did most of the talking, telling me about his activities as a public-spirited citizen. I remember he took a full half hour to explain exactly how he fixed himself up when he rode at the head of the parade of nations during the spring carnival. I began to sense what was the matter with Fleming's hardware business. He was owing my firm nearly ten thousand dollars, and I thought it was up to me to try to straighten him out, even at the risk of appearing meddlesome. Besides, I liked Fleming personally. He was a nice, well-meaning fellow, only afflicted with a fatal passion for publicity."

Misplaced Boosting

"'Fleming,' I said, 'you can't afford to do all these things. It is fine of you to be such a booster for your town, but you ought to let someone else do part of it. Your hardware business is suffering because you are spending so much time on the outside.'

"'How can you say my business is suffering,' said he, laying his hand impressively on a full column article with his picture at the top, 'when I am getting publicity like this? I am just about the best advertised man in my community. I am making customers every day by my activities in public affairs.'

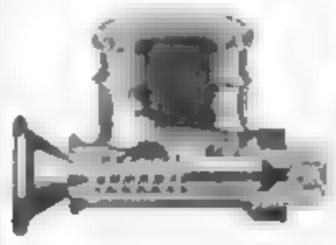
"'Fleming,' I said, 'you owe a good deal of money in proportion to the value of your stock of merchandise. If you should die to-morrow, and your affairs be wound up at forced sale, your creditors would not get a hundred cents on the dollar.'

"My arguments had no effect. Fleming merely thought I was interfering in his private affairs. He felt that his scrapbookful of publicity would surely bring business success. From that time I began gradually to draw in our account with Fleming. I instructed our traveling man to forget to call on him when he was in the town, and we quit sending him our monthly bulletin of bargains. I did not propose to do anything that would hurt Fleming's chances, but I wanted to get out of the danger zone.

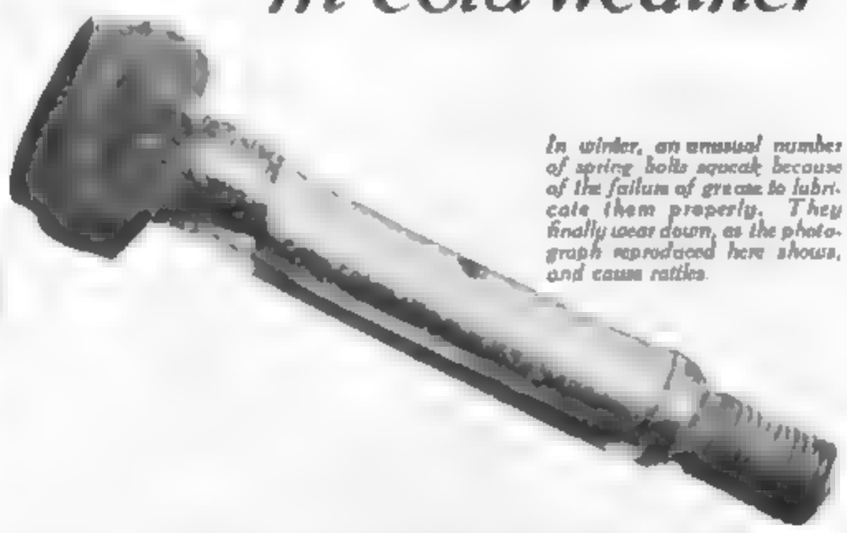
"Fleming kept on being a prominent citizen and getting his picture in the paper. Among his other activities, he was an inveterate joiner of lodges.

"Last year the grand convention of one of the orders to which Fleming belonged was held in a big Eastern city. The local lodge prepared to send a representative delegation, headed by its marching corps and band. A minstrel show was pulled off

Because grease hardens in cold weather



Cut-away view of Model "K" Oil-Kipp for spring bolts and other horizontal positions. Specially designed Kipp-Adapters fit Oil Kipps to any make of truck or car.



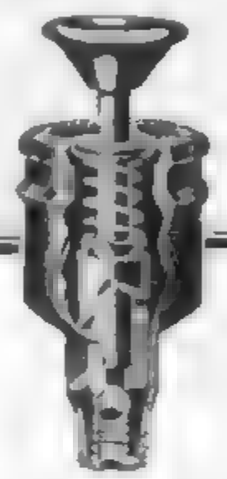
In winter, an unusual number of spring bolts squeak because of the failure of grease to lubricate them properly. They finally wear down, as the photograph reproduced here shows, and cause rattles.

Many cars develop squeaks and rattles during the winter because cold weather makes grease lubrication almost impossible.

No matter what grease devices are used, the grease hardens, covers even less of the bolt than usual, and cakes, and clogs up drill-holes. Squeaks develop, the grinding friction that causes them wears down the bolt, and rattles soon follow.

With Oil-Kipps the lubrication of spring-bolts and steering knuckles is easy, even in the coldest weather. Oil-Kipps are small magazine force pumps that shoot heavy oil over the entire bearing surface of spring-bolts and steering knuckles. One filling from the oil-can loads them with shots enough for a month. By simply pumping their spring plungers, you can lubricate your entire chassis in three minutes.

Model "H" Oil-Kipp for vertical positions such as steering knuckles. Oil-Kipps do away with "hard steering," so common in fall and winter, caused by the failure of grease to lubricate.



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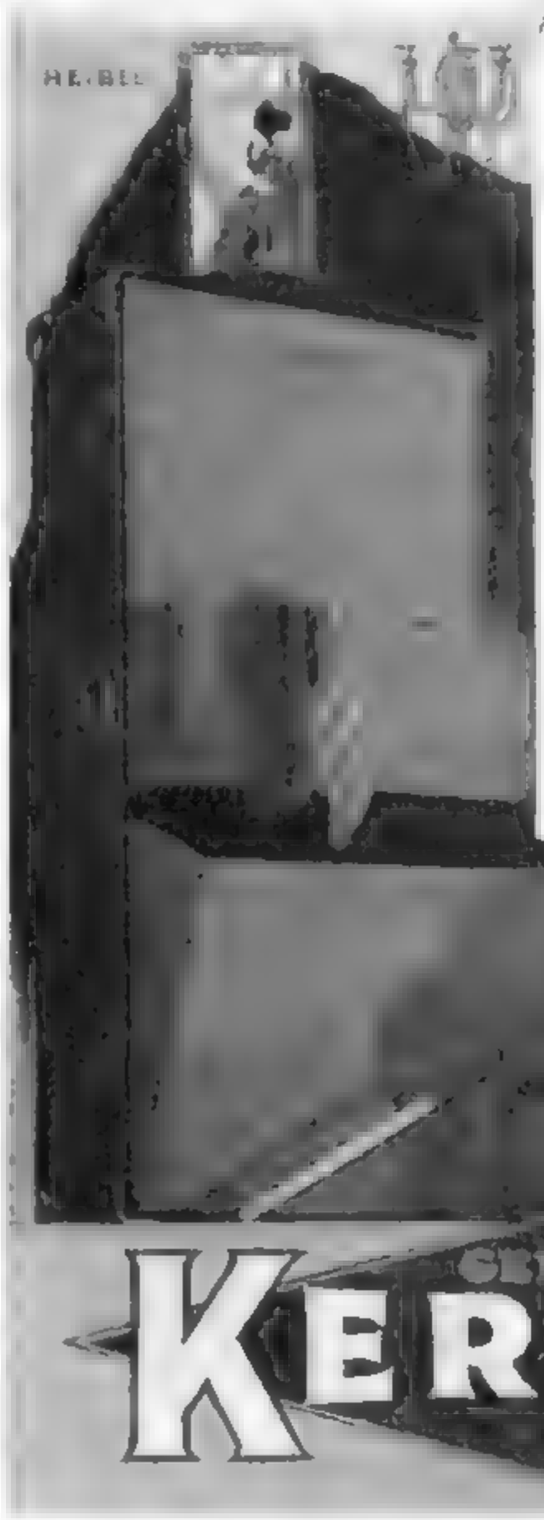

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at the opera house to raise funds, the house being crowded at both matinée and night performances with citizens who had been worried into buying tickets at two dollars apiece. A souvenir program was also issued, which netted a handsome profit, one hundred dollars being the price of a full-page advertisement in it.

"The chamber of commerce was also talked into making a contribution. The lodge members argued that it would be splendid publicity for the community to have a big delegation at the convention, all wearing fancy hatbands and carrying banners with the name of the town on them. It was felt that people living in less favored places would want to come there to live immediately after seeing such a bunch of live wires at the convention.

"Fleming was appointed a delegate. He probably felt a little guilty at leaving his business for the two weeks required for the trip, but argued to himself that it was his duty to go, especially as all his expenses were to be paid by the lodge. His affairs were not in very good shape. He employed two clerks and a bookkeeper, all conscientious workers, but his outside work had taken up so much of his time that his store had suffered.

"Fleming went to the convention. He marched at the head of his delegation in all the parades and gave out souvenirs at the headquarters hotel, having a splendid time and proud to be of such great service to his home town. He collected more convention badges than any other man present, having both front and back of his coat covered with the gay emblems of brass with fancy ribbons. His hardware business back home seemed a small thing in comparison with the important work he was doing.

"During Fleming's absence at the convention a trade acceptance for a thousand dollars fell due. It was one which he had given an Eastern wholesale house in payment for a bill of goods. This trade acceptance was forwarded to a local bank for collection, and at the proper time was sent round to Fleming's store for payment. The bookkeeper sent back word that Mr. Fleming himself was out of town, but would surely attend to the matter as soon as he got back. The bank cashier answered that by rights he ought to return the paper to the wholesale house at once, but he would make an exception this time and hold it until Mr. Fleming returned from the convention.

"However, Fleming did not come home as soon as he was expected. The live wires of the delegation suggested that the bunch go to New York from the convention city and spend a few days there, showing the old burg what a regular lot of boosters they really were. Fleming knew he ought to go home, but did not want to be a piker and so went along.

"Fleming was a week late getting home. The bank meanwhile had held the thousand-dollar trade acceptance as long as it could, and had then returned it to the wholesale house. The morning that Fleming got back to his store a very sharp letter arrived from the wholesalers stating that they were not at all satisfied with the way the matter had been handled and insisting that Fleming send them a check for a thousand dollars by return mail.

"Fleming was in kind of a bad fix. His clerks had not done a very good business during his absence. A number of people had come in to settle their bills, but had put the matter off when they found the proprietor was not in. After paying necessary expenses, the bookkeeper had been able to accumulate a bank balance of only about eight hundred dollars.

"Fleming framed up a little fiction on the wholesale house. He had his bookkeeper send a telegram stating that Mr. Fleming had not yet come back from his trip, but that the matter would be attended to promptly on his return.

"This subterfuge might have worked out all right, except for one unfortunate circumstance. The traveler for the wholesale house happened to be in town that day, and saw Fleming in his store.

"The wholesale house might have stood for the delay in the payment of the thousand dollars, but when they learned through their traveling man that Fleming had tried to put something over on them they promptly turned the whole matter over to their attorneys.

"Fleming's other creditors heard of the suit, and made haste to collect theirs before it should be too late. His business was tipped over in the ensuing scramble. Fleming now has a position on the road selling a line of hardware specialties."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Table of Contents

October 9, 1920

SHORT STORIES

	PAGE
A Short Natural History—*Irvin S. Cobb*	3
Annie Carey—*Mary Brecht Pulver*	8
The Lure—*Richard Washburn Child*	12
Marsh Light—*Helen Topping Miller*	16
Two Weeks With Pay—*Nina Wilcox Putnam*	20
The Runt—*Henry Payson Dowst*	30
Salute to Propriety—*Thomas Joyce*	40

SERIALS

Seed of the Sun—*Wallace Irwin*	24
The Pagan Madonna—*Harold MacGrath*	26

ARTICLES

Watchdog of the World—*George Pattullo*	6
What the Credit Man Looks At—*J. R. Sprague*	10
A New Traveler Over an Old Road—*E. W. Howe*	11
Doings in the Doldrums—*Samuel G. Blythe*	14
Honest National Readjustment Our Task—*A. R. Pinci*	18
Our Commercial Relations With Canada—*Thomas Walker Page*	22
Forty Years of a Diplomat's Life—*Baron Rosen*	23

DEPARTMENTS

Editorial—*By the Editor*	28
Everybody's Business—*Floyd W. Parsons*	36
The Wonders of Washington	49
Sense and Nonsense	53

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